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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE ESSENTIALS OF DEMOCRACY.
By A. D. Lindsay.

The University of Pennsylvania Press
$1 7⅜ x 5; 82 pp. *Philadelphia*

Dr. Lindsay, who is master of Balliol College, Oxford, is a firm believer in democracy, but he is by no means blind to its grave defects. Political government nowadays, he says, can never be really representative, as it was in the city states of ancient Greece. The modern democracy's units are too big, its functions too vast, and its constituents too little informed of all that goes on in the *res publica*. "But if a vigorous non-political democratic life exists, the political machinery may harmonize and coördinate all that partial focusing of public opinion which the non-political associations perform. There can be, and there is increasingly coming to be, a vast deal of public discussion and political education focused by universities, by churches, and by all kinds of cultural associations." This is surely not a new idea, and it is as vulnerable now as it ever was, but Dr. Lindsay states it in graceful language, and his book is worthy of attention. It was first delivered in the form of lectures for the William J. Cooper Foundation at Swarthmore College, in January, 1929.

CENSORED. *The Private Life of the Movies.*
By Morris L. Ernst & Pare Lorentz.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 199 pp. *New York*

The stupid censorship applied to the movies and talkies is an old story, but Messrs. Ernst and Lorentz are the first to present the facts about it on so elaborate a scale. They have not told it all, but they have told enough to make intelligent men and women give the matter more thought than they have. Only six States have censor boards—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kansas, Virginia and Ohio—but they are highly populated States, and no movie barred from any or all of them can hope for success. The various boards, as portrayed in the present book, are made up of ladies and gentlemen who are more interested in "decent" morals and the preservation of "orderly" government than in honest attempts at art. Thus they allow vulgarity and sickly sentimentalism, but forbid the slightest trace of realism in the few good movies that come their way. Their verdict is generally final and absolute, and there is hardly a movie executive in the land who dares buck them. Over and above them, as it were, is Will Hays' celebrated organization, the National Board of Review, made up of representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the International Catholic Alumnæ, the Parent-Teachers Association and the General Federation of Women's Clubs: It looks after the morals of the forty-two States that have no censor boards. It is a non-political body, but its power in checking "immorality" is tremendous. Messrs. Ernst and Lorentz have done a good piece of work. The first is a well-known New York attorney, and the second is movie critic for *Judge*. There is a foreword by Heywood Broun.

THE TREATY VETO OF THE AMERICAN SENATE.
By Denna Frank Fleming. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 325 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fleming, who is assistant professor of political science at Vanderbilt University, first examines the action of the Senate on all the treaties which have been submitted to it for approval or rejection, and then considers the wisdom of that provision of the Federal Constitution which requires a two-thirds majority vote for approval. He thinks that the record plainly shows that the Senate has "retarded unduly the peaceable adjustment of international relations. . . . [Its] attitude toward general arbitration treaties has surely had the effect of placing us at the tail of the procession of nations advancing toward the judicial settlement of international disputes." Therefore he proposes that some means be found to reduce the power of the Upper House to obstruct treaties. On the whole he thinks that "experience suggests the transfer of the power to the [Lower] House. . . . Members of the House are closer to the people than the Senators, and much easier to reach." Whether one is in favor of this change depends, as Dr. Fleming himself admits, upon whether one is in favor of or against "entangling alliances." The book is well documented and has an index.

UNITING EUROPE. *The Trend of International Coöperation Since the War.*
By William E. Rappard. *The Yale University Press*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 309 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Rappard is a member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, Swiss delegate to the Assembly of the League, director of the Post-Graduate Institute of International Studies, and professor of history at the University of Geneva. In the first half of the present book he deals with the political and economic changes that have taken place in

Continued on page vi

When does

A KISS BECOME A CRIME? READ

CENSORED

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MOVIES

By Pare Lorentz and Morris L. Ernst

Introduction by HEYWOOD BROUN

You have never seen a great movie that reached you uncensored by somebody. This is the first book ever written about the real czars of the movies. One of its interesting features is the fact that the illustrations in it are actual "shots" that were censored from various motion pictures and have never before been reproduced. $2.75

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BY EVELYN WAUGH

A brilliant new novel by the author of "Decline and Fall". "It is a strange world to which Mr. Waugh introduces us. Almost everybody in the story is frantically, madly, hysterically young. Mr. Waugh records vulgarity and describes with disgust. He postulates on acceleration of 'existing social tendencies'; and those tendencies are exposed with a brilliant thoroughness. My own enthusiasm for the book is simply that it makes me laugh. It is not, I think, suitable reading for all ages. There are references—well, my dear, too shy-making!" GERALD GOULD in the London *Observer*.

$2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-Sixth Street New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

Europe as a result of the World War, and in the second half he discusses the various forms of international coöperation, within and without the League of Nations. Naturally, he is a partisan of the League, but he is not fanatical about it, and sees clearly that it still has much to go before it is really effective. He writes very well. There is an introductory note by Col. Edward M. House, in which he says, "It would seem that Woodrow Wilson's desire to make the world safe for democracy has largely come true." There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. *Volume II.*
Edited & Translated by Alexander Werth.
Brewer & Warren
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 267 pp. *New York*

Volume I of Mme. Tolstoy's diary covered the years 1860–1891, and the present one deals with the following six years. The great novelist comes out of it a very unpleasant person, cruel to his wife and thoughtless of his children. More than once he almost drove her to suicide. After she had once asked him, in the most humiliating manner, to give a little more thought to the welfare of the house, "He lost his temper completely; it is one of those cruel truths of which I oughtn't to remind him. Let him rest and enjoy himself in his old age. But then I couldn't help it, for he himself accused me of so many things; he said, for instance, that I had ruined his life—I who have lived only for him and the children. I could hardly stand the agony any longer: I left the house, meaning to go away forever, or even to kill myself, or die. . . . He would never give me any real, spiritual affection. . . . He seldom responds and hardly ever helps me. My God, to think of all the difficult spiritual and family problems I have had to solve all by myself!" She also had trouble in keeping him down to a human diet. He used to eat voraciously, and the gentle Sophie Andreyevna could hardly stand it, as witness this observation: "Considering his intelligence, his greed and his ignorance in matters of diet are quite extraordinary." On September 4, 1897, she wrote: "Lev Nikolaevitch writes everywhere and always about brotherly love, and the service we owe God and our fellow-mortals. It always puzzles me when I read it or hear it. All his life from morning till night has absolutely nothing to do with his fellow-mortals. He gets up in the morning, and drinks coffee, and goes out for a walk or a bath without having seen anybody, then he settles down to work; . . . He spends the evenings in his own room, and only after supper does he spend a little time with us, reading newspapers or illustrated magazines. And this regular and egotistical life goes on day after day, without love for anyone, and without any interest in all the joys and sorrow of his near ones. I am weary of this indifference."

LINCOLN.
By Emil Ludwig. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 9½ x 6¾; 505 pp. *New York*

"The art of portraying human characters," says the facilely omniscient Dr. Ludwig in his preface, "cannot be achieved by merely studying historical documents." He therefore thinks it all right to say almost nothing about the history of slavery and of the Civil War in a book which attempts "to present Lincoln in a new historical method." This new method begins working right on the first page, so marvelous is it: "A wintry blast howls 'round the cabin. As the storm sweeps over the clearing, the giant trees, still standing, groan beneath its buffetings. But the settlers within the cabin are used to the storm and sleep soundly, deaf to the tumult. Parents and children alike are tired out after the long labors of the day. All but one of them. A little boy [Abraham Lincoln], four years old, has just been awakened by a stone blown from the chimney. . . . It strikes the very spot where he and sister are lying on a bed of sacks filled with dry leaves. He sees her little hand, one of her ears, and her rumpled, dark hair. . . . He can amuse himself by looking around the room. . . . There's something . . . that glints in the firelight, hanging on the wall: Father's ax. The children are not allowed to touch it, for it is frightfully sharp. . . . Father is sound asleep there, under the ax, beside Mother. He's snoring again!" This little boy's entire future career, "more than that of any other man in history, is so grandly conceived by Fate that the first act is illuminated by the last, and every scene is bound together by destiny." The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul. There are many illustrations and an index.

A VICTORIAN VILLAGE.
By Lizette Woodworth Reese. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 285 pp. *New York*

A charming book of reminiscences by one of the most gifted poets in practice in America today. She is eighty-one years old now, and for forty-five of them (prior to her retirement in 1921) taught in the Baltimore public schools. She was born near Baltimore, and, save for three trips to Europe, has lived in the same neighborhood ever since. Her first poem was published in the *Southern Magazine* of Baltimore for June, 1874, and her first book of verses, "A Branch of May," appeared in the Spring of 1887. She writes

Continued on page viii

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"This incisive, closely packed study of Hawthorne goes right to the top of contemporary literary biography—the rich, many-sided type of criticism which we should have."—*F. O. Matthiessen in The New Republic*. 303 pages. 12 illustrations. $3.50

SWINBURNE, by SAMUEL C. CHEW

This new estimate of the poet whom the Victorians rejected and whose works are very much alive to-day is "an exhaustive and commendable piece of work, sympathetic and understanding."—*The New York Times Book Review*. 335 pages. 9 illustrations. $3.50

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Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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very slowly: "I [have] nothing to say, except at long intervals." Regarding the composition of her most celebrated poem, "Tears," which was first printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1899, she says, "What was the reason for my writing this sonnet? I have no explicit answer today. It is true that my father, long an invalid, may have been in my mind, but I was never conscious of this. . . . My father, however, died very suddenly in July, 1899, and the check for 'Tears' arrived the day on which the crêpe was hung at the door, a few hours after his death. This is all I can say about the matter." There are several fine decorations by J. J. Lankes.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT.
By Robert Graves. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$3 8⅝ x 6; 430 pp. *New York*

This autobiography by the well-known English poet makes very interesting reading. The greater part of it deals with his experiences as a soldier in the Great War, and is full of plain speaking. He enlisted in 1914 as a 100% English patriot, but a few months at the front brought him to his senses. He and his comrades, he says, put little faith in the atrocity stories that were manufactured by the "war-psychology experts" for home consumption. "Propaganda reports of atrocities were, we agreed, ridiculous. . . . There was no patriotism in the trenches. It was too remote a sentiment, and rejected as fit only for civilians. A new arrival who talked patriotism would soon be told to cut it out. . . . The [trench-soldier] never underrated the German as a soldier. Newspaper libels on Fritz's courage and efficiency were resented by all. . . . It was said that not one soldier in a hundred was inspired by religious feeling of even the crudest kind. It would have been difficult to remain religious in the trenches though one had survived the irreligion of the training battalion at home." The book is a bit overwritten, particularly toward the end, and could easily have been cut by nearly 100 pages. There are seven illustrations.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS. *Including Selections From His Writings.*
By C. F. Andrews. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 382 pp. *New York*

The Mahatma is now more than sixty years old, and Mr. Andrews has known him intimately for the last fifteen years. In the present book he outlines in succinct form the ideas of the great Hindu leader, and draws heavily from his personal conversations with him to give added point to his public manifestoes. Gandhi is a conservative in religion. He believes "in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and all that goes by the name of Hindu Scriptures, and therefore in Avataras (divine incarnations) and rebirth." He also believes in "cow protection" and does "not disbelieve in idol worship." Marriage to him "is a fall, even as birth is a fall. Salvation is freedom from birth and hence from death also." Though a devout Hindu, he is tolerant of other religions. He is absolutely opposed to "untouchability. . . . I should be content to be torn to pieces rather than disown the suppressed classes." The natural sciences and modern industry, he thinks, are an abomination. "Medical science is the concentrated essence of black magic. Quackery is infinitely preferable to what passes for high medical skill. Hospitals are the instruments that the Devil has been using for his own purpose, in order to keep his hold on his kingdom. They perpetuate vice, misery, degradation, and real slavery. . . . If there were no hospitals for venereal diseases, or even for consumptives, we should have less consumption and less sexual vice among us. . . . India should wear no machine-made clothing, whether it comes out of European mills or Indian mills." As for the struggle against England, his chief weapon is "corporate moral resistance." He has always "refused to join with the party representing complete and final severance, regarding an inner change of heart among the British as still possible." There is an index. Mr. Andrews is now at work on a more personal biography of the Mahatma.

LIVINGSTONE.
By R. J. Campbell. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 295 pp. *New York*

It is now more than fifty years since Blaikie's great "Life of David Livingstone first appeared." In the meantime students have been searching high and wide for new information about the man. One of these is the present author, who has been especially fortunate in gaining access to many new letters and also to the explorer's so-called "Locked Journal," a diary which he kept throughout his travels but which for some reason or other was hitherto kept from the public. Dr. Campbell is concerned mainly with the man's personal life, and leaves almost wholly out of consideration his scientific contributions or their effects in the political world. The Livingstone who comes out of the present book is not as saintly as legend has painted him. He was very egotistical, it seems, and strangely indifferent to the feelings of those about him, even his closest friends and colleagues. One of the latter once said of him: "I can come to no other conclusion than that Dr. L. is out of his mind. . . .

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DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
449 Fourth Avenue New York

Check List of NEW BOOKS

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[He] is a most unsafe leader. He never thinks of getting back. All he cares for is accomplishing his object at any risk whatever. It is useless making any remark to him." There are many illustrations and maps, and also a bibliography and index.

MIDSTREAM. *The Story of My Later Life.*
By Helen Keller. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$3 9¼ x 6; 362 pp. *New York*

Herein Miss Keller continues the autobiography which she began in "The Story of My Life" twenty-five years ago, and brings it up to date. It makes very engrossing reading, and is extremely well written. She is one of the most remarkable women who have ever lived, whether blind or seeing. She is better informed than nine-tenths of normal people, and is immensely more intelligent. Her insight and humor, as witness her account of her lecture tours, in the present book, are of a very fine and rare quality. Her writing is simple and direct, but extremely effective and full of strange and arresting phrases. The story of her solitary love affair—broken up by her mother—is one of the most poignant things of its kind ever put on paper. But its tragedy did not leave her bitter, and neither has anything else. "The struggle I have gone through," she says, "is no worse than, indeed, it is not so grinding as, that of the majority of men and women who are enmeshed in economic problems which they are incapable of solving." There are eight illustrations and a good index. Neila Braddy supplies an appreciative foreword.

EMILY DICKINSON. *The Human Background of Her Poetry.*
By Josephine Pollitt. *Harper & Brothers*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 350 pp. *New York*

Miss Pollitt has achieved a highly competent biography of the one truly great poet New England has yet produced. She is primarily interested in her subject's personal life, and attempts very little criticism of her verses, though she has tracked down one important and hitherto unknown fact about them, to wit, that there is ample evidence that Miss Dickinson wrote at least 1600 poems in her life, and that therefore the 800 published so far by her strangely secretive heirs-at-law represent only about half her literary output. The most interesting part of Miss Pollitt's book, however, is her argument that the second great love of the poet's life (after that for Leonard Humphrey, an Amherst instructor, who died in his twenties) was not the Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth, the Presbyterian preacher of Philadelphia, as legend has it, but rather Major Edward Bissell Hunt, the first husband of Helen Fiske, a girlhood friend who died as Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. All the facts in the

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NEW BOOKS

Aaron Traum

By HYMAN COHEN
Author of Tents of Jacob
and LESTER COHEN
Author of Sweepings, etc.

The story of a boy who started in the gutter and ended in the stars. A novel, by father and son—both distinguished authors—that will take its place in the heart of the world.

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Shell-shock made beautiful Alberta Snyder (first lieutenant in the World War!) lose her mind; her German captor made her lose her heart; and post-war Paris nearly made her lose her soul. *Just Published* *$2.50*

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Two more will shout for

YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT

By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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Just Published *$2.00*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

matter will probably never be known, but it must be admitted that Miss Pollitt makes out a fairly persuasive case. Emily first met Major Hunt in April, 1854, in Washington, when she was twenty-four, and apparently immediately fell in love with him, and he with her. A little later she met the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, and was also captivated by him, but Miss Pollitt maintains that the attachment in this instance was all Platonic. Emily and the Major corresponded frequently and he saw her at her Amherst home three or four times thereafter. Whether Mrs. Hunt knew of the feelings of her husband toward Emily is not certain, though Miss Pollitt believes she did. He died by accident on October 2, 1863, at the age of forty-one. There are many photographs, though none of Major Hunt. An index is lacking.

PHILOSOPHY

THE LIVING MIND. *Essays on the Significance of Consciousness.*
By Warner Fite. *The Dial Press*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 317 pp. *New York*

Most of the essays here were previously published in the monograph journals and in the more sedate general magazines. They all deal with the alleged baleful influence of science on "the higher life." Dr. Fite is a great admirer of the late Rudolph Eucken, and thinks that "in his affirmation of the spiritual realities as against the social sciences, Eucken [preached] a doctrine of vital importance." He also thinks that despite all the advances in the field of the natural sciences the concept of the soul is as impregnable as ever. The realists and the behaviorists and all the other thinkers who are trying to bring some element of certainty into the researches about "consciousness"—they all leave him cold. Bertrand Russell amuses him, but he seems to find it difficult to take him seriously. Of "A Free Man's Worship," one of the most eloquent things written in modern times, he says shamelessly that it leaves him with "the vision of a Platonic realist shaking his fist at a cigar-shop Indian." Russell's general body of ideas, it seems, is "a typical philosophy of the opaque" and a fine example of "a woman's reason." All this may be very funny and clever, but one had expected something more solid from a professor of philosophy at Princeton.

THE BOOK OF DIOGENES LAERTIUS.
By Richard Hope. *The Columbia University Press*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 241 pp. *New York*

"The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers," by Diogenes Laertius, has been one of the mysteries of philosophical literature. There is no definitive text of it, and no one knows for certain when he wrote it,

Continued on page xiv

THROUGH BLOOD AND ICE
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Continued from page xii

where he got his information, why he wrote it, or how reliable he is. Nevertheless, his book has for years been used as a source for knowledge of Greek philosophy, mainly because it is the earliest known history of the subject. Recently, however, scholars have begun to doubt more and more the authenticity of much of what Diogenes says, and Dr. Hope has attempted to put all these doubts within the space of the present volume. He has done a good job. The style of the "Lives," he points out, "is that of a diligent collector of notes carelessly thrown together. . . . Throughout the biographies there is a straining after the novel and the unusual. . . . The Laertian instructions in philosophic doctrine, viewed as a whole, was such as might well have been given to groups meeting at intervals for social fellowship, popular lectures, and friendly discussions. . . . In the professed endeavor to give a trustworthy account of the careers and the doctrinal systems of the outstanding classic philosophers of Greece, the book was a lamentable failure." There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

POETRY

LAND OF DREAMS *& Other Poems.*
By John Theodore Dalton. *The Knickerbocker Press*
$2. 8 x 5½; 59 pp. *New York*

The poems printed in this slender posthumous volume are very minor pieces indeed. They do not even pass muster as fragments of a literary apprenticeship, but they have, nevertheless, an enduring interest. Mr. Dalton wrote them during the time he was taking the cure for tuberculosis at the Trudeau Sanatorium, Saranac Lake, N. Y. They were not intended for publication; many of them were scribbled on scraps of paper, and rescued by friends from the waste basket. The literary activity of tuberculous patients is a fact that has been noted even by the medical faculty; they write voluminous letters, publish magazines both clinical and fictional, write novels and songs and stories, but above all produce verse, by the yard and by the ream. Mr. Dalton's pieces are absolutely typical: there is a poem called "In a Hospital," which playfully describes the activities of the nurses; another, called "Flappy's Doctor," which does the same for his physician; and others—"Spring at Last," "Oh, Summer Skies Come Back," "Land of Dreams," "Dreaming," "Dreams," "Disillusion," "Happiness," "Meditation," "Parting," "Sunset," "Kittykin," "Limps Along," "The Enchanted Hill"—always suggesting mood rather than imagination, a certain pitiful courage rather than talent. Robert H. Davis and Francis von Ardyn contribute brief biographical sketches.

Continued on page xvi

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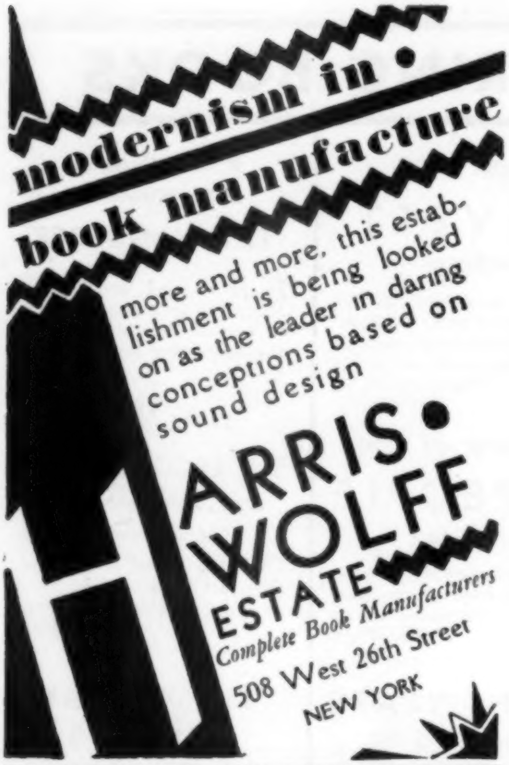
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Continued from page xiv

THE BLACK CHRIST *& Other Poems.*
By Countée Cullen. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 7½ x 5; 110 pp. *New York*

The title poem of this volume is a long amorphous piece, in which Jim, a young Negro, is taken from his mother's cabin and lynched for a crime of which he is innocent. He becomes a kind of Christ, and is made to live again after death. A strongly mystical theme, and one which Mr. Cullen contemplates with passionate interest, but he never succeeds in subduing it to order and meaning. The shorter pieces, as well, are wholly lacking in the simplicity and native urge to beauty which distinguished his earlier work.

THE LITANY OF WASHINGTON STREET.
By Vachel Lindsay. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 9¼ x 6; 121 pp. *New York*

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS.
By Vachel Lindsay. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.75 9¼ x 6; 120 pp. *New York*

"Every Soul Is a Circus" contains an uneven but a fairly representative collection of Mr. Lindsay's work, ranging all the way from "Section III," a highly superficial performance dedicated to the Camp Fire Girls and the Boy Scouts, to "The Virginians Are Coming Again," an ironic, excellently sustained poem, which reveals the author at his evangelical best. The latter was written as a poetic summary after he had published "The Litany of Washington Street," made up of prose pieces which first appeared in the Dearborn *Independent*, the *English Journal*, and the *New Republic*. "This Washington Street," says Mr. Lindsay, "drawn in imagination from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is a great wooded and residential highway, the song and poetry street of every United States town. We have met the darlings of our hearts on Washington Street. When it enters a grove, or passes through national park or national forest, . . . we are in our land indeed, a million miles from Babbitt or Main Street or from any disturbers of the Old Virginia grand style. The street may pass through old battlefields or new and treacherous regions which promise slaughter or storm; but it is as far as the human soul may get from the trivial, the puffy, the snappy, the cheap; as far as possible from the world of the smart aleck and the go-getter, the cynic, the liar, and the wise guys." The two volumes are uniform in format, and profusely illustrated.

FICTION

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS.
By Thornton Wilder. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2.50 8¼ x 5; 162 pp. *New York*

The action takes place on the island of Brynos, in the Mediterranean, in the days of ancient Greece.

Continued on page xviii

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

Simo and Chremes are two leading citizens of the island. Chremes is eager to have Pamphilus, son of Simo, as the husband of his daughter Philumena. Pamphilus is rather indifferent. He is more interested in the gatherings presided over by Chrysis, the Woman of Andros, a slave girl of amazing beauty and sharp mind. One day he meets Glycerium, the sister of Chrysis, and instantly falls in love with her. As the result of this love Glycerium soon finds that she is with child. Before long all of Brynos knows of her condition, and who is the cause of it. Pamphilus' mother is against the marriage of the two, because her family is of high caste, and Glycerium is no more than a slave. Simo is rather philosophical about the business. He tells Pamphilus to do as he thinks best. Glycerium's time is rapidly approaching, and Simo decides to take her to his house, and the rest of the family agree to care for her during her confinement. She dies in childbirth, and so does the baby. Pamphilus is distressed, and finds his only consolation in the repetition of the sentence, "I praise all living, the bright and the dark." It is difficult to get excited about this novel. It shows all of Mr. Wilder's virtues and all of his faults. It is written with some grace and competently put together, but it says very little. Short as it is, it seems to be too long. There is something trivial about it, despite all the attempts at pointed character analysis, as there was about Mr. Wilder's previous two books. Its profundity is of the salon variety—charming, a bit saucy, but very superficial and frequently banal. Its general style, to be sure, is restrained and occasionally elegant, but it is also empty.

FORGIVE US OUR HAPPINESS.
By Walton Hall Smith. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 272 pp. *New York*

Reggie Thayer is a typical ne'er-do-well of the younger generation, who cannot settle down to business, who wastes a good deal of money abroad, who persists in the absurd idea that he can write, and who makes a mess of his marriage with Margot Massen. He lives in Clevemont, a typical middle-Western social center where there is wealth and a pseudo-sophistication and the usual substitutes for reality that make life bearable in such a community. He is up to his ears in hot water when he falls in love with Eugenia Hutchinson, whom he has known all his life, but he pulls himself out of it with a significant courage. In the end, Margot is granted a divorce and he is free to marry Eugenia. He recovers from incipient tuberculosis, and his real father, the sagacious Burton Means, dies and leaves him a considerable fortune. An engaging story, vividly reflecting the casual sophistries of the later generations.

Continued on page xx

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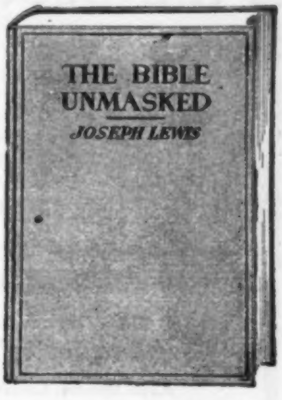

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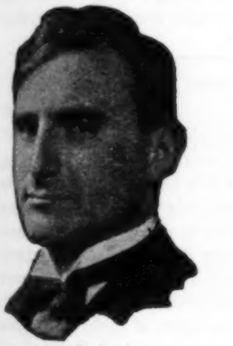

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Continued from page xviii

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY.
By Marian Spitzer. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 315 pp. *New York*

Juliet Dexter has a pretty face, a charming pair of legs, a flair for dancing and an adoring husband. Each year she is the star of the Hospital Show, and is confident that a brilliant career awaits her on Broadway, if only she can give a little time to it. She meets Michael Hastings, a polite producer, and manœuvers a position in the chorus of his musical review; when she is dismissed, because of her incompetence, she is certain that the wife of the leading man is behind it. It is the same with all her rejections and failures: her inordinate vanity denies any slight upon her ability, her invincible beauty. In the end, she renounces her career, after refusing an imaginary offer to join a Paris revue and fortifying her decision with a triumphant martyrdom. An amusing book but overlong; it would have gained in effectiveness if Miss Spitzer had compressed it by half.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN.
By Katharine Brush. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$2 7½ x 5; 325 pp. *New York*

Toby McLean, sports writer, and Ann Vaughn, movie columnist, meet at the Dempsey-Tunney fight and marry within five days. After a brief honeymoon at Atlantic City, they take a three-room apartment in Ninth street, and settle down to housekeeping; only Ann keeps her job, and, incidentally, makes more than Toby. A kind of professional rivalry creeps into their relations, and after a series of rather collegiate passes at each other Ann departs for Hollywood and Toby for St. Petersburg, Fla., to cover assignments for their separate papers. Ann returns to New York while Toby is still away, and is poisoned by a bottle of bad whiskey which he left in the apartment, and which she swallows solely for medicinal purposes. There is a dramatic and altogether satisfactory reconciliation, with Ann once more "starrily happy" and Toby cherishing the news of a successful novel he has secretly perpetrated. A competent but conventional piece of writing.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEGION: *The Book of the British Legion.*
By Various Hands. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$3 9 x 5¾; 290 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The British Legion seems to be a counterpart of the American Legion, though apparently it is far more dignified and decent, for among the contributors to this volume—published for its benefit—are a number of English writers of high position, including John Galsworthy, Gilbert Murray, Rudyard Kipling and

Continued on page xxii

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

the Poet Laureate. Their contributions, unfortunately, show little beyond a willingness to be obliging. Mr. Galsworthy offers a charming but trivial reminiscence of his childhood, Arnold Bennett argues that the national debt to the veterans of the war should be discharged with at least as much grace as the debt to Uncle Shylock, Winston Churchill contributes a brief note on Earl Haig, Dr. Murray, the Poet Laureate, G. K. Chesterton, Sir Henry Newbolt, J. C. Squire, John Drinkwater and Edith Sitwell come forward with pleasant but not notable poems, and Mr. Kipling, whose raucous Billingsgate during the war will be remembered, has a ballad in which he contends that a noble reticence is characteristically English. The best poem in the collection is by the Poet Laureate; the best piece of prose is probably a short story by Sarah Gertrude Millin. From those heights the book slides down to banality and worse.

CRITIQUE OF LOVE.
By Fritz Wittels. *The Macaulay Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 317 pp. *New York*

Dr. Wittels is a Viennese, and has been in succession a pupil, a critic and again a follower of Freud. He is now in the United States, and seems to have got a welcome from the Calverton-Schmalhausen school of "sexologists." In the present book there is little that is new. It rehearses laboriously what every customer of "sexology" already knows. There are the usual chapters on sexual perversions, the relations between parents and children, and love and marriage.

PRACTICAL CRITICISM. *A Study of Literary Judgment.*
By I. A. Richards. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 375 pp. *New York*

Mr. Richards, who is a lecturer at Cambridge, has been in the habit of issuing printed sheets of poems, with the authors' names not revealed, to his students for comment. Here he prints thirteen of the poems (by writers as different as John Donne and Edna St. Vincent Millay) and the student criticisms thereon. The latter reveal many interesting things, which Mr. Richards summarizes very judiciously at the end of the volume. For one thing they show that even the best of students (those who participated in the experiment were reading for honors) are sadly lacking in general experience of life. This probably explains in large part "the widespread inability to construe meaning, which is perhaps the deficiency made most apparent in my selections." Most of the young men and women were plainly bewildered by the verses presented to them, and had nothing intelligent to say. All of this is not particularly new to those who have anything to do with literary matters, but Mr. Richards is the first man to prove it on so elaborate a scale.

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VOLUME XIX NUMBER 76

The American
MERCURY

April 1930

A NATION OF ELDERS IN THE MAKING

BY WARREN S. THOMPSON & P. K. WHELPTON

In 1790, one hundred and forty years ago, we took our first national census. At that time we had a population of 3,929,214. This in itself represented a very rapid growth in the century and three-quarters during which white settlement had been going on. But it seems small in comparison with the 31,000,000 we had in 1860 at the outbreak of the Civil War. During this period of seventy years our population doubled every twenty-three years and was just about eight times as large in 1860 as it had been in 1790.

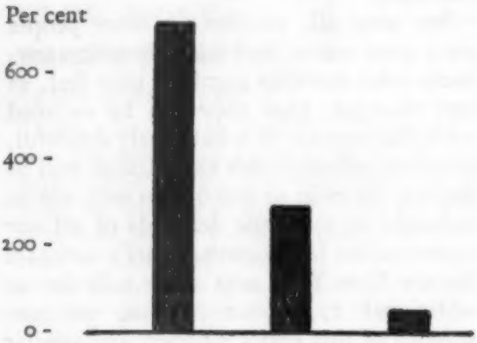
By the time this year's census is taken, at the end of the second seventy-year period of our census taking, our population will have grown to 120,000,000. This is about four times its size seventy years ago, but it represents a rate of growth somewhat less than one-half that of the earlier period. There can be no doubt that during the next seventy-year period, 1930 to 2000, our rate of growth will still further decline.

Even our vociferous professional boosters seem to be convinced of this, for we find them talking of no more than 240,000,000 or 250,000,000 people in the year 2000. They apparently feel that they are being extremely conservative when they say that our population will double only once in the next seventy years. This is only one-third the rate of increase of the last seventy years and surely, they say, we should attain this figure, even with immigration restricted.

But after all, 120,000,000 more people are a great many, and with them in view, those who worship numbers may feel, at first thought, that they can be satisfied with the increase. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether this satisfaction will be lasting, for even so much gain will not be sufficient to meet the demands of all our communities for growth. Pearl's estimate for the New York area alone calls for an additional 17,000,000 persons, or one-seventh of this entire number, and similar estimates for the Los Angeles and Chicago areas demand increases of 7,500,000 and 5,500,000 respectively, making a total of 30,000,000.

If these figures are questioned by local enthusiasts, it is only on the ground that they are too low. Should the other sixty-five cities having populations of more than 100,000 grow at an equal rate, they will need another 30,000,000, and since the still smaller cities have been growing at an even more rapid rate, they will need yet 80,000,000 more.

Already the cities have more than exhausted the growth of the entire country, and while the rural population may show some decrease in numbers, it cannot conceivably make up this deficit. Thus even the optimistic estimate of a 240,000,000 population in 2000 A.D. cannot satisfy the "bigness" demands of our cities. Furthermore, it is so extremely unlikely that we shall double in numbers during the next seventy years that the populationist cannot help regarding any such estimates of our city growth as utterly fantastic. Indeed, the 60,000,000 persons needed by our larger cities if they are to continue their growth at popularly estimated rates nearly equals the most liberal estimate we can sanction for our entire increase during the next seven decades. The changes now going on in the factors which will determine our future growth seem to us to indicate that our population in 2000 A.D. will not exceed 185,000,000, and it is quite likely that it will be considerably less.



The Rate of Population Growth in the United States

We need not spend much time here in pointing out the value of estimating as closely as possible our population growth during the remainder of this century. It is quite clear that if we are to plan in the best possible manner for our future welfare, we shall need to know fairly accurately how many of us there will be from time to time in the future.

To be concrete: Shall we build railways, canals, highways, telephone and telegraph lines, postoffices, and so forth for 240,000,000 people or for 175,000,000? Shall we plan an educational organization capable of caring for 35,000,000 children or for 50,000,000? Shall we undertake an agricultural programme, including irrigation and reclamation, which when in operation will produce food, clothing, and so forth for 240,000,000 people or for only three-fourths that number? Shall we try to develop an industrial system capable of producing manufactured goods for the larger or the smaller population?

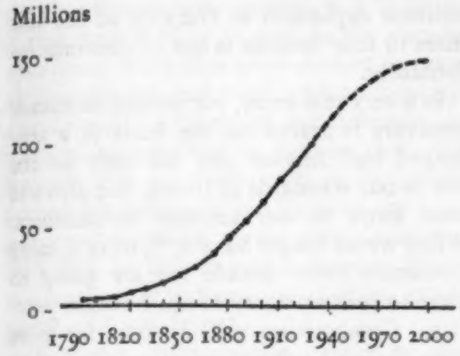
Obviously these are important questions and the more nearly correctly we can answer them now the better it will fare with us in the long run.

II

To explain convincingly why we believe that we shall certainly not have more than 185,000,000 people here in 2000 A.D. and why we further believe that our population may cease to grow before that time, it is only necessary to make a rapid survey of our national trend of births and deaths.

In the United States as a whole, the birth-rate has been declining very rapidly of late years. Although this decline commenced over a century ago, it has been particularly marked since 1920. During the last eight years the birth-rate has fallen from 23.7 a thousand of population to 19.7, or over one-sixth. The death-rate, on the other hand, has fallen more slowly than the birth-rate for some years, and since 1920 has scarcely fallen at all. The result is that a crude rate of natural increase of 10.6 in 1920, which appeared very low then, had fallen one-third, to 7.3, in the year 1928.

This is probably not more than one-third to one-fourth of what it was prior to 1890. But that is not all. For even a continuation of the present birth- and death-rates at each age of life will result in a population having far fewer children and many more elderly people and, as a consequence, a rate of increase of less than one-third the 1920 rate.



The Ebbing Tide of Population Growth

Furthermore, it is as certain as anything can be that the present birth-rates are going to decline still further in the near future. The best evidence of that decline is found in the fact that the 1928 birth-rates for certain sections of the population are much below those for the entire country. Already the white population of our large cities and indeed of some of the more highly urbanized States in the Northeast has birth-rates too low to maintain its present numbers over any considerable period of time. Thus if the 1928 birth-rates and death-rates at each age of life prevail in the future and no additions are made, except through births from within the group, the white population of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York will have more deaths than births, and will decrease 31% in a century. On the same basis, the whites in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, and eight other of our larger cities will decline 40%.

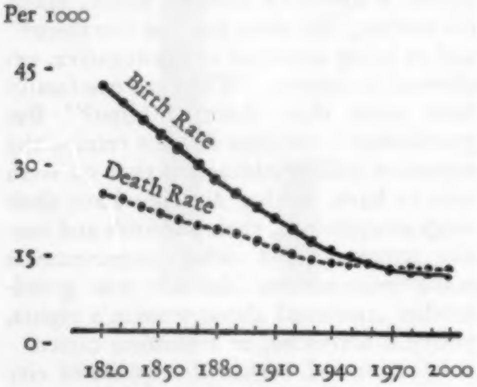
A similar situation exists among Negroes in the large cities and industrial States, for a continuation of the birth- and death-rates of recent years will also lead to an excess of deaths over births.

There is not the least doubt that the low birth-rates characteristic of our cities and more highly industrialized States are going to set the standard for the rest of the country. In Kansas and Minnesota, the birth-rate fell one-fifth from 1920 to 1928, nearly reaching the low level of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York. In North and South Carolina there was a decline of nearly one-sixth in these years, at which pace the present Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York birth-rates would be reached in another decade or two. In most other agricultural States the birth-rate has declined in a similar manner, bringing it much nearer to the level of the industrial States, while in Oregon and Washington it has even fallen below this level.

The personal advantages of small families are rapidly being realized by all classes of people in every section of the country. Grandfather used to say laughingly that his children were all boys but nine, while his neighbor spoke of his four older girls, George, and Gertrude, and the five younger boys. Now the small son of a friend, after watching eight or nine children playing around a Kentucky farmer's shack, asked his mother, "Do three families live there?" and on being answered in the negative, exclaimed in surprise, "Why! can one family have more than three children?" But grandfather's children did not receive the expensive college educations that we wish ours to have, neither did they have their teeth straightened, their adenoids and tonsils removed, and other improvements made over nature. Neither was grandmother concerned about woman's rights, political activities, or a business career.

In cities and within the sphere of city influence this youngster's attitude represents the customary attitude toward the family. More and more of the rural population are coming to be in such close touch with cities through their newspapers, radios, and auto trips that they naturally adopt the viewpoint and standards of the urban dweller. These ruralites are fast cutting down on one large agricultural surplus, viz., the surplus children who will move to the cities when they come of age. There is good reason, therefore, to believe that the population growth of the United States during the remaining seventy years of this century will be but a small fraction of what it has been in the past, unless, of course, the immigration barriers are lowered sufficiently to allow a new flood of foreigners to enter the country.

There should be no difficulty now in understanding why we believe that our population will not exceed 185,000,000 in the year 2000 and will in all probability be some millions less. Furthermore, it requires no argument to convince anyone that this slowing up in population growth will necessitate very great changes in our entire mental furniture. Practically all of our social and economic problems will bear a different aspect as a consequence of this relatively slow growth, and when the population becomes practically stationary (probably by the last quarter of the century) we shall have to make many readjustments which we can only foresee rather dimly at the present time.



Birth- and Death-Rate Trends

The most obvious effect of this slower population growth is the way in which it will affect our business structure as a whole. As we look back on our economic development it seems clear that given our economic resources and a population doubling every few years, we were certain to have businesses of all kinds growing by leaps and bounds. No wonder "business as usual" has come to mean a continuous and rapid expansion. Many communities and many individuals are due for a very rude awakening when it becomes clear that business expansion at the rate of the last three or four decades is not to continue indefinitely.

In a very real sense, our present economic structure is reared on the basis of a prolonged bull market due not only to the rise in our standards of living, but also and even more to our increase in numbers. When we no longer have 15% to 25% more customers every decade we are going to have to revamp many of our business practices. Competition will become far more keen than it has been and economic success more difficult of attainment. Our economic structure will be more like that of older countries in spite of the great riches of our natural resources.

III

It has been characteristic of our industrial leaders in the past that they have steadily expanded their activities because of their unbounded confidence in the increase of the purchasing power of the consuming public. Until quite recently it has appeared that this confidence in the future was fully justified. At present, however, there is clear evidence that many industrialists have expanded beyond the capacity of our population to consume the goods they can put on the market. Our automobile factories can produce 50% more machines than can be sold, our steel mills can turn out about one-third more billets than anyone will buy, our radio manufacturers can soon supply each member of the family with a radio, and so one might continue indefinitely. There are probably not many important industries in the country that cannot turn out 20% to 50% more goods than they can sell.

All this has happened in spite of the fact that up to now we have had a rapidly increasing population to take these goods off the market. What will happen as our population growth declines? Our estimates show that the rate of increase will be only two-thirds to three-fourths as great in the decade 1930–40 as in the decade just ending;

and that the absolute growth will be little if any greater than it was in the decade 1890–1900. With this great decline in population growth and with a plant capacity already well in excess of our demands, it requires no prophet to foresee that our business men are soon going to face some formidable problems in adjusting our economic organization to the new situation. Will they be able to make these readjustments so easily and quickly that our prosperity will not lapse?

Of course, this question cannot be answered definitely; even if it could, it is not within our province to attempt the answer in any detail here. But we may say, in passing, that it seems quite likely that our business men will have to give far more attention to means of increasing the purchasing power of the great mass of the people than they have done hitherto if they are to continue expanding their enterprises at anything like the rate of the last two or three decades. From the standpoint of the manufacturer or trader, ten persons who in the aggregate spend $15,000 are as good as, or even better, than fifteen who spend the same amount. Hence if we are to have only ten additional persons where we formerly had fifteen, we must either curtail our output or increase the ability of these ten to take goods off the market. In other words, if we are to have fewer customers, they must be better customers. Business must see that this is so or the country will suffer.

Even with considerable improvements in individual purchasing ability, we may expect a far keener competition for the consumer's dollar than we have yet experienced. Not only will firms within an industry gird themselves to best their rivals, but there will be more and more competition between firms making different kinds of goods. The advice recently spread country-wide, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet," illustrates a type of competition between different classes of goods that will increase rapidly.

It is easy to understand how practically every business could expect a fair increase in sales when every year saw not only a gain in the purchasing power of the individual customer but also a very considerable growth in the number of customers. When the increase in customers becomes small or even non-existent, there will come a real conflict and test of fitness. It is altogether probable that forms of business organization which were good enough to survive under the conditions of easy competition, produced by a rapidly growing population, will not be able to meet the new conditions, and that we shall see new forms of business organization developed. If these new forms are really more efficient, then they will make for the general welfare; if, however, they take the form of monopolies organized to fleece the consumer they will, in the end, kill the goose that lays the golden egg, thus impoverishing the entire community. The present epidemic of mergers makes one wonder whether the monopoly plan is not likely to be the one many of our present business leaders prefer. In any event, new developments in population growth will demand new forms of business organization. There can be no doubt of that.

IV

How poorly an industry may be organized to meet changes in demand is well illustrated by the present situation of agriculture. Not only is it composed of millions of small producers competing with one another, but it is also very inadequately supplied with the facts on which an intelligent readjustment must be based. Of course, agriculture is very difficult to organize because of the great number of farms, but there is reason to believe that many other industries will find themselves in a somewhat similar situation if they do not soon begin to take account of our slower population growth and to make readjustments which will be adapted to these new conditions.

Just what part the spirit of optimism,

engendered by our rapid and continuous population growth, has played in our industrial development we cannot say, but that it has been important no one will deny. The confidence in the future which fairly oozes from so many people when they see things about them growing rapidly may evaporate when they come to realize that their city, their State, and even their country are not expanding as rapidly as in the past. This may lead not only to the curtailment of new enterprises; it may also lead to a greater caution in the development of existing enterprises, which will, in turn, react upon the efficiency of the entire economic organization.

It is not at all unlikely that in the not-distant future we shall see a considerable number of men fail in various lines of business in which they have been fairly successful in the past, because they lack the adaptability which will enable them to meet these newer conditions. This always happens in any period of readjustment, but this time the readjustment must be along lines quite different from that of past times because a rapid slowing up of population is an entirely new factor in our experience. Hence we may look forward to a period of somewhat prolonged bewilderment on the part of many young men who are now being brought up in our booster school of prosperity.

It may also be pointed out that many a real estate bubble is bound to be pricked because there will not be enough people to build houses in all the subdivisions that are being laid out, or to man the factories that might be built in the industrial zones, or to use the offices in the super-skyscrapers that are being erected. There is something almost pathetic in the faith of realtors in the growth of their particular city. They are all certain that in a short time their city will double or triple in numbers, and they have already established values on this basis.

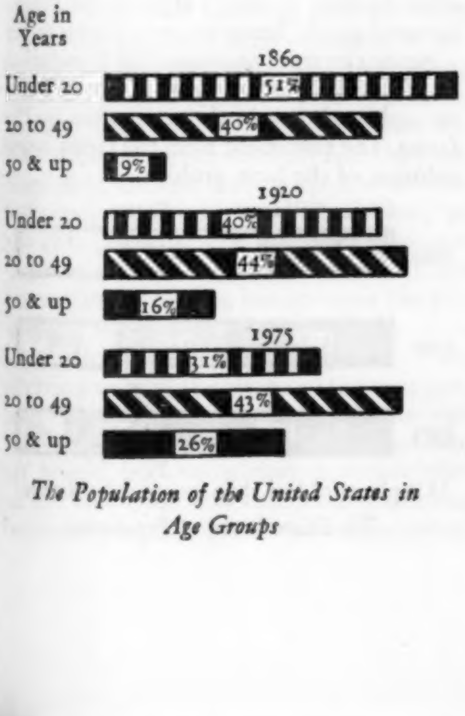
We would not leave the impression that we regard this slowing up in our population growth as a cause for pessimism. We do not. It necessarily involves some very complex and difficult readjustments which will prove painful to many people whose habits of thought and action have been fixed during our period of rapid expansion. But there is a decidedly bright side to the picture. It has been more than we could do hitherto to care for the bare increase in numbers everywhere. No city has been able to house its schools properly because it was kept so busy providing new buildings for increased numbers that little attention could be given to better and more adequate housing. A slowing up in population growth should be a veritable godsend to real educators everywhere, for it will give them time to consider the quality of their work. City governments will also have time to ask what can be done to make more decent living possible for the great masses of their working populations, if they are not so fully occupied with extending streets, sewers, transportation lines, and so forth. Just think of what a few hundreds of millions spent in beautifying our cities, in making parks accessible to all the people, in condemning and tearing down tuberculous tenements, and in building municipal theatres and music halls might mean in the lives of the working people in our cities!

We see no reason to believe that as a people we are essentially incapable of a civic pride which is based on making our cities and States better and better places in which men can live and enjoy life, but as long as we are obsessed with the idea that bigness alone is a legitimate source of pride, we cannot expect much growth of the finer sort of civic sentiment. That our rapid population growth in the past has fostered this obsession with size admits of no doubt. When we can no longer boast of numbers we shall be more likely to take pride in our parks, our museums, our libraries, our healthy people, our good (not big) theatres, our clean streets, our smokeless factories, our comfortable homes for working people, our schools and universities that educate, our taste in music and a thousand other things more worthy our pride than bigness.

Far from regarding a slow population growth with dismay, we should look forward to it with eagerness because it will give us time, energy, and funds to spend on improving the quality of our living.

V

Meanwhile, the slowing up in our rate of growth cannot possibly take place without being accompanied by very significant changes in our national make-up. Compared with earlier times and even with today, we shall become a nation of elders. The continued decline in the birth-rate will cut into the proportion of children and adolescents until it is only three-fourths as large as at present. At the same time, further improvements in health conditions will increase the proportion of older persons two-thirds above the present level. The balance between old and young to which we are accustomed will thus be entirely upset, for instead of having twenty-five persons under twenty years of age for each ten persons over fifty, the ratio will drop to twelve to ten, less than half as many.



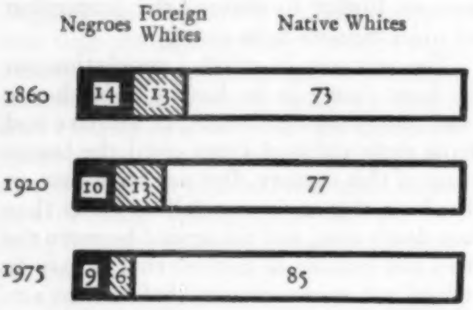
The Population of the United States in Age Groups

The decline in infant deaths which has done so much to offset the decline in the birth-rate hitherto is almost at an end. Already in this country only sixty to seventy babies die in the first year of life out of each thousand born. The New Zealand rate of thirty-five to forty deaths a thousand born represents practically the lowest limit attainable, and cannot be reached here for three or four decades at the earliest. Thus a decline in the birth-rate in the future will more quickly manifest itself in a reduction of the proportion of young people than was the case in the past. An increase in the proportion of elders might be checked by a rise in the death-rates at the older ages. Indeed, there is some evidence that such a change has been occurring of late. But with increased attention being focused on preventive medicine and such diseases of middle and later life as diabetes and cancer, it is improbable that these death-rates will go enough higher to prevent the proportion of older persons from rising.

The only way in which a population can be kept young is by having a birth-rate well above the death-rate, as we have had from early colonial times until the beginning of this century. But our birth-rate, as has been shown, is now falling faster than our death-rate, and the spread between the two has become so narrow that it may be wiped out or even reversed before 2000 A.D. This diminishing excess of births over deaths has already resulted in some rise in the proportion of persons over fifty and will do so increasingly throughout this century. The restriction of immigration will also have an influence on these age changes, for the bulk of the incoming foreigners in former days were young adults with their children. Unless the immigration barriers are raised, they will never again arrive in large numbers to swell the age groups under forty.

Before discussing the consequences of these changes in age composition let us notice rather briefly the decrease that will occur in the proportion of Negroes and of foreign-born in our population and the increase in urban living.

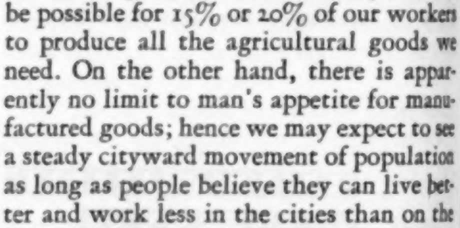
In working out estimates of our future population we have kept the more important elements separate and thus are able to tell approximately their numbers and proportions as we near the time when we shall have no growth. In 1975 the Negroes will constitute a somewhat smaller proportion of the total population than they do today. They will also become steadily more urban, so that about 55% or 60% of them will live in urban communities as compared with one-third living there in 1920, and this urban increase will have been much greater in Northern cities than in Southern. Since there can be no doubt that urban Negroes in the North have considerably larger purchasing power than the rural Negroes in the South, the net effect of this cityward movement among them should be to increase more than proportionally their purchasing power.



The Make-up of the Population

The foreign-born will constitute a much smaller proportion of the whole population than they do today, assuming, of course, that our present immigration policy is not radically modified. They will be only one-sixteenth of our total population in 1975, whereas in 1920 they were over one-eighth. Indeed, the decline in the proportion of the foreign-born and the changes in their sources of origin are important factors in hastening the decline in the birth-rate in the United States. Today in our cities it is only among the immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe that the birth-rate remains high. Consequently, with low immigration quotas, particularly for these European countries, the foreign-born and their children will become of less and less importance as time goes on. This fact will also have some influence upon our economic structure, for in the past, the foreign-born have been among our most poorly paid population and have spent most of their incomes on necessities for their large families. In the future, they will come to us with better standards of living (except the Mexicans), will demand higher wages, and having smaller families, their expenditures will include many things not to be classed as necessities.

Still another change in the composition of our population which is of importance is the continued shift from country to city. In 1975 less than one-third of our people will live in the smaller towns and on the farms. The efficiency of the farmer's labor is increasing very rapidly at present, almost as rapidly as that of the factory worker, so that a smaller and smaller proportion of our population is needed on the farms. It is not at all improbable that with continued gains in farm efficiency, it will be possible for 15% or 20% of our workers to produce all the agricultural goods we need. On the other hand, there is apparently no limit to man's appetite for manufactured goods; hence we may expect to see a steady cityward movement of population as long as people believe they can live better and work less in the cities than on the farms. The movement from the farms is one solution of the farm problem.



[1]All places of less than 10,000 inhabitants.

The Distribution of Population

If the farm to city migration continues or even becomes greater it may well be that there will be comparatively little difference in the purchasing power of comparable groups on the farm and in the city. At present, however, and probably for some time to come, a shift to the city undoubtedly adds somewhat to one's purchasing power. Thus the continuance of the cityward movement will aid in keeping up the buying power of the public as our rate of increase declines.

VI

Let us now turn our attention to effects of the changes in age composition upon our social and economic life. These are so numerous and so all-pervading that we can discuss only a few of the more important of them here.

We have been hearing a great deal of late regarding the attitude of industry and business in general toward men past forty. It appears that many firms have an absolute deadline at forty and will not consider hiring any one either in the factory or the office who is past that age. We shall not go into the whys and wherefores of this attitude, nor shall we inquire whether it is just and reasonable. We shall content ourselves here with pointing out that there will be a large and steady increase of persons over forty in our population during the next several decades. This fact is as certain as that the sun will rise tomorrow. We must, therefore, squarely face the problem of how these older people, whom the efficiency experts are now turning out, are to be provided for so that they can maintain their self-respect and will not constitute a crushing burden upon the productive energies of younger people.

Charity is out of the question; it is degrading to both the giver and the recipient, and when we are dealing with the vast numbers employed in offices and factories, it would lead to economic catastrophe. There is but one way that a self-respecting civilized people can deal with this problem. Our business organization, as a whole, must be so modified that it can find places for able-bodied workers over forty. Indeed, it must find places for all able-bodied workers no matter what their age, and even for many who are not able-bodied but who can still maintain themselves if they are given tasks suited to their strength and capacity.

It has been possible for business largely to ignore this problem of the older worker as long as there were comparatively few of them and as long as the community could be induced to raise ever larger chests to care for them. The time is near, however, when this problem will become so vast and so obvious that it can no longer be circumvented. A pension plan that may work successfully when there are only three persons in the prime of life to one past it, as in 1920, will be very much less successful when the ratio becomes three to two, in 1975 or earlier. Either the cost paid by the younger workers and the company will become too burdensome, or the payments to the pensioners quite inadequate. Our business leaders must recognize that as our youth is passing, our economic structure must be adapted to the new conditions. As yet they seem to be quite unconscious of the significance of these larger population movements.

When some way is found to keep the older workers profitably employed, this change in our age composition should increase our general economic prosperity. It will be recalled that the increase in older people is largely offset by the decrease in those under twenty. The proportion of the population in the most productive ages will change but little. Now, it is quite likely that even though a man of sixty cannot earn as much as he did at thirty, he will yet have more to spend on each individual dependent than he had during the years when he was raising his family. Hence the general economic effects of this increasing group of older people will depend upon the way in which we organize to make use of their labor. They can be allowed to become dependent and thus add enormously to the overhead costs of all productive enterprises as well as detract from individual incomes, or they can be absorbed into our scheme of production and made self-supporting as well as more happy and self-respecting. That industrial leaders will recognize this great problem and solve it in the humane way which is also the way of their economic advantage is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

But whatever may be the attitude of industry towards the older worker, our problems of dependency will be vastly different in the future from what they have been in the past. No matter how honestly and thoroughly business works over its scrap heap and reclaims its workers, the dependents of the future will tend more and more largely to be old people. As the size of the family decreases there will be less and less need for many kinds of child welfare work and more and more need for rehabilitation work with older people. Since this is by far the least successful of all the different types of social work, it is evident that the problems of dependency will require more study and thought than they have received in the past. It is but natural that social workers should have neglected rehabilitation work for child welfare work because the results of the latter are so much more gratifying. The time is coming soon, however, when rehabilitation work will be their major task.

But if the increase in older people is going to raise many new and difficult social problems, the decrease in children is going to make it easier to solve some of our present difficulties. Certainly the schools and child welfare agencies, as well as the parents, will welcome the chance to give a slowly increasing number of children better schools and better care than they gave the rapidly increasing number in the past. It is fortunate that this should be the case, for children born into a complex industrial community need a far more elaborate equipment for life than children born into a rather primitive pioneer community. When life is simple the child can be reasonably well prepared to care for itself by its parents and the neighborhood. With the increasing complexity of industrial life and the necessity for specialization in work, a child's period of training must be increased and this training must be largely given by those specially prepared for the task. The decline in the birth-rate may enable us to catch up with the training of children for the new industrial order. If it does this it will certainly be a great gain to the community, since the failure to give adequate training for modern urban living is most certainly one of the important causes of the present anarchical conduct of young people.

VII

Another consequence of our changing age composition will be an increase in the death-rate of our population as a whole. The highest death-rates always occur in early infancy and old age; our 1920 rate during the first year after birth was similar to that of persons over sixty, and during the second year to that of persons between fifty and sixty. The proportion of children under two will decrease in the future, but not nearly as fast as the proportion of persons over fifty will increase. Hence, even if death-rates at each age of life remain as at present, the general death-rate for the entire population will increase considerably, due to the older age composition. Of course, we expect some continued decline in the death-rates of infants, but as previously indicated, the chance for saving here is becoming small. And part of the additional weaker infants carried through the first years will only swell the death-rates at later ages when they are weeded out. Death-rates for persons between ten and thirty have continued to fall since 1920, but comparatively few people die at these ages anyway.

We have already mentioned the tendency toward increasing deaths past middle age. This has gone on steadily since 1920, until the 1927 and 1928 death-rates of persons sixty and over are not only higher than in 1890, 1900, and 1910, but one-fifth higher than in 1920. So the important thing in the future will be the larger proportions in the older part of the population, which will raise the general death-rate from about 12 a thousand, as in recent years, to 15, 16, or even 17 a thousand in 1975. We must learn to think of this rising general death-rate, not as evidence of a decline in the effectiveness of medical practice nor of a relaxation in our public health work, but simply as the inevitable accompaniment of our increasing age.

It is intriguing to speculate upon the effects of this rise in the general death-rate, due to having more old people to die, upon our fiscal system. If a larger proportion of those who die are elderly people, the estates left are likely to increase considerably in number and it is probable that their aggregate value will also increase. Here is a source of revenue of which comparatively little use has been made in this country up to the present. It is not probable that it will escape so easily in the future. Furthermore, as the number of direct descendants (children and grandchildren) to share in an estate decreases and the number of estates going to collateral heirs increases, there will probably be less disposition to oppose inheritance taxes than there is at present. It is quite likely, therefore, that the inheritance tax will bulk much larger in our fiscal programme in the future than it has hitherto.

It is interesting also to speculate upon some of the changes in our habits of consumption which are likely to follow upon our changing age composition. If more of us are going to die we shall need more undertakers, or should we say, morticians, and more coffins; if we are to have fewer births and more old people, we shall need fewer baby carriages and more wheel chairs, fewer juvenile books and more essays and books of sermons; as we grow older we shall also want fewer dinner jackets and more smoking jackets; fewer baseball diamonds and more golf links; and so on. A population that is growing older will certainly have considerably different buying habits from those we now have.

Since we are going to have these changes in our buying habits, the merchandizing of goods (merchandizing, not salesmanship) will have to become a real science. The person who has something to sell will have to search out potential buyers more systematically than hitherto, and will have to make his approach to them on the basis of their known wants. Advertisers, as they become aware of population changes, will demand proof that their advertising reaches the people who have the money and the inclination to purchase their goods. It is obvious that it does no good to advertise soothing syrup in an old ladies' home, which, figuratively speaking, is what many advertisers are doing today. When competition becomes keener, as it certainly will with a slower population growth, merchants will have to keep better track of the changes in the make-up of the groups they want to reach. They will then become vitally interested in the differences in age groups and will try to anticipate the changes which are likely to take place in order to keep their manufacturing and merchandizing policies up-to-date.

VIII

Let us leave the matter of the economic effects of an older population at this point and notice briefly what are likely to be some of the more important social effects of growing older. Here again we must confine our attention to one or two general effects of this change.

The most important general social effect of growing older will probably be a gradual movement in the direction of conservatism. We shall be a far more conservative people in many ways than we now are when we average about ten to fifteen years older than at present. It will, perhaps, be difficult for many people to conceive how we could become more conservative of property rights than we now are, but even this may happen. The more likely thing, however, is that we shall become more conservative in our economic activity and in our political organization.

In spite of all our reverence for property rights, we have not been afraid to gamble with big stakes when the prize was large. Thus we find a manufacturer searching assiduously for more efficient methods of production and scrapping many millions of dollars worth of machinery in the hope of capturing a larger market by a better and perhaps a cheaper product. This fundamental radicalism in industry has been one of our most marked characteristics. It stands out in bold contrast to the attitude of the French or English business man. In trying to account for this aggressiveness in economic enterprise we must not, of course, overlook our pioneer heritage, our vast natural resources, and our unbounded optimism, but we must also consider that a great deal of economic power has always been held among us by comparatively young men. Men who are not yet out of their twenties have often been entrusted with the direction of great enterprises and it is no uncommon thing for a father to turn his business over to a son who can scarcely find enough hair on his face to shave.

One cannot but wonder whether we shall have the same amount of enterprise when we find that most men who hold any amount of property are past fifty and many of them are between sixty and seventy years of age. There is much reason to believe that our industrial leaders will be less daring, less inclined to take a chance than they now are when most of them will be ten or fifteen years older than at present.

It is one of the constant complaints of young Englishmen and Frenchmen that they have no chance at home, that old men are in the saddle and will not allow the enterprising youngster opportunity to show what he can do. No doubt this is the eternal complaint of youth against age; but one certainly hears less of it here than in Europe, and less of it in Germany, where the population is young like ours, than in France and England. We would not attribute all these differences in enterprise to differences in age, but we do believe that this is a very significant factor and that we shall have to organize carefully if we are to prevent a large measure of dry rot in our economic system when it comes to be operated and controlled by older men.

Will we also develop a larger measure of conservatism in politics as we grow older? As was said above, it sometimes seems that this would be well-nigh impossible. But we venture to believe that our rigorous assertion of property rights in this country is due not so much to a belief in the inherent rights of property as to a conviction that what one has gained by hard work and ingenuity (and luck) shall not be taken away from him by *ex post facto* laws. Such a sense of property rights is not dependent upon one's age nor upon the belief in a god-given right to certain goods because they have been in the family for a long time. It is quite compatible with a willingness to experiment politically, which the true conservative never has. It is quite probable, then, that we shall become more conservative in politics, as well as in business as we grow older, and that we shall come to cherish more tenderly the old and the customary simply because they are old and customary.

As a counterpoise to the more conservative rule of the elders which is almost sure to develop, we shall probably have a far more vigorous radical party than we have had heretofore. A genuine conservative party naturally demands radical opposition and that we have not yet developed such a party is proof that up to the present our conservatism has not been of the dyed in the wool variety. When we develop, as we probably shall, a conservatism which demands not property rights, but also special personal privileges for those who have property and which regards the innovation of youth as sacrilege, then we may expect a concerted attack upon this older group by youth and by those who do not enjoy the special privileges of property. Whenever conservatism furnishes enough grievances we shall have an active radicalism. Our changing age composition will assist materially in developing this opposition.

IX

It is interesting to speculate upon the effect of an increase in the average age upon our amusements and our cultural activities—in a word, upon the way we use our leisure. Will greater maturity lead us to develop more interest in the activity of our minds and less in that of our legs? Will advancing age increase the number of admirers of the poets, the painters, the novelists, the musicians, and so forth, and decrease that of the athletic and movie stars of varying magnitudes? Is it likely that the followers of the orchestra will become more numerous while those of the jazz band will decrease? These questions cannot be answered with any degree of certainty, but it is not at all impossible that an increase in our average age of ten to fifteen years may have a rather marked effect upon the use we make of our leisure. It may easily come to pass that an older population will support more good concerts and serious lectures and fewer dance-halls than our present population does; that it will buy more books and stay at home more to read them; that it will find more enjoyment in studying nature intimately than in seeing how many miles of roadside it can eat up in a day. We are not passing moral judgment on these different ways of using leisure; we are merely trying to point out that the age changes now under way may lead to quite a different organization of the industries and agencies furnishing amusement and opportunities for personal development to people when not at work.

Space does not permit any detailed discussion of the effects of greater native-bornness, nor of the increase in urban dwellers. But manifestly these changes will exercise a considerable influence upon our social order. One may wonder whether when 70% or more of us live in cities we will tolerate the modern city in anything like its present form, or whether we will remake it so that it is a decent place for people to live and work in; whether we will still believe that all good things come from big crowds, or whether we shall learn that the human spirit can thrive even in small places if it is provided with the right sort of contacts. One may also wonder whether the blending of the diverse elements in our population into a more homogeneous, perhaps more unified whole, will add to or subtract from the possibility of our making some substantial contributions to human living. But we must close with wondering, for we cannot answer; we can only discuss.

CROESUS AT THE ALTAR

BY ALFRED E. PROWITT

Even in infancy the peculiarities of Wilbur Glenn Voliva were manifest. According to his official biographer the swaddled babe in its first hours displayed strong facial outlines, piercing black eyes, straight black hair, and a commanding personality. No doubt the neighbors gathered from miles around to gaze at this marvel of the year 1870. Heredity may have contributed to the matter, for the father, James Voliva, was himself an astounding man. Although a lawyer by profession, he had heard the call of the land, but in selecting a location for his farm he shut his ears against the Devil's suggestion to settle on fertile soil, and instead chose a rough tract near Covington, Ind., reasoning that his sons needed active exercise and that they would get plenty of it in clearing away the jungle of tough brush, thickets, and black walnut stumps.

Thus early in life Pastor Voliva, now boss of Zion City, Ill., the creation of the immortal John Alexander Dowie, came to know callouses. While boys on the neighboring farms were capering along the highway with baseball bats, toy wagons, and fish poles, he was playing with the grub-hoe, the ax, and the shovel. It was while he was tugging at obstinate roots that his mind began to function and he inaugurated his long series of meditations on the Devil. Thereafter his life had a new bent. He lolled over the hoe to vision Paradise; and if this exercise brought occasional spankings from his father, who mistook his rhapsodies for laziness, the punishment was easily borne. Thus the Big Purpose came and remained with the boy, and he determined to become a worker in more heavenly fields. He took the idea so seriously that at the awkward age of sixteen he was already belaboring the easy-going Hoosiers with warnings of divine vengeance.

At nineteen he entered Union Christian College in Indiana and began to pinch-hit in the pulpits of the so-called Christian, or New Light Church. Five years later he attended the seminary at Standfordsville, N. Y., and also began to preach in an Albany church. Leaving there, he became pastor of the "Christian" church at York Harbor, Maine, a fashionable Summer resort, where he was stirred mightily when certain lewd women bathers exposed portions of their anatomy.

Assailed, seemingly, by doubts as to whether the "Christian" church was God's preferred institution, he did a flop to the Disciples' faith and matriculated at Hiram College for revised instruction. Here, too, apprehension stalked him. An extra hot fire and brimstone sermon was always poised on his tongue for utterance, whether in the classroom or on the campus, but some of his classmates showed an appalling indifference to the Imminent Judgment. Swerving again in his allegiance, after commencement he hopped back to the "Christian" church and took its pastorate at Washington Court House, Ohio, the birthplace of the celebrated Harry Micajah Daugherty.

Though the young dominie scorched the Devil mightily his congregation failed to applaud loudly enough. There came upon him the fear that the world was indifferent to the Gospel, and he confessed that on a certain day his despond sank to such depths that he even considered abandoning divinity for the law. In this dreadsome hour he secluded himself and his forebodings in his study. Suddenly the door swung open and some mail was tossed upon his table. His glance fell upon a copy of *Leaves of Healing*, the official publication of Zion. He read it, was interested, and sent for more. It came. He locked himself in his room and read and prayed, and after a while he prayed and read. Finally he cried out:

"It's true! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Truly Jehovah hath founded Zion!"

Joyously he bundled together his baggage, his wife and child, and sped to Dowie's heavenly capital to become a member of the Christian Catholic (later Apostolic) Church. Quickly qualifying as an elder, he assumed charge of the North Side tabernacle in Chicago, and after dispossessing the Devil in that Gold Coast sector was dispatched to Cincinnati.

There he achieved one of his greatest triumphs. For a full year he preached, taught, and expostulated, and when at last he was called home by Dr. Dowie he considered that he had practically won the city. As evidence the sale of *Leaves of Healing* had increased from 40 copies a month to 1,000.

With Chicago and Cincinnati thus definitely saved, Pastor Voliva was next commissioned to try his hand in Australia. He arrived at Sydney in 1901, and after displaying only cursory astonishment at the sight of the kangaroos, plunged into his soul-saving mission. Evidently his preaching jolted the complacent souls of the Antipodeans, for he has told us that after several of his sermons the common expression of the native clergy was, "What next?"

For almost five years this work went on; then came another summons from Dowie, and he returned to Zion accompanied by five hundred Australians, male and female, who had been plucked by his sorceries from the eternal fires.

II

Zion City had been founded in 1896 by the John Alexander Dowie aforesaid: a circuit rider who had begun his war on the Devil in Scotland while still in diapers. Immigrating to this country, he drifted from city to city as a faith healer, finally landing penniless in Chicago. Three years later the World's Fair gave him the opportunity of his life. He built an immense wooden tabernacle opposite Jackson Park and started out to compete with the muscle dancers of the Midway. So large were his crowds that he had to hire the Central Music Hall and the gigantic Auditorium for the overflow, and in addition he bought a church and established a chain of josshouses called Homes For Divine Healing. Presently his labors in Christ's name were paying so well that he was able to acquire 6,500 acres on the lake shore forty miles north of Chicago at a cost of $1,250,000.

Thither he took his converts, to establish God's capital under the banner of the Christian Catholic Church. All the available building lots were disposed of at a great profit and in such a way that perpetual leases left the titles lying in Dr. Dowie himself. By the end of 1901 a bustling boom town had arisen, with a large tabernacle seating seven thousand, a bank, a college, a publishing house, a real estate association, and the Home of Hope for Erring Women. Dowie ruled the colony under the titles of chief overseer and Elijah the Third. But in 1905, the lamp of divine guidance flickered and Zion came upon dark days. Every industry was driven to the wall, the bank was tottering, and $2,500,000 of church money had gone the way of the departed.

At once Dowie summoned Voliva from Australia to act as deputy overseer, and set out himself for Monterey, Mexico, to establish there a Paradise Plantation. This project never materialized, but during his absence certain suspicions of his wavering followers did. A seraglio was unearthed in his mansion and evidences of financial turpitude also came to light. Dowie was accused of "extravagance, hypocrisy, misrepresentations, exaggerations, tyranny, polygamous teachings," and other grave things. Returning to Zion, he shut himself up in Shiloh House and died there in 1907, placid in the belief that he was still leading victorious troops into battle.

Meanwhile, Pastor Voliva, selected as the new overseer, set about trying to resuscitate the city. The task was big enough to require the assistance of several angels. The population had dwindled from eight thousand to six through spiritual defections and financial stringencies. Five thousand creditors were wrangling over possession of the land, and during the ensuing court contest for the leadership of the colony Voliva lost and was virtually exiled. His total assets at this time were eighty-seven cents, but he knew how to make every one of them count. He set up a tent on a farm outside Zion, hired a brass band, ran free busses, and called for converts. They not only came, but what was better, brought their pocketbooks. In three services he took in $3,500. The sight of so much money inspired him to make the boast that "the day will come when I will own every foot, every inch, and every pinch of the 6,500-acre site of the city of Zion, and then I will float the flag of Zion over every building."

By an agreement with the Federal court and its receiver, Dr. Voliva soon made this boast good: he acquired God's colony on the installment plan. Realizing the need for economy, he slashed the payrolls $162,000 a year, and when dissenters assailed him he silenced them by tossing his watch and cuff links into the collection box and preaching two hours on "The Simple Life." Soon the city was humming once more with shops, candy and baking plants, publishing houses, and lace and handkerchief factories—each with the name of Voliva emblazoned upon it. Within four years he had bought the tabernacle from the court for $200,000, and the general stores with it. In the end he acquired the entire estate.

Instead of selling homes outright to his disciples, Voliva now gave them leases for 1,100 years in return for their money, thus retaining control of all the real estate. The subsequent skyrocketing of land values, after the Chicago suburbs began to expand, sent his wealth into the millions. Capitalizing on the keen demand for new sites, he trimmed the village into a rectangle fronting on the lake and sold the outlying acreage to sub-dividers. Profit, $1,000,000.

Today Pastor Voliva heads every enterprise and activity in the holy city. So complete, indeed, is his control over its seven thousand citizens that he even decides who they will support in local, state, and national elections. Hoover, of course, received the bulk of their ballots in the last presidential vote, polling 3,088 to Al Smith's 112. Voliva, they say, is still curious about how the latter got into the ballot-box.

His holdings in church buildings and twenty-six prosperous industries are estimated at $10,000,000. In addition, his missionaries in Jamaica, Australia, and the Orient send him $1,000 a day. A system of tithes, whereby every resident follower pays one-tenth of his income, pours into his pockets another golden stream. He boasts that his annual income is more than $6,000,000, and that he is the world's richest holy man—all on an original investment of eighty-seven cents!

III

As the new overlord of Zion, Voliva continued the gifted but unfortunate Dowie's regulations—a series of rules that made the Mosaic law seem a list of indulgences. Daily at 9 A.M. a whistle blew, and every citizen halted his labors for two minutes of prayer. Ominous signs hanging on every telephone-pole and fence-post warned visitors against expectorating, using alcohol or tobacco, whistling, and swearing. On Sundays and after curfew no one was allowed to loiter on the streets, which were named after Scriptural personages. The eating of pork was forbidden, and the city was periodically bombarded with Biblical quotations denouncing the pig as unclean. In accordance with Leviticus, oysters and other shellfish, and any fish without scales and fins were also under the ban. All drugs, medicines, and surgical appliances were eschewed as devices of heathenism, and both physicians and faith healers (excepting true-blue Zionites) were pariah. These regulations were enforced by the vigilance of the Zion Guard, at one time numbering eight hundred men, in military uniforms with the likeness of a dove and the word *patience* lettered in gold on their caps, and Bibles strapped to their belts.

Doctors were forbidden to enter the city, so when Voliva's wife became seriously ill in 1915 she got no medical attention. While her husband waited patiently for the divine cure, her aged father attempted to spirit her away to a hospital, but the effort was thwarted. The suffering woman died soon afterward in virtual imprisonment in her home. Then Pastor Voliva cast an appreciative eye over the eligible maidens in his pews and took another helpmate.

High heels and tan shoes appeared heathenish to him and were banned. "A lunatic asylum," he declared *ex cathedra*, "is the only place for a woman who puts her feet into high heels. As for the men who wear tan shoes, they belong in some even worse place of confinement than a lunatic asylum." The display of bare necks shocked him exceedingly; so two censors, armed with a generous supply of woolen shawls, were sent into the highways of the city to swoop down on every unwary woman who had any of her neck exposed and wrap a shawl around her. As a gesture of broadmindedness, her ears were allowed to remain uncovered. Silk stockings, bobbed hair, short sleeves and peek-a-boo waists were forbidden and no woman was allowed to straddle a horse within the city limits. Let but a lad flip a flirtative eye toward a comely maiden, and he was dragged into court and fined from $10 to $200. When the growing prosperity of the city attracted settlers who were not of the true faith, Voliva scented a conspiracy to overthrow his government; consequently he passed a law making it unlawful for two or more persons to congregate in the street.

To the faithful, here was a city of holiness, but to the sinful motorists of Chicago and vicinity it was only a place to toss cigarettes overboard, look pious, and step on the gas. Anyone discovered puffing the vile weed was dragged into court and fined $10. When three nicotine-hungry citizens obtained a temporary injunction setting aside this ordinance, Voliva was aroused to announce: "If the court won't act, Heaven will. Every man who fights me goes under. Mark what I say! The graveyard is full of fellows who tried to down Voliva. This other bunch will go to the graveyard too. God almighty will smite them." The court finally decided in favor of the ordinance.

In one case the Overseer admits having served as an executioner in Christ's name. For long he had a thorn in the person of a local undertaker, an atheist, who took keen delight in baiting the faithful. After recovering from an extended illness, this free-thinker attended the tabernacle services, and proceeded to enjoy them from a front seat. Voliva, noticing him, shouted, "If you don't repent of your ways you will sicken again and that time you will die!" The undertaker only grinned, but a few days later he died. "I fixed him," commented Voliva.

Like all other holy men, the Overseer has had frequent intercourse with angels. Once an awesome voice informed him that he was the anointed of God. The congregation accepted this story without a doubt. It is believed in Zion that he is related to an Italian princess, and he preens himself without troubling to utter a denial when it is whispered that he is a direct descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Periodically there comes to him a foreknowledge of the imminence of the end of the world, and he is not reticent about divulging the news. In 1927 he described the impending "departure of the saints" in very gaudy language. Those who were not sainted were to find themselves left behind on a sloping bank that descended into Hell. He was so certain of this event that he even composed headlines for tired copyreaders: "Thousands Missing! Strange Phenomenon Has Taken Place." So far it has not been necessary to use these headlines, but in Zion they still keep on hoping and praying.

One of his typical prophecies was: "A superman will arise out of the present international difficulties. He'll unify the nations and be welcomed everywhere, and even the churches will accept him, but he'll finally reveal himself as the Anti-Christ and try to get people to worship him." Asked once if he believed the Bible, he replied, "*Believe* it? I am the only man in this country that believes it; rather I am the only man in the world that literally believes it." For the benefit of sinners he once issued a "Handbook and Guide to Hell." One of the most burning passages said:

> Every sinner is going to be punished with an overdose of his own sin. A tobacco smoker will be locked up in a den full of tobacco smoke. A chewer of the filthy weed will be immersed up to his neck in a vat of tobacco juice. A drinker will pass his time of purification in a natatorium filled with beer, wine, and whisky. The tobacco skunks and the whisky skunks will be forced to duck in the fluid extract of their own iniquity. Aye, Satan will care for those who smoke and drink in Zion.

In time there came to Dr. Voliva the rumor that there were many sinners in New York City. Carefully he mapped a campaign to capture the evil citadel for the Kingdom. Four hundred of his white robed followers were to storm the city, later to be reinforced by one thousand sympathizers, and the combined forces were then to convert all Broadway, from the Battery to the Bronx. First, two angels, aged fifty and sixty, were dispatched to the wicked place to spy out the land. Bravely these faded seraphim made the rounds of the speakeasies. Their procedure was to dash in shouting, "Peace be to this house!" Startled by the apparition, the patrons were wont to exclaim "For Christ's sake!" Touched by such apparent godliness, the angels would then murmur "Amen" and depart. During their stay they gave away 10,675 printed sermons and sold 12,550 *Leaves of Healing*, but acquired no converts. On their return to Zion, however, they pictured the saintliness of Manhattan in glowing terms, and Voliva decided that the city was really safe among the saved.

At home he dispenses his teachings in Shiloh Tabernacle, an immense barn-like structure seating seven thousand, with room for a white robed choir of five hundred voices. Above the heads of the singers depends a strange exhibition of trophies wrested from Satan—braces, crutches, and other relics of "healed" sufferers, and many pill boxes, and patent medicine bottles. Triune immersion—a complete immersion for each member of the Trinity—is required by the tenets of Zion—a hodgepodge of Biblical texts. Services open with the appearance of the chanting choir, garbed in white surplices, black stoles and mortar boards, and arranged by height, beginning with the young toddlers. Then enter the high dignitaries in fanciful costumes; and finally comes Heaven's great gift, Pastor Voliva himself, dressed in a combination of the costumes of a doctor of philosophy and an Anglican bishop.

IV

Although Dr. Voliva's theological theories are unusual enough to keep an ordinary man jumping, he has also made some interesting contributions to scientific knowledge. Imagine the shock he must have suffered when he discovered that many people were actually serene in the belief that the world was round! When his senses cleared from this blow he set about to do something about it. Publicly he offered $5,000 to the first professor who could prove to him that the world was actually round, adding, "I don't want that old stall that you can sail around the earth. You don't sail around it—you circle its flat surface."

For the benefit of such scientists as wanted the truth, he declared, "The earth is like a pie pan with the North Pole in the center. Why, if the world were round, the Australians, who are underneath us, according to all astronomers, would have to have hooks on their feet to keep from falling off. There is no such thing as gravity."

Many candidates appeared, but none carried off the $5,000. Triumphantly, Dr. Voliva ordered the teaching of his geographical views in the public schools of Zion, and started out on a tour of the world to prove its flatness. According to his itinerary, he traveled east to Europe, then due north to Egypt, narrowly skirting the North Pole. Obviously, a less informed and balanced man might have fallen off the edge, but he knew exactly how far to go and stepped right up to the brink. After a voyage of 19,000 miles he returned with his proofs, and among the things he picked up on the trip was the discovery of two other earths and three heavens. He said:

> The first earth is ours. On the second, right under ours, is Hades, where the souls of the damned exist. Hades is worse than Hell because we have the latter here on earth. And on the third earth are the spirits of the pre-Adamite inhabitants of our earth. The heavens are the top heaven, where God is; the second, where the stars, the sun, and the moon are; and the third, made up of clouds.

It is only natural that Commander Byrd's South Pole expedition should have given him much anxiety. Numerous telegrams of warning were sent to the commander, begging him to desist from certain death. Though Byrd went ahead, his safe adventure into the Antarctic only proved to his protector that a wall of ice kept him from the falling-off place.

The so-called around-the-world cruise of the *Graf Zeppelin* provided more evidence for Dr. Voliva that he was right all along. If the earth were round and rotated as some people believe, why, when the dirigible wanted to moor in a certain city, that city would be rolling under it, and the great ship would certainly be lost.

He has also been kind enough to put some deluded scientists right as to the location of the sun. Here is his contribution:

> The idea of a sun millions of miles in diameter and 91,000,000 miles away is silly. The sun is only thirty-two miles across and is not more than 3,000 miles from the earth. It stands to reason that it must be so. God made the sun to light the earth, and therefore must have placed it close to the task it was designed to do. What would you think of a man who built a house in Zion and put the lamp to light it in Kenosha, Wisconsin? A small lamp or stove will light or heat a small room. Why put it so far away, then?

Moreover, it appears that, since the sun would soon burn itself out if its fires were not constantly resupplied, it purposely makes a nightly journey through an underground tunnel that traverses the hot place (otherwise known as Hell). Thus replenished every twenty-four hours, it blazes undimmed. Other theories that Dr. Voliva has contributed to science are to the effect that the earth remains stationary with the firmament of stars revolving above it, that the moon is self-luminous, and that the planets are wandering stars.

For those who lust for intellectual combat he issued this challenge: "I can whip to smithereens any man in the world in a mental battle. I have never met any professor or student who knew a millionth as much on any subject as I do." He further declares that there are only three great intellects in the world, but he has so far neglected to name the other two.

Despite all these talents, Overseer Voliva has had his troubles in ruling Zion. For one thing, the prosperity of the community early attracted immigrants of other sects, and the newcomers objected to the civic regulations. Among these dissenters were numerous Methodists, and they soon attained such numbers that they were able to establish two churches in the city. When they became openly rebellious, Dr. Voliva issued the following ultimatum: "Get out of this community if you have a drop of honest blood and go start a community of your own."

But the Methodists refused to budge. Instead, one of their pastors, the Rev. Robert E. O'Brien, of their East Benton church, replied with dignity, "I'll see him in Hell first." The resultant avalanche of adjectives from Voliva left Pastor O'Brien so dazed that he delivered a public address entitled: "Is Zion City, Illinois, in the United States?" In it he said:

> Mr. Voliva is determined to drive out the Methodists. He has threatened them for years. He has carried on a programme of persecution so persistently that it is beginning to tell on the membership of our church. Shall we be driven out? If we understand the genius of Methodism she never retreats without a real cause. Does the cause exist here? Not in the least! It is simply a case of fanatical ignorance versus religious liberty.

Thereupon the Rev. Thomas H. Nelson, an apostate who had deserted to the Methodist pulpit, leaped into the lists. Voliva's answer was to term this recreant brother "Tom Cat, Tom Fool Nelson," a "thoroughly discredited windbag," a "monumental, brazen-faced, shameless old liar," a "dirty, foul-mouthed blatherskite," a "billy goat," and other such things.

Something about these remarks must have annoyed Pastor Nelson, for he had the Overseer indicted by the Lake county grand jury for criminal libel. The action failed, but the plaintiff was full of Christian perseverance and brought a civil suit in the Cook county court. After a torrid trial during which the two principals cast many reflections upon each other, Nelson emerged triumphant with a verdict of one cent damage. Voliva grudgingly paid it, and hurried back to Zion to compose more epithets.

His next step was to erect gigantic signboards throughout the city, bearing such hospitable announcements as this:

> Zion's slogan—this city for Zion people and Zion people only! The Zion flag floating over every foot, every inch, and every pinch of the original city site. Therefore, thieves and thugs will find this city hotter than Hell!

The independents countered by raising signs of their own, on which they returned the compliment. Then Voliva's bulletins became of such a fiery nature that he seriously considered building them of asbestos. Meanwhile, his police began to throw the Methodist pastors into jail for conducting prayer meetings after ten o'clock at night. Fervor warmed the opposing factions until they clashed on the street and spilled considerable blood.

V

When his billboards were torn down mysteriously at night, Voliva prepared to erect new ones of steel, charged with electricity sufficient to electrocute anyone tampering with them, and equipped with shotguns, so that "if a fellow whistles they'll go off." This was disturbing to the independents, so they obtained an injunction prohibiting their construction. Voliva, however, was not to be outwitted. He hired an airplane and had thousands of printed bulletins dropped upon the city:

> *Extra, Extra, Extra*
> Voliva declares war to a finish against the hosts of Hell, the traitors, thieves, and thugs who vainly imagine that they can damn and destroy the city of Zion.

Echoes of all this strife finally beat upon the ears of the Illinois Legislature. A committee of lawmakers was delegated to pry into the dark corners of the Zion cult, but Voliva defied them and refused to surrender his books for examination, remarking, "I'm a fighting cock. I can sum up all I'm going to do to this illegal legislative committee in one sentence. I'm going to give them Hell."

With the flames thus licking them, the legislators went on with their investigation. A witness, who for ten years had been bookkeeper and controller of the church and city, testified that the money coming in was used, not for church purposes, but for businesses conducted for the personal benefit of Voliva. The final report of the committee declared that he was misusing the mails in proselytizing; that he was denying proper educational facilities to the children of Zion; and that he was practicing a religious confidence game by preying upon widows and other frail persons. Prosecution was recommended, but it was never undertaken.

His latest plan for confounding his enemies is an extensive beautifying programme for his capital. This includes a mammoth concrete tabernacle with chimes, towers, and a gallery for a choir of eight hundred voices, and triumphal archways at the entrances to the city. In order to drown the bells from other churches he has also projected the construction of fifteen minor tabernacles with bells on each, so that at certain hours he may set them all ringing. A $30,000 radio station regularly broadcasts his play-by-play account of his bouts with the Devil.

At the time of writing, he is in combat with another invading evangelist. On a visit to Zion, the lovely Aimée Semple McPherson was so impressed with the high mentality of the citizens that she saw a fertile field for her own endeavors, and dispatched her star understudy, Essie Locy, to the scene. In addition to disseminating the Four-Square Gospel, this fair revivalist plays the trumpet. She plays it at every service, and its clarion appeal has drawn many of Voliva's supporters to her side. Her first blow for the Los Angeles revelation was struck when she challenged him to debate on the contour of the earth, an invitation that has thus far been disregarded.

But he has no intention of quitting the fight. During an extensive tour abroad he lately discovered that traces of wickedness were still extant in the world. "I am just starting my real work," he declared. "I shall evangelize the rest of the United States and Europe next. My trip took me to sixteen countries, and I have laid my plans. I am sending over my young people to Holland, Scotland, Syria, Poland, Egypt, and China. I know I am right. No man ever did anything worth while who did not fight the world. Watch me go!"

AN UNRECOGNIZED GOLDEN AGE

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

Like many, I have often wept because my lot was cast in a time to be regarded by posterity as petty and sordid and mean. There have been Ages of Chivalry, of Religious Zeal, of Golden Literature: mine seemed to be the Age of Leaden Apathy. But the other day, when I read the list of this year's best-sellers, of a sudden many unsuspected things fitted together with a click; then I knew my sorrow had been idle; knew that my little space of sun would hang in history like a bright, burning point; knew that I had lived in an era worthy of being dignified as an Age of something, that something Literary Appreciation.

I tested the idea, searched records, hunted for contact points, submitted the idea to argument, scanned statistics and book reviews past and present, and publishers' lists. Then I went about with eyes bright and shining because of my high and splendid secret, and, as a final result, am ready to take arms to maintain the truth of this: That we who read this have lived through a time when the average reading intelligence stood at its highest point in America and England, but also we have seen a sharp decline. So I elucidate and exemplify, advancing no subtle theories.

Turn the pages of recent history, hovering to meditate about 1840. You discover a time when well-meaning men, not by any means fanatics, were enthusiastic in predicting an early future when men would leap to the stature of angels because of a noble environment that must arrive when the multitude should be taught to read books and have books to read. Those enthusiasts had in mind the best of books then extant, but it did not occur to them that there might come a torrent of printed matter in which ineptitude and stupidity struggled in rivalry. They did not dream that there could be any but a steady upward movement. They saw, in imagination, an intellectually hungry people groping a slow but sure way to high planes and spiritual sustenance. There must be, they held, refinement of manner, an improved taste, fluency of speech, rectitude of purpose, public issues plainly presented and logically considered when a generation stood enlightened because of the wholesale reading of books.

So there were shibboleths, and prophetical sayings were abundantly uttered. Build a school house and close a prison! Throw wide the doors of the Temple of Literature that all may enter freely to the end that men may know the benefits to be derived from reading, then shall pleasure to mind and body follow! Dispel the only danger, Ignorance! Build libraries and exercise a civilizing and harmonizing influence upon the human mind! Let the printing-presses thunder to the end that man may know the lift of a great instinct shouting, Forward!

So, from the 1840's to the 60's, roughly speaking, America and England were learning to read, and by the latter date those who could not read were rare as auks. I except from consideration those who may be called reading aristocrats, keen and eager spirits with an instinctive taste for the worthwhile; they have always been, shall always be. I deal with the multitude for which best-sellers are written, for which advertisements containing absurdly exaggerated estimates of new books are paid for. I write of the reading public, then, between the middle 50's and 1880; and I think of a literature with no sharp distinction of American or English, because a lively interchange of books went on between the two countries. Yet, be it said, national distinctions had commenced to appear. Longfellow, in his "Defence of Poetry," had said, in 1832, "We wish our native poets would give a more national character to their writing. This is peculiarly true in descriptions of native scenery. . . . Let us have no more skylarks and nightingales." Others, not poets, had struck a native note—Dr. Holmes in his Autocrat series, James Russell Lowell, certainly Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Thoreau; but all of these were purveyors to the elect.

Coming to a consideration of the authors favored by the newly created audience, we find several Americans in high favor in England as well as at home. Out of Salem, Mass., came Maria Susanna Cummins with her "Lamplighter" which led millions in the 60's into a paradise of tears. Quite as many readers tested the strength of their emotions with "The Wide, Wide World," and with "Queechy," the work of Susan Warner, writing under the name of Elizabeth Wetherell. Timothy Shay Arthur swept into popularity with his "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," much enjoyed by those who found it good to live in sighs and tears. Also there were the Rev. E. P. Roe who wrote moral novels, and James Holt Ingraham, with his "Prince of the House of David," and Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when it first appeared as a serial, lifted the *National Era* into an astonishing circulation. Her vogue lasted through her book "Dred," and her "Agnes of Sorrento," and, while she herself lost favor when she wrote an article on Byron, her books continued to be boosted with zeal.

America counted other successes in England by way of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," in 1870; Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," a year before; Joaquin Miller's "Life among the Modocs," in 1873. Always on the verge of laughter or of tears, the generation welcomed Artemus Ward as readily as it welcomed Messrs. Moody and Sankey. It wept over "East Lynne." It trembled at the sad experiences of Pelham, and Eugene Aram, and Paul Clifford; indeed, Bulwer-Lytton held his audience in the hollow of his hand to his last day. Dickens alone could compete with him when it came to broken-hearted sentimentality, and *Bentley's Magazine* enjoyed a healthy subscription list when "Oliver Twist" began to appear in its pages. But Dickens, be it said, went several steps higher than his popular contemporaries. He led to healthy explorations and gave many a reader a taste for better work, for it would be hard to find another of his day who could equal him in descriptive power and genius for observation, to say nothing of his vitality. True, there were Thackeray and George Eliot and, a little earlier, Jane Austen, but their day, for the multitude, had not yet come.

The popular taste ran rather to Susan Edmonstone Ferrier when it reached for something out of sight of the shrine erected to grief—a promising trend, for Miss Ferrier had a healthy spirit of mockery in her and could laugh at a fashion-craze, mock at an idol, or be scornful towards a posturer in a way that amazed the primitive-minded readers of the 60's. But in the 70's she was not for those who enjoyed "a good cry." I remember her in the middle 70's as unfashionable enough to be relegated to kitchen reading; I remember the cook and a maid held spellbound by the adventures of Lady Juliana in the novel "Marriage." Yet upstairs, an aged aunt read aloud, apologetically, "The Inheritance," which I heard with one ear while reading an "improving" book called "The Basket of Flowers," thus staining myself with a life-long prejudice against all dogmatists because of the fictional character, Mr. McDow. About the same time I achieved another prejudice, and many of my age were likewise enriched. It was one inimical to love scenes in books, and those conducted with broken-hearted solemnity, and it first came to me by way of a popular novel written by a Lord Dysart, entitled "Only a Woman's Love." The particularly offensive character in it was a certain Alick who not only left his immense fortune to the girl who jilted him, but also handed her over to his rival, and then died of the romantic ailment called a decline.

There were names, popular in the 70's, blazoned on the backs of three-volume novels, which are no longer heard and only rarely remembered: "Leo," Sarah Tyler, Mrs. Alexander Fraser, James Grant, Dutton Cook, Mary Hooper, Mrs. Cashel Hoey. It was a period when women ran neck and neck with men in the production of novels. But man or woman writer, in their novels love-sick people died beautifully in the snow or in the moonlight. Women "flashed on men like radiant Fates." Maidens with "beautiful smiles" fell into "delicious reveries of love." Authors paraded their French shamelessly. Euphemisms and bombast, morbidities and cuckoo humor, wild metaphors and wilder comparisons, these they wallowed in.

I turn the pages of Emma Jane Worboise's once popular "Chrystabel," a love story, and my eye lights upon "larks which sang their impassioned lay in the deep, blue empyrean," and discover, at the end, a solemn assurance that "if you wish to be beautiful for ever you must be a Christian." Rhoda Broughton, whose "Cometh up as a Flower," was a best-seller, followed up her success with "Goodbye, Sweetheart," a novel that enjoyed a sky-rocket career. Her heroines had faces "like a bunch of roses gathered at sunrise," throats which were "a young, cream-white column," voices "fresh as the voice of a waterfall or of a blackbird on a green, April evening," and eyes "beautifullest great sapphires and beautifullest dew-wet flowers." And titles counted tremendously. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's novel found a publisher because it was entitled "Daisy's Necklace and What Came of It," and it moved somewhat better when the house publishing the Dollar Gift Books bound it with another book by another hand, called "The Stain of Birth," and renamed the volume "The Stain of Birth and Daisy's Necklace." The titles "Home Influence" and "A Mother's Recompense" were household words, but the name of the authoress, Grace Aguilar, I never heard mentioned.

An exceptionally stilted book that came out of America, the work of Charles Prentiss, went by its substitute title of "Constancy Rewarded," never by "Constantius and Pulchrea." It was thus advertised: "The repeated misfortunes of Pulchrea will cause the tear of sensibility to fall upon the cheek of the fair." And, talking about advertisements, there is this gem regarding Violet Fane, poetess: "The tender tone of a lost affection and an abiding sorrow, . . . the kind of verses to be read in bed when the only woman you ever loved proved to be unkind." Of advertisement by condemnation the case of Alfred Austin's "The Season" is to be noted, for it was read and talked about and bought because a critic had denounced it as "a book which no mother would like to see on her drawing-room table." Then there was the case of "Fruits of Philosophy," done by Mrs. Annie Besant, the aged Mahatma of present-day Theosophists, which the courts had decided to be "a book calculated but not intended to deprave" and added a penalty of six months' imprisonment and a two-hundred-pound fine for Madame Besant and her partner Charles Bradlaugh, whereat the public demand for the book became vehement.

Again there was "The Fatal Sacrifice," anonymous, about which a reviewer wrote scathingly, saying, "on every page we are treated to something disgusting with nothing in worse taste than the account of Ethel's weakness and DeLacy's opportunity, when, the author remarks, 'Let us mortals retire behind the veil of modesty and weep over two so fallen. . . .' We feel sorry to think that any publisher should have been found willing to offer the public so coarse and unpalatable a morsel as 'The Fatal Sacrifice.'" So the book went to swell the hosts of the undeserving. So also it will be seen that erotic *pâtès de fois* had some place on the literary menu at a time popularly supposed to be one of intense prudishness. If the appetite yearned for more concerning the clamorous passions of mankind, then there were, in the public prints, divorce and other cases bravely and firmly supplied: Marchmont vs. Marchmont, "disgraceful" people called it, but assimilated the details; the case of the Rev. Mr. Meamish who had performed his own marriage ceremony; the Mordaunt divorce case, in which the Prince of Wales appeared; the Saurin convent case, all of them more or less salacious.

Thus, then, the reading of the multitude at a time when Ruskin declared that a highly favored generation had "turned its arithmetic to roguery and its literature to lust." On a higher plane there was an audience for Wilkie Collins, clever in piling incident upon incident, first of the modern sensationalists to hold that "the main elements in the attraction of all stories are the interest of curiosity and the excitement of surprise." Anthony Trollope steadily turned out his clever machine-made novels, doing two thousand words a day as regularly as he took his dinner, but always appealing to the middle class. Captain Mayne Reid mixed theatrical adventure with romantic love. Canon Charles Kingsley played religious revolutionist and institutional reformer. Mrs. Oliphant, Julia Pardoe, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Florence Marryat, Miss Braddon shone in a time prolific in women writers, dealing with stock situations and trading in stock characters, their only serious rival in popularity on this side of the ocean being Mrs. H. D. Ward, who wrote under the name of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and gave the world "Gates Ajar." And, while fiction for the young had not yet come into its own, Louisa May Alcott took high honors with her "Little Women," with Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" running close behind.

Going a step higher in adult reading intelligence, we find Thackeray and George Eliot depicting various aspects of contemporary life; Bayard Taylor read by a select few; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," which went to many publishers before acceptance, not grown into any wide popularity; Carleton's "Farm Ballads" doing fairly well but not so well as Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras," perhaps because Miller played the showman and went about in sombrero and hip-high Parisian made-to-order boots. Thomas Hardy and Meredith had their limited readers; Emerson, Prescott, Motley, Hawthorne, Carlyle and Charles Reade moved somewhat sluggishly until Swinburne praised "The Cloister and the Hearth." Thereupon it leaped into sudden popularity and has been named persistently by compilers of histories of literature who do not seem to have read it, as a masterpiece, though sober judgment can find little in it but a series of loosely connected incidents and certain melodramatic crudities that strain an intelligent reader.

II

So we come to a new generation of readers and to a time beginning, roughly, about 1875. It was a generation that had read the Lambs' "Tales From Shakespeare," Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," Jacob Abbott in the Rollo series, Harriet Martineau's Norse sagas. It had passed to Kingston's translations of Jules Verne after accepting, with devastating scorn, Wyss's "Swiss Family Robinson," so obviously framed on "Robinson Crusoe" the glorious. Ballantyne had written for it. It had found Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque," and, hunting for more of the sort, presently dug into the past to find Maturin and Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe and Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," and Charles Brockden Browne's "Wieland," and Beckford's "Vathek," and Holmes' "Elsie Venner." Some found Ambrose Bierce by way of "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," as reprinted by some forbidden weekly.

Obviously, spirits nourished on such fare could care nothing at all for the grubby sentimentalities favored by their elders. What they sought was incident, healthful activity, tales that had the breeze of the mountain top in them, a dash of the terror and the grotesque too on occasion, but never anything approaching invalidism. The writers they favored knew enough of the young spirit to avoid entangling their fictional heroes in the toils of domesticity. They left the hero at the end of the story free for new adventure, unyoked by woman, happy in the delight of triumph and success.

Yet, in the last half of the 70's the supply of legitimate vivid juvenile stuff was limited. Henty was only beginning; Stevenson did not write "Treasure Island" until the middle 80's; "Tom Sawyer" came out in 1876. So the intellectually adventurous were thrown back upon Sunday-school literature and tracts which commenced promisingly but wandered into a maze of bristly Scripture references, or upon the surreptitious reading of Captain Frederick Marryat, whose heroes were not entirely free from unholy thought. True, there was Dickens, generally entered by way of "Oliver Twist" because of the fascination of the Artful Dodger and his rascally companions rather than because of the beatific Oliver, but Dickens, for boys with a good sense of proportion, meant much skipping. Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax" had its merits, but we were suspicious of such friendships as that existing between the wealthy tanner's invalid son and the lad of poverty-stricken parents. Besides, the book held a strong suspicion of love interest. There was James Fenimore Cooper again, but we were like Falstaff with his desire for a pennyworth of bread and an intolerable deal of sack, and Cooper was liberal with his philosophic bread.

Then came, in a burst of glory, a galaxy of penny dreadfuls. Beadle's Half-Dime Library, or its predecessor, all vitality and originality, found readers by the millions. Jack Harkaway, like some Elizabethan hero, fought his way around the world. The literature of rascality had its beginning and humanity was no longer divided into uninteresting and priggish saints on the one hand, and whole-souled scoundrels on the other. Self-assertive characters strode the stage, characters who did something and thought nothing of snuffing out a life, but who never indulged in nonsense about love, who never ranted of high-flown passion in the style of Harrison Ainsworth's people. The detective character too appeared, playing a tremendous part in a forbidden periodical called *The Boys of New York and London*, and, following him, we came to Gaboriou in translation. Jesse James, Peace the Burglar, Marwood the Hangman, the Newgate Calendar, Sweeny Todd the Demon Barber of Fleet street, illustrious California and Nevada outlaws, Three-Fingered Jack, the Fenian heroes, these and others we read about and were sad because Nature had broken the mold.

I write as an eye-witness of history, verifying my impressions by recent contacts with men in many walks of life in this country, in England, in Canada and Australia, all of them interested in literature, none of them tame and conventional in their venturings. Four of them are bankers, one a ship's commander, one is at the head of the Air Ministry in England, two are sheep-men in the Antipodes, one is a railroad president, five are not prominent in any way, one is an artist, another a retired editor. They, as I, found a way alone through the tangle to fairer fields when some enterprising soul in the house of Routledge hit upon the idea of issuing cheap reprints of standard works in paper covers, and, before the sensitive consciences of our parents, or our pastors and spiritual masters became aware of it, we had swallowed such varied fare as "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," "Peregrine Pickle," "Tristram Shandy," "Percival Keene," the unexpurgated "Gulliver," the wild Irish novels of Lover and Lever, and Thackeray's very bloody "Catherine Hayes." We were well on our way to

Zola's "Nana" and Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias" in translation before the immense variety of our interests found discovery.

It was Cassell the publisher who saw the field that lay ready for exploitation, and so came Cassell's National Library edited by Henry Morley, selling for ten cents in the United States and for three pence in England. The books came out in neat volumes, size 3¾ by 5½, with clear, readable print and good paper. Pepys' Diary in ten numbers, Polo's travels, Mandeville, Irving's "Knickerbocker," Hakluyt, Mungo Park's "Africa," Waterton's "South America," Raleigh's "Guiana"—these give an idea of the survey, and a succinct introduction by Morley brought each issue to a couple of hundred pages, or say between fifty and sixty thousand words.

You must see an avid generation leaping upon that and more. In New York the Humboldt Publishing Company came out with a Library of Science at fifteen cents a volume, so we devoured Proctor, Huxley, Darwin, Clodd and Grant Allen. The same house brought out a Social Science Library by which we sampled Anarchy and the Single-Tax, Communism and Socialism. Weleapt to Utopian romances, to Bellamy's "Looking Backward," to More's "Utopia" and Campanella's "City of the Sun," and, presently, to William Morris's "News from Nowhere," the "Erewhon" of Butler, and Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Also, presently, we found strange periodicals such as the *Word*, devoted to the cause of free-love, and pamphlets and periodicals by Moses Harmon; from Boston came Tucker's *Liberty* which carried in its pages clear-cut little essays by Ben De Casseres, Steven T. Byington, and Horace Carr, the typographical artist of Cleveland.

To drop back in point of time, one day the Walter Scott people sought out Ernest Rhys, who had written some essays of merit in the *Nineteenth Century*, expecting to find a middle-aged student in an oak-paneled room. Instead, they discovered, to their astonishment, as Rhys told me, a threadbare young man in an attic. But he was all that they had expected, and more, when it came to knowledge of literature, and the wealthy publishers sat at his feet when he opened his mouth and taught them. Out of that meeting came a notable series of books which we devoured. It was the Camelot Series, appearing simultaneously in America and England, linen-bound and handsome, selling at twenty-five cents and a shilling, eagerly bought by a generation that had passed into partial self-support and was willing to shorten a meal to own a book. Thoreau, DeQuincey, Landor, Shelley, Swift, James Russell Lowell, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Walt Whitman thus came to be closely known by us. Then, glory heaped on glory, Havelock Ellis brought out his Contemporary Science Series at $1.50 a volume, so we came to scratch the surface of things and at least familiarized ourselves with ideas concerning evolution, degeneracy, ethnology, psychology, meteorology and more. We imbibed enough, at any rate, to make us suspicious of the platitudes of the day.

But, mark you, still we had time to read with vast interest about the Homestead strike, and about John L. Sullivan's battles with Jake Kilrain and Charlie Mitchell, and about the Haymarket affair in Chicago. We could and did read Stead's "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon"; and Frank Harris's semi-slanderous and wholly scandalous publication, *Modern Society*, so full of key-hole information and innuendo, plus subtle sycophantic flattering; and the Fabian essays on Socialism, as well as pamphlets by Shaw and Morris and Hyndman and Herr Most; and Stevenson's books as fast as he could produce them; and the amusing controversies which Tucker of Boston held with Nordau and Henry George and Ruskin; and everything that came from the pen of Mark Twain and Stockton; and Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science"; and, without fail, T.P's *Star*, with its high-hearted essays on books by Richard Le Gallienne, and on the theater by A. B. Walkley, and on music by Corno Di Bassetto who was Shaw, and about authors by Clement Shorter.

The Golden Age of Literary Appreciation was at its full. It was an age in which a great body of young men were in close contact with contemporary thought and contemporary emotion; also it was a generation in close contact with the past. To call it an artistic age would be something like burlesque, but it certainly knew the consolations of art. It was a self-assertive age, not an age of surrender. It was an age of revolt, considered from many points of view, a revolt that grew out of conviction and knowledge, not out of emotions worked upon by charlatans and fanatics. It was an age that produced much, and very notably an age of editors whose opinions were reached by a process of serious reasoning. Magazines that flourished in that day have passed into retirement because the audience that supported them has thinned in the natural course.

III

What of the sharp decline?

I repeat, I advance no subtle theories. But one may take observed facts and put two and two together, holding the result as a working hypothesis until a new light beams. Put it this way, in plain words. There, in the middle 80's, was a generation of reading people spreading wide, tasting and testing at will, enjoying, getting into literary swamps and morasses, discovering fair gardens, chasing will-o'-the-wisps, going hither and thither with boldness and sincerity and strength, experimenting by many paths, but nevertheless gaining an enlargement of horizon. Then came the uplifter and the millennium-maker. I again affirm that I speak as an eye-witness. Someone discovered that James Russell Lowell had written this: "We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read as many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. They lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato." On that theme men began to lecture, and to scold, and to preach. Lubbock was quoted: "It is one thing to own a library; it is, however, another thing to use it wisely." Sir John Herschel, too, had words repeated: "Give a man the taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books!" Then that king of persuaders and compelling journalist, William T. Stead, took up the Case of Books with a view to controlling the reading of the multitude, and soon his *Pall Mall Gazette* came out with Lists of the Best Hundred Books, and Lubbock's List advanced as a guide.

This is not the place to discuss that list, or any other similar one, for they were many. Lubbock ran strongly to the "ought-to-be-read-to-be-counted-well-informed" sort—advocating the Bible, Aurelius, Wake's "Apostolic Fathers," Hesiod, Sophocles, Tacitus, Xenophon and so on. His poetry included Dryden and Scott, Burns and Pope, Gray and Byron. He listed Samuel Smiles's "Self Help," which we had somewhat scorned; Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which we had counted as worthy of retirement; Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and Scott's novels, and both authors we had looked upon as theatrical. He gave us "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," which we accepted as we would have accepted "Mother Goose." He laid stress upon Southey's "Thalaba," while John Bright would have had us go to Whittier and Bryant.

So we read Lubbock's List, with other lists made by literary lights, and came to the conclusion that our would-be guides were narrow-minded men in large circles, that their tastes were not as discerning as our own, that we preferred to run wild and practice individual verification rather than go by authority. Still, there was the collision and a resultant check. Evasions, flight and refuge from a new idea were not for us. So we tried our hands on Spinoza, and Comte, and Ramayana, hoping to behold the bright countenance of truth, but instead she seemed a wrinkled and uninteresting hag. We had commenced to read from duty rather than from desire. We had lost interest.

But that was not all by any means. Our educational curriculum up to that time had taken no heed of literature, but a new order arose. Schoolmen took the world of literature in hand and every professor who wrote a book that purported to be a history of literature seemed able to get his lucubration into print. Often, out of the amplitude of their imagination, they discussed books and authors. Bitter in the belly became literature for the children of those who had roamed at will, bitter because a thing hedged, controlled, restricted, no longer sympathetic and flexible. A world was told what it had to think of authors and their work, was told with severity what it had to read, was warned against this and that, and in the telling personal prejudices and idiosyncrasies were abundantly paraded.

From the time of the inclusion of a so-called study of literature in the school curriculum commenced the sharp decline of interest in literature. Today, I say it with infinite frankness, the members of the American Library Association are the last of the old guard gathered about the true banner.

FREE SPEECH IN KHAKI

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

Liberty of expression, as of opinion, is deeply ingrained in Anglo-Saxon public policy and private right. "The allowance of this right," declared Alexander Hamilton, "is essential to the preservation of free government; the disallowance of it fatal." To encourage a Reed, we must endure a Heflin. Abuses may occur, but without free speech we might as well return to the index of forbidden books, to the tyrannies and prejudices of medievalism.

In the placid city of Hudson, N. Y., a printer was indicted for scurrilously calling Thomas Jefferson "a malicious and seditious man, of a depraved mind and wicked and diabolical disposition." The issue was political, the attack personal. In a legal brief submitted in this case Hamilton wrote words, approved by the court, which have become almost a classic definition:

> The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish with impunity truth, with good motives, for justifiable ends, though reflecting on government, magistracy, or individuals.[1]

Free speech does not, as Chesterton says, consist merely in being free to remark that there are mile-posts along the Dover Road. The right to speak includes the right to be controversial. "If," said Lord Stanhope, "our boasted liberty of the press were to consist only in the liberty to write in praise of the Constitution, this is a liberty enjoyed under many arbitrary governments." To which Thomas Erskine added:

> While we render obedience to government and to law, we will remember at the same time that, as they exist only by the people's consent and for the people's benefit, they have a right to examine their principles, to watch over their due execution, and to preserve the beautiful structure of their political system by pointing out, as they arise, those defects and corruptions which the hand of time never fails to spread over the wisest of human institutions.

So far the civilian. What, now, of the soldier? To what extent does he understand these facts and appreciate these principles? Has he so far "lost all notion of civil life" and does he stand so far "outside of civil society" that the importance of free speech forms no part of his heritage? Must members of the Army—servants of the state sworn to absolute obedience—refrain from all civil discussion? Does the strict habit of military discipline quite obliterate the right of free speech? Is a soldier required to sit silent when "defects and corruptions" appear in the state which he serves or in the uniformed organization of which he forms a part? These are all questions which have actually arisen in military history.

Political systems live by representation; military systems by subordination. "An army," declared Maitland, "cannot be kept together if its discipline is left to the Common Law." "Military law," said Judge-Advocate-General G. Norman Leiber, "is founded on the idea of a departure from the civil law." Enlistment abrogates certain rights and changes status. The soldier lives under a legal system based upon Articles of War and Army Regulations; he serves in a world of courts-martial and summary disciplines. Mere executive orders alter his clothing, shelter, food. Political discussion is the prerogative of every citizen, but soldiers must stand silent. Accept the President's commission, and you relinquish the inalienable right of every American to cuss out his Congressman. You comply with orders; say nothing. You comment neither upon the order nor upon the individual.

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[1] The People vs. Creswell, 3 Johns. 336.

Since 1863, formal codified Army Regulations have contained a passage, changed slightly from time to time, but generally intact in meaning:

> Respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended on all occasions. Deliberations or discussion among military men conveying praise or censure, or any mark of approbation, toward others in the military service, and all publications relating to private or personal transactions between officers, whether newspaper, pamphlet, or handbill, are strictly prohibited.

In 1874, a lieutenant, T. J. Spenser, at Fort Richardson, Texas, called his post commander, in writing, a "moral coward" and was dismissed by court-martial for being "disrespectful and contemptuous." In the same decade a colonel, D. S. Stanley, published in the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* and in the New York *Times* his unfavorable opinion of the courage and honesty of a superior. A court-martial found him guilty of "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." So spoke the military moguls:

> A civilian attacks another in this manner only at the risk, so far as any legal liabilities are concerned, of proceedings for libel. But at military law such a publication is a high offense, whether the statements be libellous or not. His declarations may be true, and may be worded without exaggeration or temper; yet he is no more authorized to publish them to the Army or the community than if they were false in fact or violent in expression.

In 1871, Captain Steelham of the 15th Infantry suspected that he had been court-martialled out of personal spite. He so stated in court. After his acquittal he rushed through the printing-press the same violent and vituperative words he had used at the trial, calling his accuser (who was only a lieutenant) one devoid of the instincts of a gentleman and a disgrace to the service.

He was promptly court-martialled again, and this time convicted. His new offense was the public slurring of a brother officer—"a serious military offense to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."[2] Even privileged statements made in self-defense, it appeared, could not be later printed and circulated.

In January, 1878, Colonel August V. Kautz, brevetted major-general, and commanding the Department of Arizona, objected to a decision of the President which set aside a court-martial judgment on account of certain flaws discovered by the Judge-Advocate-General. The irate colonel addressed a long letter to the Adjutant-General commenting on the Judge-Advocate-General's ideas. He also circulated it in the Army as a printed paper. In it, among other things, he said:

> I hold that the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General misrepresents the record, that it is unsound in law, and, if accepted as correct, destructive to military authority; manifestly unjust to me and biased in favor of the convicted officer.

For this rash piece of literature Colonel Kautz himself was promptly tried. His publication was alleged to be "throughout wholly irregular and unmilitary." The papers went for scrutiny to General W. T. Sherman, a strict soldier if there ever was one, who said he wished to announce certain principles of military government which concerned the honor and dignity of the Army. The essence of them he set forth as follows:

> Obedience to and respect for the lawful decisions of the constituted authorities, from the highest to the lowest, is not only a duty enforced by penalties, but should be the cause of pride to every officer and soldier in the Army. When such decisions are made and announced by the proper officials, a cheerful obedience is all that is left for the officer, and the higher his rank and office, the more important the example. This is not the obedience of the slave, but of the knight, true to his sovereign—in our case, the law.

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[2] Winthrop's Digest, 1880, p. 458.

> The progress of the world and of science may introduce into practice new methods, which will in due time solve wisely and satisfactorily every question, such as arose in this case, but meantime the decision of the Executive on this and all kindred subjects must be accepted as binding in law and in honor. Any discussion in the journals of the day, of matters adjudicated, is wrong.[3]

II

War is a clash of national wills. The general in command makes his decision, and every available resource, without cavil or question, must be bent to the accomplishment of the common coördinated plan. The great defeats of history have been almost invariably due to lack of will power on the part of the commander, lack of obedience to his will on the part of his men. Implicit compliance is the secret of success. This presumes in fighting forces a strict discipline, a state of mind so that all men are of one mind, of the same mind as the leader in command, shaped by the habit of discipline. "The first, second, and third part of a soldier's duty," said Lord Mansfield in the famous case of Sutton vs. Johnstone, "is obedience." Once a decision is taken, the policy and the course of action decided, the Army,—from general to private, colonel to subaltern,—must conform. That decision, as General Sherman declared, is binding on the soldier soul, in law and in honor.

The two most striking trials in American Army history are probably those of Brigadier-General William B. Hazen and of Brigadier-General William Mitchell. Both occupied high places. Both defied authority on topics of wide popular interest, and had much popular sympathy. But both ran foul of the basic and vital military doctrine.

In 1881, Lieutenant A. W. Greely went to the shores of Lady Franklin Bay in command of an international polar meteorological observation station. Disaster met the expedition. Survivors were few. Hardships were great. The people were harrowed to hear of the sufferings encountered. There was agitation to send a relief party north in September, 1883. The Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, decided that such relief was "not practicable" so late in the season. A year later, in his annual report as Chief Signal Officer, General Hazen dared to say that on September 13 "there was still time, as known from previous experience and shown by subsequent facts, to send effective relief." In his own annual report for 1884, Mr. Lincoln was "pleased to make" General Hazen the object of severe strictures for thus commenting gratuitously upon the Secretary's decision. General Hazen smarted under the hurt, and on February 17, 1885 tried to reopen the argument by writing to Mr. Lincoln. The Secretary curtly replied:

> The correctness of the judgment of the Chief Signal Officer in his annual report as to the propriety of the action of the Secretary of War is not a proper subject of discussion between the Chief Signal Officer and the Secretary of War. A breach of military discipline which could not be overlooked may be avoided by the retention of the Chief Signal Officer of the within paper within his own hands.

Then newshounds got the scent. General Hazen gave out the correspondence. This was too much for the military. A court-martial found the general guilty, though it sentenced him merely "to be censured in orders." Grover Cleveland signed the order, which said:

> To an officer of fine sensibilities, the mere fact of being brought to trial before a court-martial must be in itself a mortification and a punishment. The accused, whose high rank and long experience in the service should have inspired him with a full realization of that respect for constituted authority which is essential to military discipline, has been adjudged guilty of indulging in unwarranted and captious criticism of his superior officer, thereby setting a pernicious example subversive of discipline and the interests of the service. Subordination is necessarily the primal duty of a soldier, whatever his grade may be. In losing sight of this principle, the accused has brought upon himself the condem-

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[3] GCMO 26, AGO, 1878.

> nation of his brother officers who examined the charges against him and seriously impaired his own honorable record of previous conduct. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be forgotten.

In the Mitchell case, likewise, it was newspaper publicity which precipitated trouble. After the Armistice and demobilization, the National Defense Act of 1920 provided for the creation of a separate and powerful air force. But the country was getting back to normalcy, adopting the economy programme, cutting down rather than increasing military organizations. Successive appropriation bills slashed the available funds until a mere skeleton was trying to carry out the ambitious programme, and supplies and equipment of all sorts were wanting. The forces were cut to 120,000 instead of the 280,000 originally intended. The Air Service received its cuts along with the other branches.

During these lean months, the General Staff decided that something must be done for the aviators. A group of high officers forming the Lassiter Board recommended in 1923 a consistent and balanced air development programme. It called for increased personnel and more expenditures. It ran directly counter to the economy programme of the President and was therefore approved only "in principle." But the Secretary of War and the General Staff did not give up the fight. In his annual report for 1924, Mr. Weeks listed the air programme among his most pressing projects. He said:

> The present organization, strength, and equipment of the Air Service bear no relation to defense requirements and afford little or no foundations upon which requirements in either personnel or material can be built.

These were strong words. Yet not strong enough for the ardent air enthusiasts. Utilizing every weapon of propaganda, officers of the Air Service began openly to express their desires and to advertise their needs. Prominent among them was Brigadier-General Mitchell, then assistant chief of the Air Service. In public speeches and in the public press he urged the matter. To his view all other forms of fighting were obsolete and futile. The Hearst newspapers took up the battle, and General Pershing rushed in to say that "during the World War extravagant tales of havoc done to enemy cities and installations were brought back by some of our aviators, but investigation after the Armistice failed, in the majority of cases, to verify the correctness of the reports." However, not even a Pershing could seal the lips of Billy Mitchell, who continued to talk of aviators compelled to fly antiquated craft, of flaming coffins, and of administrative neglect. He said:

> We, in the air fraternity, decided to put the issue squarely up to Congress and the people. We received an immediate response from the people and the Congress, because they saw the right of our proposition.

Then ensued the bitterest publicity campaign that has ever convulsed the American people on a military question. Recriminations were bandied back and forth through the daily newspapers and in the popular magazines. Finally, in September, 1925, just after the Navy Department dirigible *Shenandoah* crashed to earth with appalling loss of life, General Mitchell took advantage of the horror-stricken state of the public mind to give out a statement to the press in which he publicly accused the War and Navy Departments of "incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration." He charged them with giving Congress "incomplete, misleading, or false information about æronautics" and with acting "irrespective of the public welfare." Apparently not satisfied with having spoken once, he spoke again, and his defiant words went country-wide:

> In time of war conditions have to be met squarely, willy-nilly, but in time of peace questions of great moment to the country must and will be investigated by all the people of the country on their merits, otherwise we would not have representative government. To obscure the issue in this case, which is the fact that our æronautics is in a

> disgraceful condition and our whole national defense is little better, is merely to delude the public.

Here was a square issue. General Mitchell, it will be noted, admitted that discussion should be suppressed in time of war. But in peace times, he contended, free speech should be permitted to Army officers, even to the detriment of the principle of subordination. He was answered with a formal set of court-martial charges, alleging he had acted "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline and in a way to bring discredit upon the military service" and had been insubordinate, disrespectful, and contemptuous of the War Department. He was found guilty as charged. President Coolidge approved and announced the sentence, saying that he had been "breathing defiance towards his military superiors" with statements "without basis in fact." He added:

> The accused has been guilty of highly censurable conduct. The country has every reason to expect that its officers, especially those who hold positions of high rank and have had long experience in the service, will at all times be strictly obedient to the provisions of the law and the requirements of the rules by which they are governed.
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> The theory of government implies that every official, so long as he retains office, shall deport himself with respect toward his superiors. This is especially true of those in the military service. Unless this rule is applied there could be no discipline in the Army and the Navy, without which those two forces would not only be without value as a means of defense but would become actually a menace to society.

And so, on this point, the Republican Calvin Coolidge was of one mind with the Democratic Grover Cleveland. Problems of public policy are in the province of political officers, not of Army officers—even problems on which military men may properly be considered experts.

During the Great Rebellion in Britain, Milton pleaded for liberty of printing in times of stress even more than in other times. He said that even in a city "besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, with inroads and incursions all round," free discussion should go on. Men should be "disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing." But the "Areopagitica" is nearly three hundred years old, and almost forgotten. The World War was fought in the Twentieth Century, not in the Seventeenth. It was fought with propaganda and censor's scissors as well as with powder and shell. Liberty of speech, of writing, even of thought, was repressed.

Army men, naturally, were subject to more severe restrictions than men in citizen's clothing. Holding up their right hands to take the enlistment oath, they forswore all independent opinion. Long before the United States entered the war they had their orders. On August 19, 1914, President Wilson, their commander-in-chief, had spoken his national warning against any "breach of neutrality." He had declared that the United States "must be neutral in fact as well as in name" and "impartial in thought as well as in action." Coming from their superior officer, these words were to military folk tantamount to a command. And so, in those confusing times, when all the country sought explanations of military matters from those fellow citizens in uniform who were the most competent to explain, Army men were told to keep silent. The Adjutant-General issued instructions for officers to refrain "from giving out for publication any interview, statement, discussion, or article on the military situation in the United States or abroad." Literally applied, this order would have smothered even the Plattsburg movement.

After America prepared to enter the struggle, as combat divisions were being formed and mobilization camps teemed with new troops, many individuals wrote booklets to explain the regulations and drill in words the recruits could understand. They offered suggestions about training technique, and convenient guides to behavior and duty for the thousands of unseasoned new officers. Tons of volumes of this sort were sold. But, lo, there came a check upon their production. Uniformity must rule. On December 29, 1917, the War Department ordered:

> Officers, enlisted men and other individual members of the service are prohibited from printing or distributing through publishing houses or otherwise any pamphlets or books not previously published or in process of being published on any military subject whatever, except as an approved government publication or as authorized by the War Department.

For the few who already had their volumes on the market, royalties might keep rolling in. But other prospective authors were debarred from publishing their manuals without express permission. A few were approved, but the general deluge was stayed.

Within a week, the general military censorship order was out:

> All persons in the military service are forbidden to act as paid correspondents for or contributors to any newspaper, magazine, or other publication, or to receive any payment or reward whatever from any such publication for any letter or item of news written or furnished by them, whether the article in question is sent direct to the paper or periodical, or consists of private correspondence which the writer permits to be published.

Officers were designated to scrutinize correspondence and matter intended for publication and to "delete all references capable of furnishing information to the enemy." Though special freedoms were granted regularly paid newspaper correspondents not in the military service, the soldier penman was restricted. The surreptitious newspaper revelations of South Africa, the Crimea, and the Civil War, were not forgotten. They would not be repeated. The lid was on.

After the Armistice it took some time to return to normal methods and manners. It was September, 1919, before the censorship order was revoked. In June of the same year, the restriction upon the publication of military manuals by officer-authors was altered by a general order:

> Any member of the military service may publish articles on military subjects which contain nothing of a confidential nature and nothing prejudicial to military discipline, provided, that in cases of matter interpretive of military publications or designed as a guide to the performance of military duty, the manuscript of the desired publication shall first be forwarded through military channels to the Adjutant-General of the Army, with request for permission to publish.

Then the army began to get down to a peace-time basis. A vast reorganization was under way. Experiences and practices of the World War were being studied. The old training regulations and manuals would have to be re-written. "The way we did it in the First Division" and "the way we did it in the Third Division" would no longer be argued out on parade ground or in officers' club. It would all be put into the books. An entirely new series of regulations was projected. It was intended,—and so stated in General Order No. 51, 1921—to provide, in official publications, all information needed in the performance of military duties. In the face of this programme, the individual officer-author found the field for originality in interpretation severely limited. He became a mere condenser and compiler.

III

But though the technical military writer was thus circumscribed, the polemical militarist was given a new lease of life. On May 15, 1922, General Pershing, as General of the Armies and Chief of Staff, announced:

> The Secretary of War authorizes and desires public discussion on appropriate occasions by officers of the Army in support of the military policy of the United States as established by law and of the policies of the War Department in furtherance thereof designed to secure the national defense. . . . This policy is in entire accord with the spirit of our institutions and has met with the approval of all who have given it study and consideration. The sympathetic support of the public is necessary for its maintenance and it is to be expected that this support will be freely given when attention is called to the burdensome

> and dangerous alternative that must be faced unless it is made fully effective. The national defense is the ultimate mission of the Army, and a proper presentation to the public of the necessities in this regard, since it is essential to the accomplishment of this mission, becomes naturally and logically one of the important duties of the officers of the Army.
>
> As the policies have been worked out with much care after a very full consideration of all the factors entering into the problem, it is desired, in order to avoid confusion, that they should be discussed from the standpoint of the War Department, unless special authority for a different presentation is obtained from the Adjutant General.

This is the famous Propaganda Order—now embodied in permanent Army Regulations—that made the pacifists rage. Junkers and militarists, they charged, abounded beneath khaki cap and shoulder strap. The Liberals tried to choke off anti-pacifist speeches by officers. When two brigadiers, Amos A. Fries and Albert J. Bowley, denounced the "spider web" of pacifist organizations, they incited the rigorous wrath of the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and the Society of Christian Endeavor. Disarmament lobbyists raised a howl over the "defense test" of 1924, and flayed the press bureau of the War Department.

IV

Now, the discussion of topics such as these, though dealing only with problems of military policy, still fringes very closely upon political controversy. It has already been seen how General Mitchell's aviation advocacy clashed with the economy programme of the President and his administration. A similar incident occurred in 1927, involving General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff of the Army. On an inspection trip he animadverted decisively and publicly upon the execrable conditions of left-over war-time barracks still occupied. They had already been described in the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1924 as "dilapidated, flimsy, unsafe, unsuitable, uncomfortable, and unsanitary." But General Summerall was called back for a "conference" with the President, and his speeches stopped. His revelations made campaign material for Governor Smith a year later. The Baltimore *Sun*, a Democratic paper, printed a series of articles describing many rotting army posts. One of these was Camp Meade. Headquarters at that camp promptly issued an order,—also printed in the *Sun*,—which forbade Army officers to discuss housing conditions with journalists. Just as promptly appeared a supplementary article, based upon journalistic conversations with officers' wives. And there the issue became clear. The women were able to speak, though their officer-husbands were commanded to reticence.

For many decades the Army Regulations have formally prohibited—in one of the earliest paragraphs of the big book—"efforts to influence legislation." Since 1925 the regulations have said:

> No person in the military service will use his official authority for the purpose of interfering with an election or affecting the result thereof. Such persons, while retaining the right to vote and to express privately their opinions on all political subjects, will take no part in political management or in political campaigns.

Far back in June, 1776, a group consisting of R. R. Livingston, John Rutledge, James Wilson, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson framed the first Articles of War our Army ever knew. Jefferson had elsewhere strongly stated that "truth can stand by itself" and that "restraints upon freedom of speech or the press are not necessary," but he said these things, it appeared, for civilians, not for Army men. The Articles of War which his committee drew up threatened cashiering for any officer who should use "traitorous or disrespectful words against the authority of the United States in Congress assembled or the Legislature of any of the United States in which he may be quartered." In 1806, the words of the article were altered to forbid:

> Contemptuous or disrespectful words against the President of the United States, against the Vice-President thereof, against the Congress of the United States, or against the chief magistrate or the Legislature of any of the United States in which he may be quartered.

With only minor modifications in phraseology, this article has been re-adopted in every successive enactment of the Articles of War. It has preserved that respect for civil authorities which the Army Regulations of 1881 indicated to be "the duty of all citizens and especially those in the military service."

Winthrop's treatise on military law, published in 1886, stated that only one case was known, up to that time, of an arraignment upon a charge of speaking disrespectfully of the Governor of a State (and upon this the accused was acquitted), and no case at all of assailing a State Legislature. The unique gubernatorial case occurred in Kentucky in 1864. Brigadier-General E. A. Paine, U. S. Volunteers, was considered to have violated the article—until the court acquitted him—by "openly and publicly" denouncing Thomas E. Bramlette, Governor of Kentucky, as a rebel.

Military men are usually not interested in the local affairs of communities adjacent to their garrisons. Their constant changes of station militate against close, continuing contacts. The habit is to assume a respectful aloofness. Occasionally, however, events occur which cause the soldiery to be affected by the acts of civil administrations, and upon such occasions it is not rare for officers to speak their minds publicly.

For instance, there is the army recruiting slogan which says: "The Army Builds Men." Magistrates at times feel that a course of military discipline would be good for some of the drifters brought before them. So it is not unnatural to hear occasionally of a judge "sentencing" an offender to serve an enlistment.

Whenever this happens, the recruiting officers take immediate action to prevent the acceptance of such an individual in the Army. Nor are mere protective measures all. They express themselves openly upon the subject. The offending judge receives a letter, a copy of which goes to the local press, excoriating him for his ignorance of modern military standards. Thus the Army openly criticises the judicial action of civil authorities.

According to the *Army and Navy Register* of November 27, 1926, Mayor W. H. Black of Wooster, Ohio, gave a culprit before him for assault and battery the choice of a hundred dollar fine or joining the Army. The accused chose the Army and was tentatively accepted by a branch recruiting station. When his papers reached Fort Hayes, Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Ballin cancelled the enlistment and wrote to the judge—and gave to the newspapers—a letter in which he said:

> The ranks of the Regular Army are composed of honorable and upright men, whose standard of morals precludes acceptance in their midst of an individual convicted of an offense involving moral turpitude, whose proper place of abode is a jail, penitentiary, or other like institution.
>
> The legal code which governs your judicial actions does not authorize you to offer service in the Regular Army as a substitute to a jail sentence, and unless you abstain from doing so in the future this office will take steps to compel you to desist from following this, to say the least, very questionable and unethical procedure.

Even a corporal in Kentucky could adopt a similar attitude toward a magistrate. A chicken-stealer was before a judge in Owensboro. His mother pleaded for mercy, saying she would have him enlist in the Army. The judge consented and the case was filed away. But when the miscreant appeared at the local recruiting office, his application for service was rejected, and Corporal A. B. Wilson went so far as to tell the reporter for the Owensboro *Messenger* that "Judge Watkins need not think he can unload his prisoners on the government."

These recruiters were treading on treacherous ground. They might have been considered guilty of contempt of court. But their attitude and acts met with the approval of higher authority. They were warmly praised in military publications.

Not far different in character was a little affray in Georgia in 1926. I take the story from an editorial in the *Army and Navy Regiſter*, for July 31, 1926:

> Army officers endeavor at all times to have soldiers under their command receive fair treatment in the communities where they serve, and, if difficulties arise, see that the legal rights of the soldiers are fully protected. Officers from Fort Benning, in the discharge of such duty, in connection with the cold-blooded murder of a Negro soldier at Americus, Ga., attending the trial in the uniform of the United States, were the subject of slurring remarks by citizens attending. The murderer was promptly cleared in a trial marked by references to the events between 1861 and 1865 and to "our sainted and beloved commander, General Robert E. Lee." Army officers at Fort Benning were incensed at this travesty on justice and were outspoken in condemnation of conditions producing such disregard for human life. This feeling culminated in an article appearing in the *Nation* by an officer who set forth the facts in connection with the murder and the farcical trial. . . . Such an attempt to expose an apparently clear injustice would of course cause resentment on the part of those people whom the truth would hurt. As a result, efforts were made by certain newspapers and citizens of Georgia to have the officer brought to trial.

The situation was delicate. Mr. Julian Harris, of the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, had recently received the Pulitzer Prize for agitating reforms in Georgia. His work had that very Summer been the subject of articles in the *Forum* and in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, which aroused grave recriminations among Georgians. Public feeling was fevered. The *Nation's* story of the trial the previous Autumn had been delayed in publication until the Summer of 1926, when there was much rancor. Matters began to take on a serious aspect for the offending officer. A newspaper suggested "direct action against the individual"—though whether or not this meant a lynching, it is hard to say. Other papers printed letters written by public officials to the local commanding general, demanding redress, even demanding the court-martial of the officer for criticising civil officials and for meddling in "politics." The *Army and Navy Regiſter* at this juncture declared:

> The issue is one of considerable seriousness to the Army, in the protection of its commissioned and enlisted personnel. It is hoped that the Army will continue to wield the weapons of free speech to defend itself against unwarranted contumely on the part of neighboring communities.

But not so. This was not a case for free speech. The politicians were too interested. Public opinion in the State was too strong. Although none of the newspapers carried any later mention of a court-martial, which the Georgian editors would have been glad to report, the Columbus *Ledger* on September 2, 1926 printed, avowedly with the sender's permission, a letter from the commanding general to Senator Harris, saying he had nothing but fine feelings for the people of Georgia and declaring that he had "officially conveyed" to the officer-author of the *Nation* article his "disapproval" of it.

V

By giving such a letter to the papers, the general was illustrating a sure distinction, a distinction of rank. In Georgia, it began to appear a senior officer might give to the local press his opinion of a junior and his actions. While the row was at its height and the removal of Negro troops from Georgia was being urged, the Pittsburgh *Courier* reported that "two very prominent officers in the Army have stated that, no matter what their personal feelings might be, they cannot speak for publication." Army discipline and the principle of subordination were being put into force. The affair had become a political issue. If Dover were in Georgia, there were not even mile-posts along the road.

The outcome beside the Chattahoochee might at first appear unusual in view of subsequent events and pronouncements. But close distinctions will make the Army doctrine clear. In December of the same year, 1926, the press was interested in accounts of a skirmish between Lieutenant-Colonel George Chase Lewis and the Rev. John Nevin Sayre. The latter gentleman wrote to the Secretary of War charging that Colonel Lewis had used his influence to prevent an address in the Y. M. C. A. hall at the University of Oklahoma. Mr. Sayre asked the War Department to put a brake upon the activities of Colonel Lewis. The Secretary of War promptly replied in this manner:

> It appears that Colonel Lewis was expressing his individual views as a citizen and that he did not even inferentially imply that he was expressing the views of the War Department.
>
> It is manifestly beyond the power of the War Department, and, if possible, it would be obviously opposed to the principle of free speech, for the War Department to attempt to control all expressions of opinion that officers of the Army may make as private citizens.

Mr. Sayre was interested in agitating against militarism in education. Recalling that fact clearly, we can arrive at a solution, though one which makes for confusion and difficulty in interpretation. The officer in Georgia signed his *Nation* article without his rank, writing as a private citizen. Still, he was "officially" informed that his conduct was disapproved. The officer in Oklahoma signed his letter with full indication of his rank and branch of the military service. And yet he was allowed free speech!

We must look further. The officer in Georgia defended the Army, but his opponents were high-ups in the political world. The officer in Oklahoma was defending the official military policy, but his opponents were simply Liberals of the sort whose propaganda and principles have been for a decade the bane of the War Department and of its citizen training programme.

ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

BY ROBERTO PIÑA

Cabarets

With the successful termination of the revolution against Huerta, Mexico City went American with a bang. The stately victoria disappeared from the streets, and in its place appeared limousines; the humbler cab was also done away with, twenty Fords clamoring for its place at the stands. Coachmen traded in their boots and top hats toward chauffeurs' outfits, and soon thereafter began being arrested for making insulting sounds with their horns to each other and to traffic cops, instead of whistling, as formerly. These insults are made by a series of sharp toots of varying length, each of which is conceded popularly to represent a syllable of a well-known and particularly offensive phrase.

About this time a number of chorus girls were imported from Broadway, and the local product immediately applied scissors to their costumes, establishing a mode that has lasted to this day. Also, some Negro tap dancers reached the Regis, and the next day a score of native young men went them one better. American cigarettes, jazz, lipstick and magazines found an avid market. Quick lunches sprang up, and people ate hurriedly, to conform with the new style, although later they found difficulty in disposing of the two hours allowed them for lunch.

Not all, however, was beer and skittles. Two ambitious young men, for example, started a restaurant fashioned after the American automats. To overcome the difficulty in the size of coins, they procured slugs, which a cashier sold near the entrance. The place was always crowded, and the young men were delighted; that is, they were delighted until they checked up on their profits some time later, and found on their hands several times as many slugs as they had started with.

Then again, there was some resistance on the part of certain conservatives. When the girls left half of their garments at home, rouged their lips and bobbed their hair, there were loud yells of protest, and at one time even riots. But these objections were quenched, literally enough, by the hose of the fire department, and progress resumed its triumphant march.

All this frenzy of imitation has now somewhat abated. A long time has elapsed since a hatless gentleman stood nonchalantly at one of the corners of the Cinco de Mayo attired in tortoise-shell spectacles, a loud sweater, and golf pants. A usually indifferent populace stared hard at him, refusing to believe what they saw. When, later on, attempts were made to ape this fashion, the indigenous satirists and caricaturists saw a whole new field opening to them, and went to work with a will. This may have had something to do with inducing Mexicans to look twice before jumping into a pair of plus-fours. The era of imitation is not, by any means, completely over, but fashions and movies, rah-rah clothes and trick lighters are now inspected more closely than formerly.

This brings us to the cabaret. While not distinctly American, it nevertheless traces its origin to the States so far as Mexico is concerned, for it was imported bodily, Negro orchestras, colored lights, staggering prices and all. Before its advent Mexican women had been spared the spectacle of their males in the process of getting pickled. The *cantina*—as common in Mexico as the drug store in the States—had always been forbidden land to them, even to the *non sancta* portion of their sex. Those of us living near the border or hobnobbing with the American colony in Mexico City were occasionally privileged to see a woman with one foot on the brass rail, shaking the dice and thumping the mahogany, while calling loudly for the next round. But, as I say, Mexicans not exposed to such broadening foreign influences still held all territory beyond the swinging doors to be wholly their own. Not so, however, after the crafty *cantinero*, by adding an orchestra, a dancing place many times too small, and a list of complicated drinks to his staple offerings, doubled his patronage and tripled his prices, inwardly calling down blessings on the Americanos.

No doubt all of these happenings took the Mexican woman by surprise. But as soon as she had found her stride every movement toward the new freedom found her in its foremost ranks, inciting the bewildered males to follow. Thus it was that certain once almighty he-Mexicans found themselves at the tables of a disguised *cantina* with scores of emancipated girls, who now stood on their own feet and challenged masculine superiority, dry Martini for dry Martini, and olives be damned.

Occasionally, in this scene of innocent gayety, there occurred clashes between the new ways and the modes of yesteryear. Old-fashioned males, for instance, sometimes forgot that ladies were now permitted to circulate freely among them, and acted as they were wont in the days of masculine exclusiveness. If these forgetful ones merely shouted, or wept, or did such things as peaceful drunks do when among themselves, tactful words sufficed to bring them to the present era. Otherwise the ladies witnessed scenes and heard remarks that before would have reached them only at second hand.

I am reminded of one such scene that took place in one of the merriest cabarets in the city, next to a popular theatre. Its decorations are the traditional mirrors, and colored lights, with cardboard flowers on the walls. Around one of the ringside tables was a party of the *nouveau riche*, generals and politicians. They were stagging it, and as their glasses were filled and emptied the conversation grew more and more sentimental. One of them, a moustachioed war lord fresh from the mountains of the North, related over and over a tale of an injury received at the hands of one supposed to be his friend. With each repetition he put more emphasis into the more poignant aspects of it. Evidently he thought he was not receiving as much attention as he ought; perhaps he was angered because the world in general did not stop and grieve. Anyhow, he rose abruptly, pistol in hand, and began firing at the ceiling. There was a terrorized shriek from the crowd. The orchestra stopped playing, the waiters stood where they were, laden trays motionless on high. Women crawled under the tables, and the war lord, swaying uncertainly, reloaded his pistol and continued shooting.

From one of the corners of the room rose a tall, blond chap. In his right hand he held firmly a heavy earthen jug taken from the nearest table. He cautiously skirted his way around the triumphant war lord. There was a breathless moment as he lifted the jug, and a unanimous shout of relief as he brought it down with great force on His Excellency's skull.

A few minutes later the dancing had been resumed, while around the young Americano's table a crowd milled, fighting for the honor of paying for his next drink.

II

Justice

The monotony of an unending stream of prostitutes, beggars, petty thieves and the like appearing daily before a minor police official was relieved one afternoon by the appearance of two prosperous-looking American women and a somewhat puzzled policeman leading a grinning *pelado*, this last in the traditional straw hat and white cotton trousers.

The older of the two women placed a broken camera on the official's desk, and began at once stating her grievance, turning now and then to point an accusing finger at the culprit. The official sent a hurried call for an interpreter, endeavoring in the meantime by word and action to soothe the ruffled lady's indignation. But being too incensed to wait, she continued pouring into uncomprehending ears what was without a doubt the relation of a major crime. In due time the interpreter put in his appearance, but since he was not a very good one, it took half an hour and at least six repetitions of each sentence before the lady's trouble was clearly established. It was then learned that she and her companion were tourists, and had spent the morning taking snap-shots of what struck them as colorful about the town. They had snapped an old beggar woman on one of the corners, when all of a sudden this criminal jumped out of nowhere, and snatching their camera, smashed it on the ground. They ended by demanding that he be punished with the greatest severity, as an example to other would-be molesters of peaceful American women, threatening that otherwise the affair might be made to assume international proportions.

The man's side of the affair was then called for. In answer to the magistrate's questions he said that his name was Juan Perez y Perez, and that he was married, and a carpenter by trade. Further, that on his way to a friend's house he happened to see the two American ladies, who were going in the same direction. At the corner of the Calle Juarez, his friend, Don Nacho Borbón, stepped from a *cantina* in a state of great exhilaration, and the ladies promptly brought out their camera and took pictures of him. That he was much offended, Don Nacho being his friend, but said nothing and continued his way. That further up the street were some poor children playing, naked and a little dirty, owing to the poverty in which the capitalists keep the people, and that these, also, were photographed. And that when the ladies for a third time made ready to take pictures of the blind beggar woman at the corner of the Calle Hidalgo, whom everybody pities, he became very indignant and smashed their camera.

"These ladies passed right by the beautiful church of Nuestra Señora, and took no picture. Also before the new Palacio de Gobierno, and right under the residence of Don Alfredo Galván, which is very large, and worth taking pictures of. Instead they took pictures of everything dirty and ugly, to show their friends in the North, and laugh at our *pueblo*."

The magistrate, however, found for the ladies, and sentenced Juan to thirty days in jail, at which they were very much elated, and offered him a banknote, which he accepted with great dignity. The luckless carpenter was then placed behind the bars with all the ceremony of soldiers with drawn bayonets with which a man is marched to his cell in Mexico.

But as soon as the ladies had gone Juan was again called before the magistrate, who lectured him at length on the queer ways of the Americanos, who are next to irresponsible when out of their own country, and certainly no intelligent man of the world such as Señor Perez should mind their going around taking pictures of what appealed to their queer tastes. He was then admonished to keep out of sight until the ladies should leave town, with which he was dismissed, and the interrupted stream of prostitutes, beggars and petty thiefs resumed its course.

III

Ley Fuga

I don't remember how the conversation started. We had gathered in the office of a motion-picture house after the showing of the last film, which happened to be a prison story, and I believe that one of those present commented on it. This took them to prisons in general. I wasn't paying much attention, until the manager said:

"Before I took up motion-pictures I was photographer at the National Penitentiary. There were men then in jail who they themselves knew they were in there, but nobody else in the world was aware of it. In some cases not even their families. I remember one man particularly, of whom there was absolutely no record in the office, and yet he had been there for months."

I was a little surprised at this, remembering a clause in Mexico's Constitution which requires the authorities decreeing a man's arrest to appear before the competent judge at the end of seventy-two hours to show why he should not be freed.

"Oh, no, it's entirely different," said the manager. "At the end of seventy-two hours, if the man is not freed, he automatically becomes *formalmente preso*. He is then photographed, his finger-prints and measurements are taken, and he is transferred from the *prevención* to the jail proper."

This interpretation was rather startling to me, but I let the man continue:

"I remember the case of a wealthy merchant who was arrested I don't know why, nor do I recall the circumstances that prevented his being released within the period. But I do remember that it was all a mistake. All the routine of measurements and so forth had been completed when he was finally freed, and the man afterward spent a fortune bribing minor clerks to steal or destroy the plates of his photograph and finger-prints, and the innumerable copies that are broadcast to all police and judicial ramifications.

"I was there immediately after we took the Penitentiary over from the *Huertistas*. Of course a good many of the men in it were political prisoners, and these were discharged as soon as they could identify themselves. Many could not do this satisfactorily, and just had to stay there. This man that I was telling you about claimed he didn't know why he had been arrested, but some of the other prisoners thought he was a *ratero conocido*—a known petty thief. I found, instead, that he had been employed for many years as porter in the National Museum, and checking the dates as closely as I could, I learned that he had worked there up to the time of his arrest. I went to General X, who was in charge of the prison, and informed him of these facts.

"I said that it was not reasonable to suppose that a man who had worked for years in a museum in which there are many priceless objects—carved jewels and small things that could be easily concealed and made away with—could be a thief. The general agreed that it was rather improbable, but not having authority to release prisoners himself, he said he would take it up with the Attorney-General at the first opportunity."

"Was the man ever freed?" one of the group asked.

"I don't know. I had the chance to start a picture house in Vera Cruz shortly after that, and I never found out whether or not he was released. He may be rotting there yet, although I believe that they probably got tired of seeing him around and just turned him loose."

"Did you witness any suicides?" asked another.

"No, I didn't, but I heard about them, sometimes from the suiciders themselves. Often I knew in advance that a certain man was going to be suicided."

Let me explain here that in Mexico, when speaking of jail inmates, one does not say he committed suicide. One says he was suicided—*lo suicidaron*. This is a variant of the old *ley fuga* (law of fugitives), so popular with the Diaz administration. Now and then a man would arise and begin picking flaws with the government. If he was insignificant, he was ignored. If he was powerful but venal, he was bought. Failing this, he was probably deported. As a last resort the *ley fuga* was applied to him. It worked in the following manner: the malcontent was arrested on some technicality, and his transfer to another prison was ordered shortly thereafter. (The original prison in which he was landed was always found unsuitable for some reason or other.) The guards would arrive at their destination with the man's body riddled with bullets and the explanation that he attempted to escape *en route*, and they had to shoot him. The authorities deeply regretted the man's imprudence. This practice fell into general disrepute when Huerta came out with his neat yarn about a group of men attempting to rescue President Madero, who was accidentally shot several times in the ensuing *mêlée*.

Thereafter the suicide method was resorted to. It is simplicity itself, and consists of a man committing suicide in his cell. It is based, presumably, on the theory that firearms should be as accessible to a prisoner as his pitcher of water.

Some one in the group expressed disgust.

"But you must remember the conditions of the country at the time," said the manager. "The bitterest revolution in Mexican history had been going on for some years. Industry and agriculture had been completely paralyzed. Work was nowhere to be found. Thousands upon thousands of the poorer classes were starving on the streets. There were hundreds abroad every night who would not hesitate one second to murder a man for a copper coin to buy some *tortillas*. And then again, when we entered Mexico City, the government was taken charge of by the men from the North, few of whom had ever been in the city before. There was no police force, and the courts were all upside down. You remember that at that time it was a secret shouted from the housetops that any juror would sell the verdict for a square meal. Under such conditions it was impossible to deal out justice in the proper manner.

"I am not saying that it was not unpardonable cowardice to eliminate political opponents by this subterfuge. No doubt many outrages were committed by ignorant *caciques* who suddenly found themselves with the power of life and death over those around them. But if you will look back, there were really very few political murders. Those 'suicided' were invariably incorrigible criminals of the lowest type, who for some reason could not be punished by ordinary methods. It was a sort of martial law until the country could be normalized. And now that things have been made much easier, now that the courts are dealing out justice after their fashion, at least to those without political pull, isn't it true that you never hear of such arbitrary methods any more? Oh, it is dangerous to rush to conclusions about anything concerning Mexico. But you fellows have me all worked up. Come, let us talk of more pleasant things."

IV

Worship

I am afraid that a preamble is necessary before the following incident can be related.

Many people have noticed that a great majority of those Mexicans who profess Catholicism in reality observe but the outward rites of a religion originally imposed by force, curiously blended with pre-Conquest idolatry. It would take volumes to go deeply into this. Suffice it to say that, if the scattered remnants of the old Diaz aristocracy are excepted, religion in Mexico consists mostly of certain gestures such as kneeling in church, lighting candles before the images of saints, having masses sung for the deceased, and making propitiary gifts to the clergy. That there are people willing to die for the privilege of going through these motions, however, has been amply demonstrated.

Gruening, in his "Mexico and Its Heritage," has the following to say:

"Of the fifteen million *nominal* Catholics . . . at most two million are Catholics in the sense accepted in the United States, an equal or larger number are agnostic or indifferent, and the remainder, while observing in their worship some of the outward form of Roman Catholicism, are in reality pagans."

Into this last classification two old ladies whom I knew in my childhood would certainly have to be consigned, were we to employ Catholicism in its proper sense, although no doubt they would have been terribly scandalized had any one even expressed doubt as to the propriety of their devotion. Both were held in high esteem by the local priest; they had not missed going to mass one single morning for I don't know how many years, and while it was being said they knew exactly when to kneel and when to stand, the rest of the congregation following their cue. In the Summer they rounded up the children of the neighborhood and led them to catechism classes, willingly or otherwise. They were, in short, models of piety and devotion, sneeringly referred to as *beatas* by the heretics of the town.

And yet each of these old ladies had in the place of honor in her home exact replicas of a statuette of St. Anthony of Padua, purchased about the same time and from the same source, and in all the years that I knew them, they never failed to grasp an opportunity to quarrel as to which one of the statuettes was the more potent. They recited at length and in glowing terms innumerable instances of relatives and friends being saved by the saint's intercession, matching them one for one, and when one of the two was out of earshot, the other would refer contemptuously to her rival's miracles.

Many similar instances could be related of Catholicism which in reality borders on idolatry. At the time the churches were closed in Mexico I several times heard old ladies remark that they didn't mind the absence of priests at all, inasmuch as they had at home their own particular saints to whom to pray.

And now for the story:

In a certain village in the State of Puebla there is (or rather there was, since religious processions are now prohibited) a day set apart each year for the people to march through the streets with images of their favorite saints. These parades wound up in the local church, where the priest sprinkled the images with holy water, thereby making them doubly precious in the eyes of the owners.

At one time there marched among the paraders a man with an enormous, almost life-size statue of St. Joseph. He sweated copiously under the weight, but bore it proudly nevertheless, looking down on his neighbors, who carried smaller images. One of them was carrying a particularly small one, hardly three inches in height, of the Virgin of Guadalupe, on the upturned palms of his hands, held piously before him.

The man carrying the St. Joseph was a bit uncertain in his walk, due to the image's weight, and at one time bumped into the man with the Virgin.

St. Joseph's devotee looked wrathfully at the man with the smaller image, and said:

"*Sáquese con su mirruña!*" (Out of the way with your trinket!)

The other man returned the angry look and replied:

"*Y usted sáquese con su animalote!*" (And you, out of the way with your big animal!)

V

Elections

Classes were very sharply divided in the last presidential campaign. Ortiz Rubio, being the administration's candidate, naturally had behind him all of those holding government jobs, as well as those profiting directly or indirectly from their connections with the government. The weight of the innumerable political machines built up by local *caciques* was also thrown behind the official candidate. Great pressure was brought into play to swing the army of minor government clerks into Rubio's columns. Some were mulcted out of one day's pay each month during the campaign, while others were forced to attend meetings and to march in parades.

On the other hand, the supporters of Vasconcelos were mainly independent merchants and people of modest means. But these were careful to hide their views, lest they be classed as reactionaries and their enterprises obstructed. Practically the only unqualified support that Vasconcelos had came from the students and other young men who had nothing to lose. These young men could contribute great vociferousness and sincere spontaneity, but little else, whereas it was an open secret that the opposition collected and spent millions for campaign propaganda. Many curious incidents occurred in the clash between these fervid young men and the shrewd, experienced politicians.

Not having the wherewithal to hire halls, brass bands and other indispensables for political meetings, the young men would go out on the streets, and in Salvation Army style begin their orations without further ado. This practice, however, was frowned upon by the government, because the orators rarely failed to fire the crowds with their own enthusiasm. Shouting "Viva Vasconcelos! Down with the Imposition!" they would strike a bee-line for the nearest Rubio gathering, where fists and clubs would displace the word as agents of persuasion.

It was not at all unusual at theatres, when the curtain went down between acts, for a young man up front to rise, face the audience and shout: "Señores, a minute of your attention!", and launch into a speech that lasted as long as the intermission. Mexico City was amused, and the spectators willingly chipped in to pay the young man's way into the next theatre. Street cars and omnibusses were also fair game, and one was often entertained the length of the ride by an earnest young man who urged all "free Mexicans" to join him in the support of his candidate.

The Frente Nacional de Estudiantes Vasconcelistas, the national organization formed by them, divided the capital into sections, and delegated some of its members to ballyhoo in each, but having an oversupply on hand, it sent some of them to other cities also, usually with barely enough money to get there and back.

The visit of three young men to one of the cities in the South coincided with that of Ortiz Rubio. They watched enviously the reception that the *jefe de operaciones* (sectional military chief) and the municipal authorities had prepared for the official candidate's arrival, and were among the bystanders when he was paraded around the city in the *jefe's* car. When the festivities were over they went to a central hotel, and opening the windows of their room, which faced the street, began at once to address the populace. Naturally, a crowd gathered on the street below. The young men spoke for hours, relieving one another, with unflagging vehemence.

The *jefe* was informed of what was happening on leaving Ortiz Rubio, and surrounded by some of his staff, went to listen. When the young men spotted him from above they toned down a bit, but continued speaking. He stood about for a while, and deciding he had heard enough, nodded to some soldiers who were waiting close by.

The soldiers went up and fished one of the young men from behind an enormous dresser; another they found hanging from a window ledge, while the third was caught on the roof, trying to decide whether or not it would be worth it to jump three stories. All the way to jail, marching between rows of soldiers, they continued speaking, and in fact observed but few intervals of silence in the two days they were held.

They were called before the *jefe* on the afternoon of the second day.

"And how are the brave young fools?" asked the *jefe* smilingly.

"We are young, my General. We are also brave, but we are not fools," replied one of them.

"What else would you call those who persist in butting their heads against stone walls? Don Quixote, you will remember, also objected to being called a fool."

"True, sir. Also, at one time there was a king who ordered the ocean to stop rolling."

At midnight a patrol consisting of a lieutenant and six soldiers put them into an automobile and whisked them out of town, without allowing them time to call at the hotel for their baggage. Some ten miles out, on a lonely road, the car stopped and the young men were made to get out.

"You are free," said the lieutenant. "You may go."

"Yes, we will," they replied together, sitting on the ground.

"Go on," urged the lieutenant. "You can take the train for Mexico City at the next station."

"And get shot for trying to escape? If you are going to shoot us, do it now. If not, go back to the city and we will find our way when you are gone."

The lieutenant smilingly complied. When the tail-light of the car had been lost in the distance, the young men grumblingly took up the trail to the next town. They arrived in Mexico City the following day, where a rescue party was being organized to go look for them. At headquarters, when they had finished their tale, one of them said:

"Will you let me have space in the next issue of *Trabajo*? I want to protest against this most ridiculous dénouement of our adventure. If only they had beat us! But we came out without a scratch after having prayed for the first time in God knows how many years!"

VI

Rebellion

This is the story of how three Chinese died for rebellion against the constitutional government of Mexico.

The notorious Division of the North, commanded by Villa, had been dealt its death blow by Obregon's Division of the Northwest. Complete disbandment followed, and the country around Guanajuato seethed with roving bands of Villistas, trying to make their way to their native Chihuahua as best they could. Scores of prisoners were being caught daily, and either summarily executed or incorporated into the ranks of the victors, depending on the whim of the officer commanding the captors.

At Parral there was a regiment composed entirely of former Villistas, who upon their capture were made to swear allegiance to the provisional government set up by Carranza. Later it was admitted that it had been a mistake to keep the Villistas as distinct units within the army instead of mixing them thoroughly into the victorious ranks.

They were quartered in a large adobe building formerly used as slaughter-house, on the outskirts of the city. Among them were the three Chinese.

Along with others of their race, these Chinese had attached themselves to the army to keep from starving. They were not soldiers, nor did they take part in the battles, but followed the troops everywhere, performing menial tasks for the officers or begging for their food. More than likely they once owned small grocery stores or truck gardens near some city; one or two visits from victorious bands of drunken soldiers who filled their haversacks amid gleeful shouts of "Charge it to the Revolution!" left them with empty shelves and face to face with starvation.

One night the ex-Villista officers drank more than they were wont, and quite naturally, began recalling incidents of their days with the bandit chief. Soon after they were shouting "Viva Villa!" and all in good fun, arrived a guard patrol with drawn pistols. Shots were exchanged, and the survivors of the guard retreated hastily toward their headquarters, leaving the ex-Villistas to their revel.

The Carranzista general couldn't see the joke at all, and proceeded to the scene of action with his troops in battle formation. Then things began to happen. The ex-

Villistas, surprised in their sleep by overwhelming numbers, and not knowing what all the shooting was about, vaulted the adobe wall surrounding their barracks, and fled into the fields. The cavalry, ordered to pursue them, returned several hours later with fourteen of them, among which there was a major and the three Chinamen.

At dawn they were marched to the cemetery, where a deep trench had been dug during the night to receive their bodies. Preparations for the execution were being made when the major approached the Carranzista general and endeavored to explain that the drunken officers had not meant to revolt, and ended by begging forgiveness.

"Ask God to forgive you," replied the general, pushing him back roughly. "I could not forgive twice traitors."

But the major was not ready to die. He bolted from the group and ran madly among the tombstones to a brick wall beyond, over which he jumped, untouched by the bullets from the soldiers. Unluckily he landed a few paces from a group of cavalrymen, resting from their night's work, who were more accurate with their pistols. He died a hundred yards further on, in the bed of a dried creek.

"Shoot before somebody else tries to escape," commanded the general. The squads had not been formed yet, nor had the prisoners been asked if they preferred to be blindfolded, as is customary. But no doubt the soldiers were glad enough to get the sorry mess over with. They began shooting indiscriminately, and the bodies of the prisoners, riddled with bullets, fell in a heap into the ditch. Among them were the three Chinese.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

Pious boast of the Rev. Carl Basset, trombone-playing evangelist holding forth at the First Baptist Church of Tucson, as reported by the *Arizona Daily Star*:

> If I ever had a boy who hung around an infidel university, I would apply a hornet's nest to the seat of his pants and send him home across back lots traveling so fast he would have to have a cold, wet rag hung on behind to keep from setting the weeds on fire.

ARKANSAS

Brother Ben M. Bogard, editor of the celebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, tells the skeptics why God did not make the Bible fool-proof:

> Skeptics ask why God did not make the Bible fool-proof so that there would be no chance to misunderstand. The answer is that God did not make the Bible to please the whims of skeptics. He made a clear revelation of Himself and His will and stopped with that. He knew that skeptics would try to find fault and He knew that they would pick flaws. The fact that He did not make a fool-proof Bible is sufficient to show that it is inspired. If He had made a fool-proof Bible the skeptics would have said: "See there. The writers of the Bible were in collusion. They could not agree like that if they were not in conspiracy to lie. It is a rule of evidence that where several witnesses agree exactly in every word and detail they are lying for the simple reason that no two men will tell what they saw and heard exactly alike. They will use different words to convey the same idea." So what the infidels demand in the Bible would be certain evidence of fraud in any other case. They unreasonably DEMAND THAT THE BIBLE BEAR ON ITS FACE THE EVIDENCE OF FRAUD before they will believe it. In making such an absurd demand they convict themselves of insincerity. The Bible is inspired of God. He inspired men to write what they knew in their own words and superintended them in the writing so that they wrote nothing but the truth. The only thing inspiration did was to insure that no falsehood or contradiction, that no error be in the Bible, and it does not mean that the Spirit dictated the exact words, except in such instances where we are told that the exact words are dictated as in the case of the Ten Commandments and some other instances. . . . The greatest of marvels is that after two thousand years of caustic criticism and fault hunting not one material error has been discovered in the Bible.

The same scholar solves the problem of the exact date of Jesus' birth:

> Concerning the exact date of the birth of our Lord, the exact date not being given in the Bible, [a skeptical] lawyer asks: "Were these reports concerning the birth of Jesus written under the direction of the Almighty, or by historians who did not know the date of the birth of Jesus?" The answer is that the accounts were written under the direction of the Almighty and also that in all probability each one of the writers did know the exact date of our Lord's birth. But it was not the intention of the Holy Spirit to give to the world the exact date. If God wanted to withhold the exact date whose business is it?

CALIFORNIA

The Rev. Percival Clinton, a celebrated Anti-Saloon lecturer, speaking before a group of Christians in San Diego, as reported by the *Sun* thereof:

> I cannot see that there would be any crime in shooting at sight any man who violates the law, especially the Prohibition law.

The reverse side of the business card of the Hon. Allen O. Davis, San Francisco trader in used cars:

> I have been bawled out, balled up, held up, held down, hung up, bulldozed, blackjacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched; stuck for war tax, excess profits tax, state dog tax and syntax: Liberty Bonds, Baby bonds and the bonds of matrimony; Red Cross, green cross and double cross; asked to help the society of John the Baptist, G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Men's Relief, and

> stomach relief. I have worked like hell and have been worked like hell, have been drunk and got others drunk; lost all I had and now because I won't spend and lend all the little I earn and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damned near ruined, and the only reason I am sticking around now is to see what in hell is next!

Leading editorial in the illustrious Menlo Park *News*, edited and published by the Hon. David H. Moore, a prominent 100% American of these parts:

> In every little ward of a large city, in every little hamlet and town in the United States today there is raging a battle. The red element is raising its head and endeavoring to gain supremacy. They do not go under the names of reds. They carry no banners. But their war cries are the battle cries of the reds. They may even go under sundry names. Sometimes it is progressives, sometimes freedom and liberty organizations. But always they contain within their ranks the queer misfits of humanity. Look them over. Look a gathering of them over, and in the faces of all of them will be seen the same similar quality. It cannot be called ignorance. For healthy, brutal ignorance has not the wild, mentally unbalanced look that gleams from out their eyes. The reds that one finds in every community are the sick. They usually have, to use a popular slang expression, a screw loose somewhere.
>
> They are mentally incompetent but are not crazy or wild enough to be put in an asylum. Many causes contribute to their mental condition. These causes range all the way from terrible venereal diseases contracted by their parents and inherited by the children to the results of drugs, narcotics, intoxicants, and the mental and nervous strain caused by our modern civilization. But in every community you find these men and women. And because of their queer mental condition they and their children are usually fit subjects for whatever oppression may exist about them. And for the same cause they are usually banded together in one fraternal brotherhood, and can always be counted upon to align themselves against their more normal neighbors.
>
> They may be ignorant, they frequently are, but their disease is not ignorance. Good healthy ignorance is a gift of the gods in comparison with the ailments of these children of sinful parents or the victims of our too strenuous civilization. They are cursed with insanity, a species of insanity, that is all too prevalent today. Were they in less numbers, without a doubt, with our great modern progress we would place many of them in insane asylums. But we cannot incarcerate such a multitude. It would be impossible. So individually we call them radicals or reds and let it go at that. And when, under the leadership of unscrupulous men of normal minds, or when taking advantage of chaotic political conditions, they win out in an election, as they all too frequently do today, many people who ought to know better give way to them and follow their banner, paying for their allegiance in the end in much civic sorrow and personal regrets.
>
> The dregs of the white man's civilization—the misfits caused by his greed for gold both in his sale of poisons, his violation of nature's laws in regard to sex and his chase after the almighty dollar in our too complicated and strenuous civilization—have so increased that they bid fair to some day fill the entire glass.
>
> First the radicals and reds will win the small hamlets and towns, next they will take the large cities, next it will be the country districts—THAT IS IF THEY WIN—and then they will have taken the nation and we will be as Russia was and as England is rapidly becoming. . . .
>
> In every little hamlet and every little town the war is on. If we are as a people to win, the battle must be twofold. First, THE DREGS IN THE GLASS MUST NOT BE INCREASED. THOSE ELEMENTS OF GREED in our society that make insanity, radicals and reds must be destroyed. The death penalty should be put on all such crimes. And, second, we should stand guard at the polls to see that only honest, intelligent, level-headed business men are elected to public office.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Sublime dialogue between two statesmen, as immortalized in the *Congressional Record*:

> Mr. Sheppard. Mr. President, in a newspaper article, which has been widely circulated, the following statements appear in reference to me:
>
> > Sheppard hates liquor. He hates beer. He hates wine. And he hates anyone who likes them.
>
> Mr. President, the statement that I hate anyone, whether in connection with liquor or anything else, is entirely in error. I hate nobody. Love for all humanity is one of the principal forces behind the Prohibition movement.
>
> Mr. Copeland. Mr. President, I should like to say to my friend from Texas that I believe what he has just said.

Mr. Sheppard. I thank the Senator.

Mr. Copeland. While we are in opposition on many matters with reference to the efforts made to enforce Prohibition, I know of no man who is more genuine in his character and in his attitude toward men in general, and the statement the Senator from Texas has made I thoroughly indorse.

Mr. Sheppard. I am very grateful to the Senator from New York.

FLORIDA

Prophecy and warning by an inspired Christian of Orlando:

> The writer has reason to believe that there is about to transpire one of the greatest events in all the history of man: an event that cannot be seen with the natural eye and probably will not be discerned by men until the effects of it begin to be manifest upon the earth; namely, the binding and sealing up of that mighty being, Lucifer, who has ruled this earth from its Heaven for 6040 years. Because of his own disobedience and his activity in deceiving and leading nearly all of God's intelligent creatures into disobedience he has been given many names, each one of which discloses some of his evil characteristics; as, Satan, the Serpent, the Devil, the Adversary, Abaddon, Apollyon, the Crooked Serpent, Behemoth, Leviathan, the Assyrian, King of Babylon, etc. The Scriptures assure us that he is the god (*i.e.*, mighty one) of the present evil cosmos or order of things upon this earth.
>
> It is believed that after this transpires there will be uneasiness, anxiety and uncertainty in the minds of men, especially those who have exercised power and authority, because they have paid little heed to Jehovah and His ways, preferring the lies that this Lucifer has built up and, until now, perpetuated upon the earth.
>
> It is believed that in less than three months after this event of the binding of this mighty spirit being, the present Satanic governments of earth will begin to crumble as the dry and brittle clay that suddenly comes under great pressure, and in a very short time it will be apparent that Jehovah has begun to put Jesus' enemies under His feet, as the Word of God foretells.
>
> The writer would here venture a little Scriptural advice, that, when it begins to be manifest that what has been reported here is transpiring, let every man, woman, and child (who may have reached the age of discernment) seek meekness, seek peace, seek humility, and prepare their minds to cast away their idols; *i.e.*, their own man-made ideas and Lucifer's deceptions concerning Jehovah and His plans. Be forewarned.
>
> With love for all humanity,
> G. H. Broadwater.
>
> 835 Magnolia avenue,
> Orlando, Florida.

GEORGIA

Title of an article in the *Southern Funeral Director*, published in Atlanta:

> MAKING THE PUBLIC
> BURIAL-MINDED

ILLINOIS

Chaste literary musings of the Hon. W. G. Sibley in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce & La Salle Street Journal:*

> We have of late been reading the series of novels by John Galsworthy that begins with "The Forsyte Saga," and are well through the fifth one, in the latter part of which Fleur, a young wife and mother, is using all her charm and mental ability to seduce Jon, another woman's young husband, from his trusting wife. Whether she succeeded or not we do not yet know, but her conduct so far has been as abominable and wicked as anything we ever read in fiction. There is nothing obscene nor indecent in the book, but this deliberate attempt to lure a happily married man from his wife, by a woman whose sexual passions control her, is about as offensive as anything of that kind we have ever read. If this book reflects truthfully what is going on among the younger people in rich and prominent social circles in England, decadence is far advanced in that country. We are not particularly sensitive, but we hope we shall never read another book of this character. The stories in the "Decameron" are comparatively innocent.

NEW JERSEY

The New Biography's latest triumph, as revealed by the title of a serial in the *Borough News* of Edgewater:

> JESUS AS I KNEW HIM

NEW YORK

The Hon. Wm. F. Markoe in the *Monitor*, a leading Catholic journal of New York City:

> America was stamped all over from the first for a Catholic land. Her rivers, lakes and mountains, her cities, towns and hamlets bear the names of Catholic saints, dogmas and mysteries. Her very name is that of the

> patron saint given in baptism to Amerigo Vespucci. . . . A nation who stamps its coin "In God We Trust" is proclaiming its perpetual Credo. The nation whose motto is "E Pluribus Unum" cannot fail to recognize the necessity for unity in religion as well as in its geographical boundary lines. With St. Augustine guarding its Atlantic coast, St. Francis its Pacific coast, the Apostle St. Paul kindling religious zeal in the North, the gentle St. Anthony inspiring peace in the South, the warrior King St. Louis in the center, and Mary Immaculate presiding over all as its chief patroness, can anyone doubt the Catholicity of America? Was not the first hymn sung in the Western Hemisphere the Ave Maris Stella? Was not Columbus' ship named the *Santa Maria*? Was not the very name Christopher Columbus symbolical of the dove of peace and the Christ-bearer? Surely, God's plans are manifest. America is the latest and greatest of nations, and He means to possess her for Himself. And what other church, may I ask, can be found so worthy of the intelligence, the earnestness and the lofty aspirations of the American people? She alone can offer doctrines so sublime, philosophy so impregnable, morality so divine, traditions so glorious, charities so God-like, organization so matchless, discipline so superb, and ceremonial so magnificent!

Want ad in the *Times*:

> Bookkeeper and typist, thoroughly experienced, prefer one with silk underwear; experienced. Tri-Knit, 31 East 32d.

NORTH CAROLINA

Public notice in the Whiteville *News Reporter*:

> This is to state that we don't give (One of Mr. Henderson's curse words) whether anybody likes the Fire Department or not. We will do the best we can.
>
> Signed—Members:
> J. B. McGougan,
> P. K. Avant,
> A. J. Krahnke,
> Archie Rushing,
> H. M. Leaman,
> Dewey Hardie,
> Ralmond Heath,
> Eugene F. Davis,
> B. E. Fowler,
> O. M. Graham.

OREGON

Business card of a Portland scientist:

> *Regular Office hours from 1 to 7:30 P. M.*
> DR. J. S. CHARLEBOIS
> Metaphysician, Naturopath and Scientific Masseur
>
> From 1 to 6 days cure or no pay on the following:
> Acute Appendicitis, La Gripp, Typhoid, Pneumonia, and Spanish Flu
> *Consultation is free.*
> Office 307 Abington Bldg, 3rd St. between Wash. and Stark Sts.
> Portland, Ore.
>
> ---
>
> Also, the following are cured from one week to three months, or money returned.
>
> Chronic Appendicitis, Tonsilitis, Adenoid, Mastoid, Goitre, Tumor, Cancer, Diabetes, and all kinds of Eczema.
>
> By Scientific Massaging with my Twentieth Century Healing Oil, all contracted muscular troubles which cause Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica, muscular and other forms of rheumatism, including locomotor ataxia. Sometimes cases of deafness and headaches, distressfulness and paralysis are easily cured. So write or call at the Office, for I have neither time nor money to lose for telephones.

PENNSYLVANIA

Civic news from the flourishing town of Wilkes-Barre, as released to the nation by the Associated Press:

> Those who like to go hatless in Winter may find this city inhospitable to their whim should the city council pass a resolution submitted by Mayor Hart, who thinks that not to wear a hat in Winter is an insult to the intelligence of "God-fearing citizens."
>
> So Mayor Hart, admitting he wants to stimulate the sale of hats here, as well as rid the town of a "new species of lunatics," has drafted a resolution to the council which declares that "those who insist on going hatless in Winter weather be declared insane and placed behind the walls of asylums."

SOUTH DAKOTA

Educational news from Sioux Falls College, as reported by the *Argus-Leader* of the same blessed town:

> A paper dealing with the life and accomplishments of Aristotle, composed and read by Professor M. F. Martini, was the feature of the regular meeting of the Sioux Literary Society at Sioux Falls College held in Glidden Hall. According to Professor Martini, Aristotle can be classed among the greatest intellects of the world excluding, of course,

> such men as Christ, Paul, and a few others. A native of Stagira in Thrace, Aristotle was born in 385 B. C. He had a speaking and writing knowledge of almost every type of subject. He was acquainted with all, and was the author of a comprehensive book on evolution. He also was an authority upon philosophy, economics, politics, sculpture, painting, and poetry.
>
> A discussion of the paper by the members of the society followed its delivery. The students evinced a great deal of interest in the remarkable accomplishments and mentality of the great man. . . .
>
> Miss Simonne Sirois gave two readings, "The Mysterious Pup" and "At the Circus."

TENNESSEE

Exercise in the logic of morals by an eminent barrister of Nashville, as revealed to the world by the *Banner*:

> If the city council can rightly repeal our Sunday gas law to accommodate tourists, why should they not repeal our laws against stealing, murder, lewdness, bank robbery, arson and kidnaping? If we are going to let tourists, good and bad, violate the Sabbath here, why not let them also steal, break our banks, kidnap our children, violate our girls, murder our wives, or do any other wickedness that might suit their fancy? According to God and Anglo-Saxon civilization, Sabbath-breaking is just as wicked, and just as great a menace to our safety, as stealing, murder, rape, or perjury.

WASHINGTON

Advertisement in the illustrious Seattle *Poſt-Intelligencer*:

> "DOC" HAMILTON RETURNS FROM FOREIGN LANDS
>
> FAMED "BARBECUREAN" IS BACK FROM SNOHOMISH COUNTY, EVERETT HIGHWAY AND KING COUNTY JAIL
>
> Reopening Barbecue Pit at 908 Twelfth Avenue
>
> *Having taken a poſt-graduate course in cooking under that renowned epicurean, Sheriff Claude Bannick, I am now able to cook 'possum and sweet 'taters to the taste of H. R. H. King George of England or that great doctor of divinity, Billy Sunday.*
>
> I have made my gin fizz shakers and cocktail concocters into boilin' pots and skillets. I have some of the cutest little chickens, the most bashful little pigs, bullingest little beefs, you have ever tasted in your life. Yes, sir! I have even learned to sing the blues taught by those inimitable professors, Lyle and Whitney.
>
> I want all of my past, present and future patrons to come to the first and only real Barbecue Pit, which has been enlarged in the last few weeks to accommodate over 200 people. There we will hold revival meetings and help to celebrate the holidays by eating caviar for culture, hogshead and black-eyed peas for luck, chicken and corn fritters for beauty, ham and pork for plumpness, turkey for flightiness, 'possum and sweet 'taters for wisdom, and nice juicy beef for family and kidney troubles. Yes, sir!
>
> Hear me sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Old Man River," "Moanin' Low" and "Piccolo Pete," and then I will dance the hoedown.
>
> "DOC'SOLOGY"

WEST VIRGINIA

Public notice in the *Grant County Press*, published at Petersburg:

> All Moonshiners and Liquor Handlers are hereby warned not to give or sell my father, Sam Self, a drop of liquor in any shape or form. All parties not heeding this notice will be dealt with according to law.
>
> Jack Self.

WISCONSIN

Educational news from Wisconsin University, one of the Republic's most celebrated institutions of the higher learning:

> The auditorium committee of Wisconsin University has refused use of the gymnasium for a lecture by Bertrand Russell, English philosopher, because Dr. Walter Meanwell, basketball coach, said it would interfere with practice.

The new science of pedagogy captures Milwaukee:

> On the theory that education should include the training of people for the things they like to do, Shorewood High-school, in Milwaukee, is giving lessons in bridge two nights a week.

GENERAL

The Hon. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, as reported by the Detroit *Free Press*:

> The league was born of God. It has been led by Him, and will fight on while He leads. And the one thing that stands forth in this progressive age is that those things that are in the way of the progress of the Kingdom of God must get out of the way.

THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE GRINDSTONE

BY WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Latin and Greek, in the Middle Ages, were basic necessities to the scholar. They were the tools of his trade. The vernaculars of Western Europe were regarded as unfit for the uses of letters. Books were written in Latin, correspondence was carried on in Latin, records were kept in Latin, sins were absolved and souls were damned in Latin. It was a true international language. As for Greek, it was the language of scientific studies. A knowledge of both was thus necessary to men of learning. They could see no virtue in the use of their mother tongues.

But following the Renaissance, Latin was dethroned from its pedestal. Wycliffe translated the Bible into English, and Bibles in German and French soon appeared. Radical tutors began to teach, partially at least, in their native tongues. Then it was that scholars, alarmed at the decline of the two learned languages, brought forth an argument, *not until then uncovered*, for their retention as a compulsory part of all education—namely, that *the study of Latin and Greek was indispensable as a mental discipline, that such training alone would develop one's potential mental capacity to its maximum.*

John Locke, in 1692, railed against wasting time and money in teaching Latin to a pupil intended for a trade—"wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which 'tis ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procures him." But Locke's protest was unavailing. The pedagogues of the day decided that the minds of tradesmen as well as scholars must be sharpened upon the grindstone of Latin.

Again in the Nineteenth Century, with the rise of scientific studies, the compulsory study of ancient languages was attacked. Charles Francis Adams II led a spirited onslaught upon it before the Harvard chapter of Phi Beta Kappa in 1883. "Learning by heart the Greek grammar," he said, "did me harm—a great deal of harm. While I was doing it the observing and reflective powers lay dormant, indeed they were systematically suppressed. . . . We were [taught] to grapple with living questions through the medium of dead languages." Again, "I have never been able—and now, no matter how long I may live, I shall never be able—to overcome some great disadvantages . . . inflicted upon me. I am only one more sacrifice to the fetish."

But again the classical scholars arose with an answer. They had by now discovered that *the study of Latin and Greek developed facility, purity and power in the use of the native tongue.* This power in the use of the native tongue, they argued, could be acquired only through the medium of a foreign tongue.

Here, then, is the history of the matter in brief: Foreign languages were studied originally in order to master them. But when the widespread need of them declined the pedagogues discovered a new and hitherto unheard argument: that their study was indispensable as a mental discipline. This argument sufficed to hold them in a preëminent place for several more centuries. When it in its turn was attacked, the pedagogues brought forth their second argument: that power in the native tongue was to be attained only through the medium of a foreign tongue.

Both arguments, it will be seen, were conceived in the heat of necessity, without an investigation into the legitimacy of their ancestry. Since then debate upon the issue has led to a stalemate. But meanwhile the experimental psychologists of the world have not been idle. Techniques have been perfected and experimental investigations have been conducted. Let us now test the legitimacy of each argument in the light of these investigations.

II

First, is the study of foreign language indispensable as a mental discipline? For an answer, let us turn to the investigations of Professor Michael West, a member of the staff of Dacca University in India and principal of a Teachers' Training College. Perhaps no living investigator has had a more intensive contact with the problem of foreign language learning than Professor West. It is the paramount problem of education in India and necessity has driven the educators there to supplant theorizing about it by unbiased investigation.

Professor West, as the leader of that investigation, approached the problem from a thoroughly scientific and broad historical standpoint. The native language in his section of India is Bengali and toward instruction in that language he is wholly sympathetic. No attempt whatever is made to force the English language into the schools, whether for commercial or for political reasons. Bengali is the basic language of instruction. English is introduced only because of the technical and scientific paucity of Bengali, which makes a reading knowledge of some one of the major languages of the world necessary for those who would pursue their education to the secondary or the college level.

Upon a vast scale Professor West measured and tested and retested the effect of this foreign language study upon the Bengali youth. Records of the comparative progress of controlled groups was made before and after commencing the study of English; tests were made of selected groups, otherwise equal in ability, some of whom pursued no foreign language, some of whom pursued one type of course, some of whom pursued other types. So intensive was this investigation that Professor West even carried out a stupendous programme of rewriting numerous works of English literature, grading each work to fit the vocabulary levels of students at different stages of progress. In this way, for example, four versions of "Robinson Crusoe" were written, one adapted for each of the first four years in English.

Then, having completed his tests, Professor West announced the results in his invaluable book, "Bilingualism." Briefly summarized, those results are as follows: (1) There is certainly no advantage, but rather a disadvantage, in being born in a bilingual country; (2) the mastery of two languages, instead of being a mental discipline, is a mental handicap—or, as Schuchart says, "if a bilingual man has two strings to his bow, both of them are rather slack"; (3) because of the distinct mental handicap which comes from the study of a foreign language, the school system of Bengali has had to work out a course designed to reduce this handicap to a minimum, thereby assuring the students a reading knowledge of a foreign language with a minimum of the handicap which comes from being forced to acquire that knowledge.

The mass of evidence behind these conclusions cannot be reproduced here, but the entire book is available to any interested person. One piece of evidence, however, is too significant to be omitted—namely, that Professor West's careful tests show that the average bilingual Bengali boy of sixteen has acquired a vocabulary barely equal to that of a normal nine- or ten-year-old monolingual English boy.

For a second investigation into the mental discipline of foreign language study let us turn to the work of two internationally known American psychologists, Professors Charles H. Judd and Guy T. Buswell of the

University of Chicago. But before introducing this evidence, I wish to note that I have heard it seriously argued in high places that foreign languages as taught in this country are, at least to some extent, fool-teacher-proof; that they allow even a dub at teaching to insist upon his pupils learning accurately, whereas other subjects which might be substituted make a greater demand upon the teacher's ability and thus can be taught so as to have no disciplinary value. But this argument assumes that foreign languages will have a mental discipline even when taught by a dub—which is precisely the thing I here propose to show is not true. But let us, for the moment, generously grant this assumption. With it granted, I am willing to let the following investigation of Professors Judd and Buswell stand as a complete answer to the underlying argument. It will, I believe, show that foreign languages, far from being fool-teacher-proof, may be taught in a manner which injures the student, even when handled by supposedly skillful teachers.

This investigation was made in 1922. The report is entitled "Silent Reading, A Study of the Various Types." The investigators examined thoroughly the reading ability of the Latin and French pupils in seven high-schools in the city of Chicago. They found that in no case could even the best third-year students actually read Latin. The reason was obvious. They had not been trained to read. *They had been trained only to look at words*. Let me quote a condensation of the report: "It would be less harmful if Latin could be isolated and treated in terms of its own decline. But under existing conditions it is a source of contagion to the whole school. Latin dominates all of the literary subjects, and by its methods contaminates the procedure in every class where its influence is felt." Impairment of general reading ability from the study of French was less pronounced, though still evident.

Now it is a fact, established by an invincible phalanx of educational experiments, that the success of students in all stages of training—from the elementary school through the college—is largely dependent upon their ability to read rapidly and accurately. What claim can be made for the "mental discipline" of a subject which interferes with the perfecting of this all-important tool, and, by so doing, retards the progress of students even in other fields of study? If such retarded progress appears under the hands of supposedly experienced and expert teachers, as one would expect to find in the schools of a large city, what scientific basis is there for the assertion that foreign languages are, in any manner, fool-teacher-proof?

But we have not yet done with the evidence. We now come to the investigation of another internationally known American psychologist, Professor E. L. Thorndike of Columbia. In 1923 Professor Thorndike completed his investigation into "The Mental Discipline in High-School Studies." It was an investigation amazing in its scope, covering 8,564 students in ten cities. Each of these students was given fifteen different tests for general intelligence at the beginning and was again given similar tests at the end. In this way all of the variations arising from imperfections in any one test were as completely eliminated as was humanly possible. At the beginning of the investigation, these 8,564 students were given identical examinations in each of the high-school subjects. At the end, all were given identical new examinations. All tests were scored by the same experts. Other details of the technique need not concern us here. It is sufficient to say that Professor Thorndike was aided and checked by the Institute of Educational Research of Teachers College, Columbia, and that he regards this as one of the most thorough of the many investigations he has conducted. After every variable was controlled and equalization had been made for zeal, initial ability, and special training on the content of each subject, measurement was taken of the pure "mental discipline" of each subject.

How did the discipline of foreign languages rate with that of other subjects? It was the fall of Goliath before the pebbles of David. For such plebeian subjects as grammar, physics, algebra, and geometry were found to have given the students a greater discipline than the long vaunted Latin or French—and every subject in the curriculum stood above German and Spanish. The margins from the highest to the lowest, however, were small—so small, indeed, that it gave rise to Professor Thorndike's famous view, now widely accepted among scientific educators, that the whole mental discipline theory is a pure myth which has come down to us out of an age when arm-chair philosophers directed our educational policies instead of genuinely scientific investigators. To quote directly from Thorndike: "When the good thinkers studied Greek and Latin, these studies seemed to make good thinking. Now that the good thinkers study physics and trigonometry, these seem to make good thinkers. If the abler pupils should all study physical education and dramatic art, these subjects would seem to make good thinkers."

The force of this evidence is nothing less than devastating to the claim that foreign language study is an indispensable mental discipline. The investigation was conducted by one of the most renowned psychologists in the world, aided by a famous institute of research. Its scope was wide enough to be undeniably representative. The conclusion irresistibly exposes the absurdity of the claim that foreign language study is even useful to say nothing of being indispensable, as a mental discipline. Worse than that, it casts doubt upon whether there is, or can be, such a thing as a "mental discipline" study.

III

But there is other evidence even more conclusive. I refer to the investigations of bilingualism among Welsh students made by Professors Saer, Smith and Hughes, and published by the University College of Wales in 1924. These investigations included more than 1,400 common-school children in both rural and urban districts. They also included 939 college students. One of the groups investigated spoke English only. The other spoke both English and Welsh. Now, if the mastery of a foreign language is a whetstone of mental discipline, undeniably the results of that disciplinary training ought to be revealed by a comparison of the intelligence level of the group which has enjoyed the advantage of mastering a foreign language with the intelligence level of the group which has not enjoyed that advantage. By including nearly 2,500 persons in the investigations, the factor of individual variations in intelligence was eliminated. In fact, through the skillful technique of these psychologists, every factor was controlled and a precise measurement of the effect of bilingualism was obtained.

What was the result? It was found that the bilingual children—those who had enjoyed the mental discipline of mastering a foreign language, if you please, in early youth—*were distinctly inferior in mental capacity to the children who knew but one language*. It was found that the progress of such bilingual children in school was slower because of this handicap. It was found that this handicap of bilingualism persisted among college students as distinctly as among younger children, thus suggesting that it was of a permanent nature. Finally, it was found that the bilingual children were inferior in dextrality, inferior in sense of rhythm, and possessed a smaller vocabulary than did monolinguists of the same age.

Pointedly, these authors quote from Laurie: "If it were possible for a child to live in two languages at once equally well, so much the worse. His intellectual and spiritual growth would not be doubled, but halved. Unity of mind and character would have great difficulty in asserting itself in such circumstances."

Since the word bilingualism is used frequently in this article, perhaps it would be well to consider here an objection that I have heard offered concerning it,—namely, that there is not a fair parallel between becoming bilingual in early youth from actual contact with two languages and becoming bilingual in later life through the schoolroom study of a second language, and that consequently no comparison can be made between the two processes.

So far as the psychological processes of language learning are concerned, however, it is doubtful if that argument will find a psychologist above the parlor variety to support it. Of all the psychologists to investigate the genetic nature of language learning—Pohlmann, Meuman and Koffka of Germany; Piaget of Switzerland; MacPhee of Canada; Thorndike, Judd, Buswell, Tracy and Waddle of the United States—not one has ever suggested, to my knowledge, that the psychological processes involved in language learning are changed by age. Regardless of age, the visual, oral and auditory processes are the same; the neuro-muscular processes are identical. Learning to speak a language by direct contact in early youth involves precisely the same psychological processes as learning to speak it in later youth. Learning to read a foreign language bears the same relation to speaking that language as reading the native language bears to speaking the native language. The mystical idea of "intuitive" learning of languages by very young children has been smothered by the experiments of genetic psychologists.

The handicap of bilingualism found among Welsh students (and as we shall later see, is also found among others) probably arises from the fact that, although there is a separate hemisphere of the brain to direct each of the two sides of the body—the left hand, for example, is controlled from one hemisphere and the right hand from the other—yet there is a speech center in but one hemisphere. All languages, foreign and native, must be articulated from this one center. It seems to function best under the load of one language.

So far as experiments have yet been made, there has been no evidence to indicate that the handicap found among bilingual children and adults in Wales and elsewhere does not exist also among American youth who master a foreign language in the traditionally holy cause of mental discipline.

The entire issue of this mental discipline claim has been splendidly summarized by Professor Earle Douglas MacPhee of the University of Toronto, one of the most careful and sane of psychologists. "For years, good students have been urged to take Latin. Dull ones have been advised to keep out. Then, because Latin students are otherwise high in scholarship, it is concluded in certain quarters that Latin is responsible for this achievement. No person with a modicum of psychology would accept such a conclusion."

In the face of these investigations, I hold that a heavy burden of proof lies upon those who assert that the study of foreign language is an indispensable mental discipline, and call upon them, as they should have been called upon three centuries ago, to produce that proof; and indeed to show cause why we should not conclude that this educational fetish has resulted in injury instead of benefit.

IV

I now come to the second of the traditional claims for the compulsory wholesale study of foreign languages—namely, that facility, purity and power in the native tongue are to be gained only through the study of a foreign tongue.

There is an answer to this, so simple and sufficient that its oversight is surprising. For it destroys the very premiss of the argument. It is this: If power in the native tongue is to be acquired only through mastery of a foreign tongue, how did the ancient masters of the classical style—for example, Plato, Demosthenes, and Aristotle—acquire that mastery in an age when Greek was the only language of culture and all other languages were despised by Greek scholars as barbaric? Professor Paul Shorey, who is one of our greatest American authorities on Greek culture, has, I suspect, given us the answer. He compares the style of Charles Sumner most unfavorably with that of Abraham Lincoln. Sumner, says Professor Shorey, knowing Greek, tries to ape the Greek masters and succeeds in making himself absurd. Lincoln, without knowing a word of Greek, achieves a purity, precision and simplicity of language more akin to that of classical Greeks than that of any other American—solely through a study of such English classics as Shakespeare and the Bible.

It is less strange, I would suggest, than Professor Shorey thinks. Sumner studied Greek; he learned Greek. Lincoln studied English; he learned English. And experimental psychology has found no law of intelligence to be more inflexible than that which applies here—namely, that training in one field cannot be transferred to another unless the identical elements of stimulus and response are found in both. Wherever the probe has been inserted into the mind, be it the mind of rats or of human beings, this limitation has been met.

But let us return to the evidence of scientific investigations. I would call attention to perhaps the most exhaustive study of a single case of bilingualism ever made, Professor J. Ronjat's "Le Développement du langage observé chez un enfant bilingue," published in 1913. It is a study of M. Ronjat's son, Louis. The father was French, the mother was German; both were bilingual. From the moment of birth the son was spoken to in German by his mother and by her relatives and friends, and in French by his father and his father's relatives and friends. In this way he was to be made as completely bilingual as would be humanly possible.

Every step of this bilingual development was carefully observed and recorded. The phenomenon of interest to us here is the resulting confusion of the forms and syntax of the two languages. For example, in speaking German Louis tended to follow the French grammatical custom of placing the adjective after the noun, and in speaking French he tended to follow the German construction of placing the verb or present participle at the end of the phrase or sentence. In brief, instead of a second language aiding in the mastery of the first one, we have the two languages interfering one with the other.

From a sheer common sense premiss, it is inevitably so. Syntax in one language differs from syntax in another. Practice in a system of word arrangements belonging to one language cannot, upon any ground, improve the mastery over a system of word arrangements belonging to another language; it may only lead to confusion between the two. Learning the French syntax, which requires me to say "a horse black," cannot improve my facility in English syntax, which requires me to say "a black horse."

If further proof were needed, it would be found in Professor I. Epstein's investigation into the linguistic behavior of polylinguistic persons. The investigation was made in Switzerland among children, general adults, Swiss scientists, and foreign students in Swiss universities. Epstein's conclusions were published by the Lausanne Library about 1916 under the title of "La Pensée et la Polyglossie." Among other results, he found that five important types of inhibition came from the mastery of a foreign language: (1) interference with pronunciation; (2) introduction of words from one language into the other; (3) confusion of grammatical forms; (4) altered placement of words; and (5) errors in the formulation of concepts. This investigation, states Professor Epstein, indicates that *bilingualism interferes with clear thinking and with definiteness of expression.*

The famous German psychologist, Stern, reviewed Epstein's investigation in 1919 under the title of "Die Erlernung und Beherrschung fremder Sprachen." While disagreeing with the latter's approach, his technique, and his general psychological viewpoint, he fully agreed with him in the one point here at issue—that foreign language study is likely to interfere seriously with the use of the mother tongue.

These are the outstanding investigations into the subject of the mental discipline of foreign language study. All of them have been carried on in a dispassionate, scientific manner. Some of them—as in the case of West in India and of Smith, Saer, and Hughes in Wales—have been published in the face of political hostility to the conclusions which they announced. Yet these scientists, and others over the world, working independently of one another and upon different phases of the problem, have reached conclusions in agreement. These conclusions point to one end, and to one end only—that the study of foreign languages for the purposes of mental discipline and transfer value is one of the most expensive and pernicious schemes ever foisted upon the educational system.

They raise the serious question whether the so-called Dark Ages could not have been ended centuries earlier had the scholars of that time been free to release for creative thinking the appalling energy required in mastering two dead languages and of carrying on all cultural and scientific thought in those languages. Yet even unto this day, the gerund grinding and word wrestling goes on in the name of mental discipline.

V

I am not arguing here against the study of foreign languages as such. The present need is not to abolish their study, but to define its aims, for out of the perversion of aims have come the vicious results of the present system. Foreign language study can hold genuine values. But precisely because these genuine values are not derived from the study as now taught, the defining of aims and the dropping of educational cant about mental discipline is all the more imperative. Admittedly, a knowledge of modern languages is an important tool for scientists, educators and educated persons in general; there is today an international teamwork of thought which renders the domestic stores of knowledge in any one nation insufficient. This article itself, for example, could not have been written without the aid of two foreign languages. And perhaps there may be some merit also in the claim that international literacy among thinkers and educators may conceivably become a factor in international understanding.

But in the main these are not the aims of foreign language study as it is now practised in American schools, nor are they achieved by that study. Two million students in our secondary schools each year are thumbing lexicons and memorizing the grammatical forms of foreign languages. To this number the colleges add another quarter of a million. It will not be disputed, I think, even by ardent believers in the compulsion of foreign language study, that 99% of these syntax sweaters never acquire a speaking mastery of what they study, or that 95% are never able to read a foreign language, even temporarily, without the painstaking aid of a lexicon. The fruit of all this effort, indeed, is fluency in neither speech nor reading. One profound reason for this failure is that the actual learning of a foreign language is not the real goal. Mental discipline has become the end in itself.

The persistence of this myth of mental discipline has resulted in an absurd emphasis upon the dead languages. Sixty per cent. of the students in foreign language courses today are mumbling *amo*, *amas*, *amat*, or learning that all Gaul was divided into three parts. They are expending their total study of foreign languages upon one which is now dead. They go out of school with no iota of knowledge of any foreign language of the present day.

One fourth of this number have been forced into this profitless task because their school offers no course whatever in any modern foreign language, while the larger proportion of the remainder have been shepherded into Latin classes under the assurance that here they were to be offered an indispensable mental training not to be obtained elsewhere.

The teaching methods of ancient language courses show the ill effects of this false doctrine of mental discipline. Grammar and grammar-translation methods reign supreme. However deadening and dull such methods may be for the student, there is supposed to come that mysterious reward of mental discipline—a reward which comes under a teaching system that is held in some quarters to be fool-teacher-proof. We have examined the injurious effects of such medieval methods.

But perhaps the most vicious result of this mental discipline fetish springs from its maintaining the compulsory study of foreign languages in our secondary schools, regardless of the aims or ability of the individual student. The American high-school today is an institution of mass education, a wholly different institution from what it was a generation ago. To its doors swarm the children of both Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady. Out of it will come the factory workers as well as the professional leaders of tomorrow. The aims of education sought by these diverse elements are not, and cannot be forced into one groove. Two thirds of these students will derive little or no value from having learned a foreign language. Indeed, I am informed by experienced administrators that one third of them do not possess the capacity to learn it under the present method of instruction. Yet so long as the fetish remains with us of Latin as a mental grindstone, just so long will this grindstone remain the millstone of our educational system, burdening a large portion of our youth with a labor devoid of profit or purpose.

The salient fact that teachers of foreign language and supporters of the present hierarchy are here called upon to face is that their inflated claims for its mental discipline and transfer value have been punctured by scientific investigations. It may drag its weary way and cast its gloomy shadow through our school curricula for another generation, but it must do so, not upon any legitimate scientific claim of merit, but as a testimony of the weakness of reason to affect conduct, even of educated groups.

Not until we are purged of the cant, and come frankly to the position that foreign languages are to be studied only for the sake of learning them, may we expect teaching to rise above its present level of gerund grinding.

THE MAN WHO KILLED TECUMSEH

BY BERNARD MAYO

Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Who killed Tecumseh?

Mighty Tecumseh, "the most courageous, the most hostile, and the most savage foe America ever had," fell in the Battle of the Thames in October of 1813. His death destroyed the Indian power east of the Mississippi and ushered into the vice-presidency Richard Mentor Johnson, his reputed slayer.

The War of 1812 had opened with American boasts of the conquest of Canada—"merely a question of marching"—, but the Autumn of 1813 saw the frontier from New York to Georgia desolated by the puissant Indian Confederation which Tecumseh had organized and allied with the British. Prisoners ran the gauntlet and had their whiskers plucked by filthy squaws. On the river Raisin the skulls of five hundred captured Kentuckians were crushed by drunken braves under the British general, Proctor. The conquest of Canada had become a dismal farce, with American generals court-martialed for cowardice or fighting duels over charges of incompetence.

At the river Thames the enemy's position was thought impregnable until a young Kentucky colonel led a fierce charge of twenty of his mounted men against the fifteen hundred rifles of the great Tecumseh. It was a forlorn hope—planned to draw the Indian fire and allow the main guard to win the day before the foe could re-load. Nineteen of the gallant twenty dropped on the field. The leader remained mounted, although his charger had fifteen balls in her and he himself was severely wounded. Victory was delayed by an Indian chief who rallied his men. Upon him the colonel advanced singly. He received another severe wound, but just as the chief was about to throw his tomahawk he managed to draw his pistol and fire point-blank. The chieftain fell, and the Indians either surrendered or fled the field.

"My pistol had one ball and three buck-shot in it," declared Colonel Johnson afterward in his campaign speeches, "and the Indian was found to have a ball through his body and three buck-shot in different parts of his breast and head." At this point the audience always shouted: "Thus Tecumseh fell!" But from 1813 to the Civil War the interminable question agitating the Republic and in campaign years provoking acrimony and fisticuffs was:

Rumpsey, dumpsey,
Who killed Tecumseh?

Political opponents claimed that the Indian Johnson killed was really only a Pottawatomie chief, since Tecumseh never dressed in feathers and war paint. Anyhow, it was argued, the laurels of the Thames rightfully belonged to General Harrison, who had been in command. Tecumseh, said old Chief Four-Legs, had been wounded early in the battle and carried from the field. The honor of killing him was claimed for Col. Whitley and for Privates King and Gooding. Good Democrats, however, had no doubts. They swore they had seen Col. Johnson shoot Tecumseh right smack in the forehead, and added that when the chief landed after jumping fifteen feet straight into the air, a little Frenchman ran up and pinned him fast to the ground with a bayonet. The question was never really settled. It was complicated by the mutilation of the fallen chieftain, whoever he was, by the Kentuckians. They had rushed into battle yelling "Remember the Raisin!" and afterward flayed the body to make souvenir razor strops.

But from the Thames the wounded Johnson returned to Kentucky as the Killer of Tecumseh and the Savior of the West. In true republican fashion Congress gave him a sword, a vote of thanks, and a speech. "Amidst universal carnage, and in the teeth of approaching death, Colonel Johnson remained undismayed, and hurled back at Tecumseh that death which had been prepared for him." The people—those of the True Faith—dubbed him Tecumseh Johnson, Hero of the Thames.

II

Time's smudgy finger has dealt unkindly with Tecumseh Johnson, yet his career more colorfully reveals the America of the Middle Period than all the panegyrics on men who have long since become rigid in steel engravings. In a land where men voted for personalities he was picturesque and popular. He capitalized his military exploits in an engagingly frank and hearty Western manner. For over thirty years he fought the battles of democracy in the Washington of Webster and Davy Crockett, Jackson, Clay, and Sam Houston. Called variously the Federal City and Babeltown, it swarmed with rural Congressmen and Negroes gaping at living skeletons and the boa constrictor from Java, and with gentry in Cossack trousers, high Hessian boots, and Bolivar coats quaffing the miscellany of spirits and strong green tea known as Daniel Webster punch.

Hero-worshippers saw an affable, burly man of middle height whose shock of unruly auburn hair surmounted an ill-fitting coat and a gorgeously vivid red-plush vest. They often confused him with the real Tecumseh. They heard him declaim in Congress on the blessings of democracy, on the virtues of the American yeoman, on the immortal axiom that "Vox Populi *is* Vox Dei." He stuffed their petitions into his green carpet-bag—for he never refused a request—and presented them in impassioned speeches. He drew tears from politicians and millions from the Treasury for the Old Soldiers. Those who had slain tyrants and obtained that "Heaven-born liberty so wanton about us" should and must receive as much attention as the Negro of Liberia and the benighted, Bibleless Hindoo. Johnson won more claims from the Treasury "than any other member, nay, more than several lots of twenty members each." Despite his uncouth appearance a society matron described him as "the most tender-hearted, mild, affectionate, and benevolent of men."

He early endangered his glorious Tecumseh reputation by increasing the salaries of Congressmen to the magnificent annual sum of $1,500. No longer delayed by members anxious to spin out their $6 per diem, Congress finished the session in record time. But the people rose in wrath against the Salary Grab and defeated, with few exceptions, all candidates for reëlection. Duels and gouging-matches enlivened the Kentucky hustings; fathers cautioned daughters against men who favored Compensation; and even Amos Kendall, the young Yankee editor of Johnson's Georgetown *Patriot*, declared he would vote for Colonel Dick only if he repented and repealed his purse-lining bill. Against a candidate who promised all his surplus salary to the churches, Johnson stumped his district, waving the hand scarred by Tecumseh, and arousing the cry: "That hand was broken in our defence. We will still nourish it, and still confide in him who wears it." Votes poured in and Old Tecumpsey was returned to office.

He redeemed himself by championing Slavery and the Arts and Sciences. Slavery, it appeared, was God-ordained. Even Father Abraham had two hundred slaves, born in his own house. But he protested against White Slavery in Yankee cotton mills. Negro Slavery existed in Kentucky but there was no White Slavery, thank God! "No, sir, when the honest laborer, the mechanic, however poor or whatsoever his employment, visits my home, it matters not what company is there, he must sit at my board and receive the same treatment as the most distinguished guest; because in him I recognize a fellow citizen and an equal."

From Slavery he turned to strike the shackles of decadent European thought from the young Republic, advocating the Cosmic Theory of Concentric Spheres of his friend, John Symmes, of Newport, Kentucky. Widespread interest and some alarm had been created by Symmes' revelations, based on Holy Writ as well as Science, that the globe consisted of concentric spheres, one within the other, on which existed rational life similar to that on the outer shell. One could reach these strange worlds through openings at the North and South Poles, or by a deep hole such as the one Symmes had already started to dig. To finish that hole and to outfit a polar expedition funds were gathered at barbecues, shooting-matches, and amateur theatricals. Tecumseh tried to shame Congress into granting Treasury aid. Expounding the Symmes discovery, he demanded that Americans be more friendly to the discoverer than a bigoted Middle Age had been to a Copernicus or a Columbus.

Such high deeds, in that spacious day, stamped him a statesman. The acclaim of the people warmed his aspirations for high office. But in 1828 triumphant Democracy elected Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. Johnson promptly joined the forces of Jacksonism in destroying the Money Monster of the United States Bank, in attacking the sacrosanct Supreme Court, and in denouncing the "genius of despotism that is winding its mazy folds around the offspring of freedom." Years before he had won the old warrior's friendship by defending his conduct of the Seminole War. It was not, he argued, a war in which Greek met Greek—*ergo*, General Jackson had every right to kill Seminole Indians and hang unruly British citizens in Spanish Florida. And now President Jackson made Colonel Dick his ambassador in an affair brimful of delicacy and political dynamite.

In red-plush vest and carrying his green carpet-bag, Old Tecumpsey called on the members of Jackson's Cabinet and attempted to persuade them to recognize Peggy O'Neal, barmaid of interesting past, as a social equal. Peggy had married Secretary of War Eaton, and her début into Jacksonian society caused more excitement than Democracy's onslaught on Aristocracy and the Money Monster. Tecumseh's courage was admirable. But Van Buren, the Secretary of State, groaned aloud when he thought of the old Indian-fighter's "unsuspicious temperament and loose, unguarded habit of conversation." His fears were well-founded. The hero of the Thames only increased the uproar. President Jackson was now accused of threatening his Cabinet with dismissal unless they associated their wives and daughters with a fancy woman. Tecumseh denied any intimidation. He was ready to take the field of honor in defense of Jackson and his own veracity. Democracy's Cabinet resigned as a way out of the social dilemma; the ex-Secretary of War chased the ex-Secretary of the Treasury out of the city; and for their gallantry Jackson and the genial but blundering Tecumseh were rewarded by the cool insolence of Mrs. Eaton and the political apostasy of her husband.

But Washington society had its refining influence. Amos Kendall, arriving in the capital to become the "goblin wizard" of Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, found his old friend Johnson observing the ridiculous English custom of having dinner after dark. Worse, he found the Indian-fighter attending social squeezes of unequalled "extravagance, folly, and corruption." Even good Methodists in democracy's capital served six different kinds of wines to ladies who laced too tightly and shamelessly exposed their bosoms. Amos roomed with Tecumseh at the home of the Rev. Obadiah Bruin Brown, a robust preacher-politician who wrote many of Johnson's speeches, awarded profitable mail-contracts at the Post-office, and on Sundays preached an interesting Baptist sermon. With Mrs. Brown, plain but religious, Yankee Amos talked over the Bible, the family album, and perpetual motion contraptions, while the jovial colonel swapped stories with the Rev. Mr. Brown or tippled with the crowd of adventurers who sought his aid in raiding the Treasury.

III

Further achievements in the welter of Jacksonian reforms and quackeries made Colonel Dick presidential timber. He sponsored the Friends of Temperance, agreeing with Wise of Virginia that "honey-drams, hail-storms, and slings" produced a disturbing hilarity in Congress, with members sometimes "too drunk for the decency of a tavern bar room." He advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Lords of England could not be imprisoned for debt, so why fetter the American freeman whose birthright was liberty? "Desolation stalks among the people with gigantic steps, while American benevolence is enjoyed by the isles of the Pacific, the burning climes of Asia, and the wretched children of Europe." After piercing the dragon of Aristocracy he thrust his sword into the octopus of Religious Despotism. He defended Sunday mails against Lord's Day crusaders who swamped Congress with petitions, and, in Philadelphia, stretched chains across the streets to stop the mail coaches on Sunday. "When man undertakes to be God's avenger," warned Tecumseh, "he becomes a demon." It was absurd for Congress to designate a particular Lord's Day when the sects themselves disagreed. It was equally absurd to shackle Progress. "Stop the mails one day in seven and you retard one seventh the advancement of the country!"

"Rumpsey, dumpsey—who killed Tecumseh?" now became a national issue. Kentucky newspapers ran "Johnson for President" at their mastheads. Wood-cuts showed the colonel liberating debtors from their dungeons. The famous Sunday Mail Report—written, incidentally, by the Rev. Mr. Brown of the Post-office—was elegantly printed on satin and framed "over every freeman's fireside with the charter of our national rights." Celebrations of the Thames victory became Democratic rallies boosting Johnson for the White House. His rival, Harrison, who had commanded at the Thames and earlier at Tippecanoe, was ridiculed in toasts and rhymes. One poem entreated the ladies to give Harrison "what he had won—a petticoat blue; don't take from his honors at Tippecanoe." Another answered by declaring that Harrison, at least, had no hand in the homicide of Tecumseh. The odes to Johnson admitted of no doubt whatsoever of his killing the great chief in a mighty hand-to-hand combat. He was a thunderbolt in war; "in peace a pillar of state, making each veteran's heart elate, contending for his claims."

He ran for the vice-presidency on Van Buren's ticket in 1836—but not until the convention steam-roller had crushed the Southern delegates who opposed his principles and his character. Grandiloquent speeches portrayed his zeal for Revolutionary veterans, for debtors, and for a democracy undefiled by a base political priesthood. Most effective was the argument that his wounds, which in the close of life began to bleed afresh, might soon deprive the nation of the opportunity of rewarding the hero of the Thames. Many Democrats, nevertheless, resolved to fight his elevation to the vice-presidency.

The campaign of 1836 was a battle royal. The Whigs, "adroit Loyola Aristocrats," hoping to throw the election into the House, nominated Webster of Massachusetts, Harrison of Ohio, and White of Tennessee. The Anti-Masons and the States Rights party added to a tumult that reached low levels of slander and bitterness. The Whigs toasted Webster as the Telescope of the Constitution, Harrison as the Hero of the Thames and Tippecanoe, and President Jackson as a scoundrel who electioneered for Van Buren. To their attacks on Old

Tecumpsey friends retorted that no one but the colonel himself could have written the Sunday Mail Report, and that good breeding alone restrained him from publicly proving that his scars were not "fictional." Harrison, the Petticoat Hero, was an embezzler of army funds and a man who would sell white debtors into slavery. The real hero of the West was Colonel Dick Johnson, whose deeds were trumpet-tongued.

"This is an Age of Steam and Humbug!", exclaimed James Gordon Bennett, who would end the "political blackguardism" by electing the greatest rogue of all the candidates Emperor for life. Although Bennett's New York *Herald* avoided "political filth," it revealed an American soil richly manured with Maria Monk's tales of child-bearing nuns, Maria's escapades "in dishabille with a new lover," the scandalous shortness of the Secretary of the Navy's pantaloons, and females under Animal Magnetism who resisted the tickling and pinching of clergymen and Brown University professors. The scurrilous life of Van Buren by "Dainty Davy Crockett, the defeated Congressional Baboon and Man-Monkey of the Whigs," portrayed "Little Van of Kinderhook, N. Y." strutting about in corsets "like a crow in the gutter."

Most malignant, however, were the attacks on the "domestic relations" of Old Tecumpsey. From the Northampton (Mass.) *Courier* to the Columbia (S. C.) *Times*, the Whig papers depicted him as an atheist, gambler, racing-tout, and defrauder of the Treasury, and—always—as "the amalgamation gentleman, having some years ago married a gentle lady of color." Out of this rich soil flowered the following, the author of which received "a laurel wreath from Chaste Southern Dames":

JOHNSON'S WIFE OF OLD KENTUCKY

Tune:—"Roy's Wife"

Johnson's wife of old Kentucky,
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky;
There never was in all the land
A blacker dame than Johnson's Sukey.

The sun doth glisten on her face
Like starbeams on the midnight water,
While snowy smiles and sooty grace
Proclaim her Afric's own true daughter.
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky, etc.

The wave that heaves by Congo's shore,
Heaves not so high nor darkly wide
As Sukey in her midnight snore,
Close by Tecumseh Johnson's side.

Ah! soon you'll see in courtly hall,
The aspiring young and gallant hoary
Fall prostrate 'fore this western orb,
Dispensing forth Eclipsing Glory.

And none amid the courtly throng
Will lower bow to dusky Sukey,
Than him the little chief of all
Our magic Knight—bold Kinderhooky.

The lions roar on Gambia's sand,
And monkeys dance 'round Timbuctoo;
Joy—joy resounds through Negro land
To hail the rise of dusky Sue.

Ethiopia now the strain prolongs
And hails her lovely child so lucky;
And lunar mountains wake in songs
And echo back the name of Sukey.

Come kneel ye slaves on freedom's land
And own the sway of Kinderhooky;
And when he waves his magic wand
Be sure to bow to dusky Sukey.
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky,
Johnson's wife of old Kentucky;
Wake every voice throughout the land,
And sing the praise of Johnson's Sukey.

"The plain truth is that Colonel Johnson is the husband of a mulatto," declared the Whig editor of the Louisville *Journal*. The editor was a fearful man who threatened to cut off opponents' ears in their own kitchens with their own carving knives, but his statements were denounced by Tecumseh's friends as "villainous and downright lies." Colonel Johnson had never married, they replied. The laws of Kentucky forbade marriage to a "gentle lady of color." All the slanders were as absurd as the elopement of Tecumseh's alleged wife and her mulatto daughters with three Cherokee Indians. They admitted that Johnson had given a splendid education to the two mulatto daughters of his colored but pious old Baptist housekeeper, but whether they were his children or not, the Colonel certainly deserved credit for his benevolence. "All this scandal at this late day is a matter of some surprise," declared the Rev. Mr. Henderson, a Baptist clergyman and friend of Tecumseh. "Must we forget Colonel Johnson's immortal deeds for some supposed impropriety of his youth?" The Democratic press declared that every prominent Democrat for thirty years had been helped by such attacks. Had not Jefferson been assailed for his red breeches and his "Black Sal"; and Jackson for his "adultery" and his "killing" of militiamen? Attacks on the noble Johnson's flaming red vest and Black Sukey would only win more votes from decent people. "Let them go on—they gnaw a file—the Hero of the Thames will never cower before the troops of the goose-quill!"

Tecumseh himself stood firm against the torrent of slander and continued to campaign on the Freedom of the Press, the Rights of Conscience, and Liberty of Speech. He had perceived, he said, the advantage of an absolute indifference to assaults on his character. Any check, even on a licentious press, would endanger the liberties of the people. Loyal friends in testimonial banquets toasted "Johnson—Pack-horse of the Nation for Thirty Years," and "The Whig Press—A few more volleys of abuse and Colonel Johnson will be blown, if not sky-high, then at least as high as the Vice-Presidency." He was elected by the Senate—since he had not received a majority of electoral votes—and Kentucky vindicated his character by cutting down the usual Whig majority by over ten thousand votes. The killer of Tecumseh became Vice-President of the United States.

IV

The inauguration shouting had not died away when bread riots broke out in New York, banks suspended, and the panic of 1837 associated hard times with Van Buren and Johnson. From 1837 to 1841 Tecumseh presided over the Senate with urbanity. Congress investigated the corrupt Jackson appointees, and rather ominously the right arm of the Capitol's statue of Justice came down with a crash. Two members fought a bloody shot-gun duel, Calhoun predicted the Civil War, Maine farmers fought Canada for the Aroostook Valley, Joe Smith led his Mormons to Missouri, men discussed free love and mesmerism, and Millerites waited on a hillock for the end of the world.

Harriet Martineau, the English writer, described Congressmen as "stout-souled, full-grown, original men brought together on the ground of their supposed sufficiency." She was impressed with the ponderous Webster, the dashing Clay, the cast-iron Calhoun, and the picturesque Tecumseh in his scarlet waistcoat. If Colonel Johnson should ever become President, she recorded, "he will be as strange a looking potentate as ever ruled. His countenance is wild, though with much cleverness in it; his hair wanders all abroad, and he wears no cravat. But there is no telling how he might look, if he dressed like other people."

His re-nomination in 1840, though favored by President Van Buren, excited strong opposition within the ranks of the Democracy. Party leaders objected to his vacation activities as a Kentucky tavern-keeper, an inglorious pursuit for a Vice-President whose time-honored brow was cluttered with civic and military laurels. Ex-President Jackson warned Van Buren that Johnson's "renewed family relations" would lose the Democracy the South and West. Most damaging were tales of Old Tecumpsey's new devotion to "a young Delilah of the complexion of Shakespeare's swarthy Othello." She was a young woman, pretty, accomplished, and loving, who was said to be his wife—and the sister of his second wife, whom he had sold down the river for her infidelity. "He seems happy," wrote a Kentucky Democrat to Amos Kendall, "but how can he expect his friends to countenance and sustain him, when he lives in adultery with a buxom Negro wench? It is too bad, and I could hardly have believed but from occult demonstrations of the fact." Kendall, reporting to Van Buren, declared Johnson had gone back on his promise of 1836 to abandon the weaknesses of his younger days, or, at least, avoid public reproach. "He seems encouraged by his elevation," wrote Yankee Amos, "as if it were the seal of public approbation to his conduct in that respect."

Critics were assured by President Van Buren, the Little Magician, that instead of being a drawweight as in 1836, Colonel Johnson was now, especially in the East, "more than a positive benefit." But the convention of 1840, after re-nominating Van Buren, left a clear field for the several candidates for second place. Tecumseh's friends flaunted his "mangled limbs" and urged a real hero with real scars to oppose General Harrison, but they failed to win the Anti-Johnson men to his re-nomination.

Mischievous dusky shadows now dimmed Old Tecumpsey's star, yet he entered the campaign of 1840 with his usual good nature, his many anecdotes of the War of 1812, and his platform of Liberty of Speech, Conscience, and the Press. But the Whigs, with thunder stolen from Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, put the campaign on the psychic level of the plain people. They outshouted, out-sang, and out-voted the Democrats. They jeered Van Buren into retirement in an hysteria of Log Cabins, Hard Cider, and songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" They ridiculed Johnson as a political charlatan—one refrain ending: "Kill Tecumseh again, and thy glory recall." Another sneered at the failure of the Democrats to nominate a candidate for second place: "Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer—he was too rough for a President so fine." The Whigs put up such a good entertainment that the popular vote of 1836 was doubled. Harrison was swept into the White House. Tecumseh good-naturedly joked over the campaign that had elected his rival, the Whig hero of the Thames. He had led his Democratic rivals for second place, however, and his hopes were high for the presidential nomination in 1844.

He was most confident of the nomination. In tours as far north as Boston he declared that nothing could defeat Henry Clay's election in 1844 but his own candidacy. The West was for him. Had he not received, while wearing a certain red vest, his third unanimous nomination for the presidency by the Kentucky convention? Cries for Democratic harmony to oppose "Henry Clay, the roaring lion," and shouts of "Martin Van Buren and short Dutch cabbages against the world!" forced other candidates to withdraw. But Old Tecumpsey stood his ground. Obligingly, however, he announced that he would accept the presidential nomination "with gratitude and reluctance," or the vice-presidential nomination "with thanks and pleasure," or retire to the ranks "without a murmur."

When the nomination turned on the annexation of Texas, Tecumseh's belief in Manifest Destiny was as strong as when he had helped bring on the War of 1812 by demanding the annexation of Canada. Politicians complained of the difficulty of "getting rid of Old Dick." They muttered about an ambitious old war-horse who had been a convenient cat's-paw under Jackson, a harmless and Senate-elected Vice-President under Van Buren, and was now a damned nuisance. Johnson fought to the death. He did not retire to the ranks "without a murmur" until the convention of 1844 had swamped him in the balloting for the presidential nomination, and again, for the vice-presidential nomination. After sarcastic allusions to the empty cider-barrels of 1840, the Democrats proceeded to elect Polk of Tennessee on the basis of the God-given American right to annex and to rule the Western Hemisphere. Old Tecumpsey retired to the Kentucky Legislature—a relic of the radical Jacksonian Democracy that had now given way to the reactionary slavocracy of the South.

But men had not yet forgotten the immortal charge of the forlorn hope at the Thames, nor had they yet forgotten the old hero's scourging of a perverted priesthood and his victories for "pure and unadulterated democracy." Still victor over Aristocracy and Superstition, Johnson was "a man of Roman stamp of Rome's best age." Indian children at the Choctaw Academy, which he had induced the government to erect on his plantation, were named Richard Mentor Johnson. They tried to emulate Old Tecumpsey, now the Indian's Best Friend, who delighted in their progress from "Indian paganism to Christian devotion."

Men paid high tribute to the austere simplicity of his private life. His home was said to be the resort of the lowly mechanic as well as of the clergyman and the learned counsellor. When he died in 1850 even the opposition Louisville *Journal* eulogized him as a much maligned and estimable fellow-citizen. Tammany orators lauded the Grand old Democrat. In the Senate a two-hour speech was made by Cass of Michigan. Interrupted by Sam Houston's rude question, "Now, Senator, tell us who killed Tecumseh?", Cass ended the half century of wrangling by awarding the honor to Johnson on the ground that he deserved it. And in imperishable stone was carved the answer to

> Rumpsey, dumpsey,
> Who killed Tecumseh?

A Kentucky monument shows the colonel on his noble mare, with the cocked hat of 1813, and pistol in hand, in the act of running down and shooting that dreadful foe—Tecumseh.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Ethnology

LITERATURE AND ETHNOGRAPHY

By Robert H. Lowie

For some years past American authors have tried their hand sporadically at Englishing the poetry of our Indians or catching its spirit in original verse. Prose exploitation goes back to Cooper, and most of his successors have continued the tradition of sentimentality. From the side of learning, Adolphe Bandelier's novel of the Pueblo scene, "The Delight Makers," stands out as an heroic attempt to blend fact and fiction. This likewise was the aim of Elsie Clews Parsons and her collaborators in "American Indian Life" (1922). Other races have been cultivated both here and abroad. Herman Melville's "Typee" ranks as literature and is still quoted as a source on Polynesian culture. René Maran's "Batouala," depicting the natives of French Equatorial Africa, was the first book by a Negro to gain the Prix Goncourt (1921). Professor Bogoras of Leningrad is not only one of the world's eminent ethnographers but also a contributor to Russian literature, though his Siberian tales have naturally remained inaccessible to most of us in their Russian guise.

The time seems ripe for taking stock,—not in the interest of scholarship but in that of letters. What can the creative artist draw from the anthropologist's stock-in-trade? What can the ethnographer do to further æsthetic ends, to safeguard the creator against artistic pitfalls? The question naturally divides itself into two parts. First, have we anything to learn from aboriginal literature itself, its imagery, technique, stylistic devices? Second, how can we effectively treat the facts of aboriginal life, whether by means of our own literary tradition or by the use of native technique?

Let us plunge headlong into the first of these problems. Professor Thalbitzer (Copenhagen) has rendered for us the song of an Eskimo woman berrying on a mountain:

Great grief came over me—
Great grief came over me,
While on the fell above us I was picking berries.
Great grief came over me,
My sun quickly rose over it.
Great grief came over me.
The sea out there off our settlement
Was beautifully quiet—
And the great, dear paddlers
Were leaving out there—
Great grief came over me
While I was picking berries on the fell.

Doubtless the civilized reader can never reproduce the exact shade of the native singer's emotion. No matter, so long as the chant stirs and haunts us. But is there anything *we* could apply,—anything, that is to say, which is *distinctively* Eskimo? I am afraid not much. There are of course the lessons of bald simplicity and telling repetition, but for these we need not go so far afield, though our faith strengthens with every new demonstration of their virtues. A glance at the original suggests that rhyme and assonance may have been consciously employed. But of these the former is already familiar to us, and an Eskimo sample is not likely to acclimatize assonance more successfully than Spanish models. Remembering further that English attempts at the classical hexameter are flat failures, we shall not be too sanguine about the assimilation of specific aboriginal devices. They may of course be effectively used now and then to give an alien atmosphere. In that case they are merely like other ethnographic detail introduced for local color. But mechanical transfer is no more likely to yield satisfactory results than in other cases of cultural borrowing.

One difficulty about such adoption is of course due to the difference in linguistic type. The artistic effect of a poem or of literary prose is not conveyed by the meaning but by all manner of subtle suggestions inseparable from the form. As Thalbitzer pointedly asks, "What guarantee can we have that our strongly analytic sentences patched together from little words provide the proper equivalents for the Eskimo conglomerate?" A case from my Crow experience may help to bring out the point. An often recurring utterance of despair in Crow narrative is the phrase rendered, "There is no way for me to live." But that is not what the polysynthetic Indian equivalent, *ambari 'retk*, directly expresses. It consists of five parts welded together, not one of which could stand alone. The final *k* is the oral stop, telling us that the sentence is no query but a declaration and that it is completed; the initial *am* means "where" or "how"; *ba* is "I," but only in combination with a verb stem; *ri* is the decapitated stem of *iri*, "he lives"; *ret* is the absolute negative, which with monosyllabic ruthlessness sweeps what precedes into the dustbin of unreality. Anyone even in small measure conversant with the native tongue thrills to the concentrated strength of *ambari 'retk* and must wince at the feeble flatness of "There is no way for me to live."

We must recognize this limitation imposed by linguistic idiosyncrasies. A master who has seized the spirit of a native language must devise means of conveying in his own tongue a comparable effect. He is like a translator who substitutes cockney for argot, the Irish brogue for Bavarian dialect, but finds Scotch incongruous.

One or two instances, of course, prove nothing, and all alien literatures should be scanned from the present point of view. But judging from the range of data I know, I can see little prospect for more than an indirect influence of aboriginal poetry and prose on our own, though I am wholly open to conviction to the contrary.

On the other hand, I am optimistic about the utilization of ethnographic material in consonance with our own literary canons. But by way of introduction I should like to say a few words about Maran's much vaunted prize novel.

"Batouala" is interesting as a piece of exotic sensuous impressionism. The writer has steeped himself in his physical *milieu*, drinking in with sight, hearing, and smell what these senses can imbibe. When he paints a rainstorm gutting roofs and drenching huts amidst the zigzag play of the lightning; or Batouala's wife snoring while he plays with her flabby breasts "wrinkled like tobacco leaves"; or a wretched dog shaking himself free of fleas, snapping at empty space, or dragging his snout along the ground, Maran is in his element. And when the chief is shown scratching his armpits, his thighs, his head, his rump, his arms, we are almost hypnotized into doing likewise.

Had the author stuck to such sense impressions, the result would be perfect. But as a sensationalist with a mania for introspection he comes to grief. Not content to exhibit Batouala's behavior, he must needs justify it metaphysically. "Scratching is excellent exercise. It aids the circulation of the blood. . . . One need but look about. All animate beings scratch themselves when they wake up. It is a good example to follow, seeing it is natural." So, when at the tribal *yangba* festival Negro dancers loom before us with the sweat streaming down their tattoo marks, yet heedless of fatigue in their mad lust, the picture abruptly yields to reflective balderdash: "Life is short. The day will soon come when one is unfit even for mating. Every day brings us nearer to death, does it not? There is nothing like enjoying oneself as long as one can." Horatian philosophy from delirious males "interested in nothing, paying attention to nothing but the *yangba*!"

False to absurdity in the mental processes of his characters, Maran is if possible worse in their speeches. We happen to know what native African eloquence is like,—pithy, extravagant in simile, shot through with homely saws. Not so in "Batouala." When the chief harangues his audience, he speaks like a third-rate soap-box communist in a Parisian suburb: "Our submission has not gained us their goodwill. Not satisfied with trying to suppress our customs, they want to impose upon us their own. . . . We might obey these wretched people, if they were only more logical with themselves. . . . I shall never tire of telling about the wickedness of the whites. I charge them above all with their duplicity."

This is unspeakable, but does not yet exhaust the roster of our author's misdeeds. For there is one egregious crime of omission,—the virtual want of characterization. What is the plot of the story? A handsome youth has seduced eight of the chief's wives and ultimately succeeds in consummating his end with the ninth in sight of the dying husband. Every character seems inspired by the sole craving to satisfy his appetites, and this homogeneous welter of phallicism leaves no room for individuality, let alone for individual sympathy. The lecherous cuckold leaves us as cold as the lecherous adulteresses and the lecherous paramour. Indeed, Maran conceives aboriginal society after a pattern that would militate against all social coexistence. "One lives only for oneself, not for others. So, at least, he had been taught." (*On ne vit que pour soi, non pour autrui. Du moins, on le lui avait appris.*) Strange as it may seem, Maran, the Negro, wholly misses the inwardness of Negro communal existence.

Nota bene: These strictures are not urged from professional pedantry, but in the interests of art. If æsthetic ends could be gained by slurring over or warping fact, an author *qua* author should enjoy the license granted in historical drama. My point is that ignorance or neglect of fact makes for what is *artistically* inferior or even indefensible. It mars the creator's product and it checks his imaginative flight. Had Maran stuck to impressionistic sketching, he might have achieved perfect miniatures, but he would still be shut out from larger opportunities.

Wherein do these opportunities lie? If ethnography, as we have seen, does little for craftsmanship, it provides a wealth of fresh material. And it is a great deal to escape from the palling monotony of familiar themes. Progress in other arts has often lain precisely in such widening of the horizon. It was a gain to carve the human figure in motion, a gain to add landscapes to the possible subjects of painting, a gain to include peasant life within the framework of literature. So the "eternal artistries in circumstance" that Nature and Society, in sadistic collusion, contrive in order to tease the writhing human puppet vary in space and afford an inexhaustible supply of *motifs*. The artist must saturate himself with each of his settings without allowing himself to be swamped. There is no item he would not be better off for knowing, though but a tithe of his details must do for his purposes.

Let us cull some examples from the American scene.

The Blackfeet at times amuse themselves propounding insoluble puzzles of conduct. Here is one of them. A war party dispatches a scout to locate the enemy's camp. He espies a lone tent; peeping through an opening in the cover he sees a married couple engaged in conversation while a little child is playing about the soup kettle. This urchin catches sight of the stranger, dips up some soup, toddles toward him, and feeds him through the hole. Again and again he brings soup to the scout, who finally walks off, perturbed in mind. Shall he tell his leader of the *tipi* he has sighted? That means death to the inmates, one and all. But perhaps he might save the little darling that fed him? Yes, but how could it get on without its parents? In this quandary love carries the day. Our scout, *pace* Maran, has not been taught that one lives only for oneself, not for one's neighbors! He warns the parents, who flee, and himself faces the charge of treason.

Here is a tale of rare beauty embodying at once the touching attitude of Indians toward little children and the ever-recurring human conflict between inclination and duty. Dr. Clark Wissler wisely utilized the motive in his contribution to "American Indian Life." It merits, however, separate treatment as a potential miniature masterpiece.

Plains Indian lore teems with luring plots. Here a maiden braves the dangers of a trip through hostile country in the Winter time to save her maimed lover; there thwarted ambition or inconsolable grief impel to suicidal foolhardiness. Again, from wealth-greedy, caste-ridden British Columbia comes a new epic on the vanity of human wishes. A Kwakiutl plebeian has an intrigue with a princess, who scandalizes genteel society by marrying him after her father's death and giving him the chief's name and the copper plaque that betoken rank and riches. Chance throws a second, and later a third copper into the upstart's lap. He assumes new titles and feasts the people, who now revere him as a real chief. But the darling of fortune boasts of now being anyone's peer and thus offends three patricians of the old school, who at once plot his downfall. They destroy their own coppers, valued at 39,000 blankets. By tribal custom the parvenu must do likewise or lose caste. He cannot raise the required amount and ignominiously falls back to his lowly estate.

From the more northerly parts of British Columbia Professor Boas has reported a psychological condition strikingly like that so vividly portrayed by Dr. Malinowski for the Trobriand Islands. A man's heir is not his son but his sister's son, yet emotionally the tie with his son is stronger, and the son's interests may loom paramount,—another clash of love and duty.

The artist steeped in a particular atmosphere would not be trammeled by the accidents of what is recorded in the monographs. He must enjoy the freedom of any fiction writer dealing with our own civilization. Let me illustrate again by a tribe I know. The Crow had an ordeal to decide which of two claimants had actually struck an enemy. Each had to touch a knife with his lips, point it at the sun, recite a formula affirming his claim and invoking death on the one that lied. Then, whoever was afflicted with some misfortune in the near future was rated a perjurer, and his rival won the disputed honors.

Since such a duel might easily culminate tragically for the real hero, it is easy to conceive a concatenation of events that does not happen to be on record. The unfortunate victim may be supposed to lose his wife soon after the ordeal and thus become an outcast, befriended only by his mother, who nevertheless wounds him by her obvious incredulity as to his claim. He falls prey to gloom and misanthropy but regains his interest in life through a new human relationship chance throws into his way in the form of a starveling orphan and reconquers the esteem of his tribesmen.

The success of elaborating such a plot will be in direct proportion to the author's knowledge. Nothing smells of the soil like the soil itself, and any imaginative substitutes will prove artistically as well as ethnographically brummagem. Nowhere is this more likely than in dialogue or speech generally, as the pitiable samples from "Batouala" indicate. Fortunately, fairly abundant collections of Indian prose are now available and provide an authentic thesaurus. We know the appropriate clichés for special occasions, we know the style of emphatic assertion, and again the style of extravagant rationalization.

How, for instance, did a group selling their ceremonial prerogatives among the Hidatsa of North Dakota clothe their greed for excessive payments and entertainment? The Kit Fox society would say to their juniors, "These foxes have ten claws on their front legs, so we wish you to give us a ten days' feast." The Little

Dogs would hold up a dogskin and say, "Well, this dog has five claws on each of its front legs, that makes ten. Its hind legs also have ten claws, that makes twenty in all. So we wish you to feast us for twenty nights, then we will let you have our songs." On this basis of fact variations to suit a change in circumstances are permissible and obvious.

Again, how did a Plains Indian formulate to himself and others his attitude toward death? Here once more there is concrete evidence that makes any fancied verbiage feeble in comparison. "Old age is a thing of evil; it is well for a man to die when he is young." "No one lives forever; whatever happens, I shall go (forward)." "If I get killed, my old people will call out my name; if I live, I shall strike an enemy."

This antithetic form is common and represents a definite literary tendency in strong asseveration. A woman upbraiding her tardy husband says, " 'Bring my son soon,' I said; you have done it late. . . ." Similarly a supernatural dwarf thus utters his indignation at a protégé's malevolence: " 'Try to benefit your people,' I said to him. 'Take away and possess their desirable property,' I did not say. 'Kill them continually,' I did not say."

These last sentences, by the way, raise a nice point of literary casuistry. The direct discourse in English imparts to the statement at once a certain vividness and quaintness. But this particular quality would not be distinctive of the original sentence as compared with other Crow sentences for the simple reason that the language lacks *oratio obliqua*, hence direct quotation is imperative. It is therefore wholly correct and even more correct to render the statement non-literally, *i.e.*, "I told him to try to benefit his people, not to take away . . . their . . . property." But inasmuch as the literary impression gains from conveying the strangeness of the atmosphere, it may nevertheless be better to translate verbatim.

The upshot of this discussion may be very briefly summarized. Ethnographic truth is not beauty and may even contravene beauty when a writer does not understand his craft. But the highest artistic achievement will come from the fullest *knowledge* of the truth.

Nursing

THE END

By Hermine Kane

The popular idea of death seems to be that the dying person fights for breath with desperate energy, that he remains conscious up to his last breath, that he gasps out a final heroic message, and that then, leaping up with a climactic contortion and a pop-eyed stare, he achieves a death-rattle like the sound of gravel in a chute, and falls back dead, open-eyed and grinning. This routine, in point of fact, is followed in but one case out of thousands.

It is my experience as a trained nurse that what really happens is that from one to several hours before death the dying person lapses into a coma. He breathes deeply and gradually slower and with increasing difficulty. His color begins to change with his departure from consciousness, the pallor of illness giving place to the unmistakable grey of death. This change is not really so much a change in color as it is one in the tension of the skin; the underlying flesh relaxes as it never does in life and the patient has a slack look of utter exhaustion. The eyes are usually closed and remain closed until after death; the mouth is open and dry; the body, like the face, is utterly relaxed, and seems smaller than in life. The face, due to the hard work of breathing, is bathed in perspiration, but the body is dry. The habitual swallowing of saliva and mucus goes on until the last few breaths, when power leaves all of the muscles except those that have to do with breathing. The last breaths, therefore, are drawn through an accumulation of liquid in the throat and give rise to the death-rattle, a sound much like that of gentle gargling. Then the heart ceases to throb, the breath leaves the body, and the patient is quietly dead. The major exceptions to this process are seen in certain forms of heart disease, in which the patient really fights for breath, is fully conscious, and smothers before one's eyes, and in cases which end in convulsions.

No adult wants to die. This applies to all dying people so long as they are conscious, including those in the last stages of incurable disease and those who have mortally injured themselves in attempted suicide. When they are assured that death is inevitable, most dying persons say resignedly that they are willing to die—but they always add that they would really like to live for a few years more. Those few years, they hint, are not desired for any pleasures they will bring. No. The men all need the time to arrange their affairs so that their loved ones will be secure, and the women, if married, all feel that their guidance is essential to their children. No matter; their noblest motives cannot increase their lives by one breath.

The manner in which most dying people learn that they are *in extremis* is by a sudden enlightening application of their own experience to their own cases. The doctor tells them that it would be wise for them to arrange their affairs; relatives from a distance, excessively hearty and cheerful, appear in the sick-room; a priest or preacher makes a solemn call. One man whom I nursed looked at an adopted daughter, married and living at a distance, who had suddenly walked in on him, shrieked horribly, and buried his head in the pillow, moaning: "Oh, I'm going to die! Helen's here! I'm going to die!" He would not greet her, he would not raise his head, he would not cease his lamentations. She had hysterics. He did die very soon.

In a prolonged, serious illness, the thought of death always rises in the patient and he asks his nurse what she thinks of his condition. I always tell my doomed patients that they are very sick, but that they will soon be better. They want to believe me and so they keep on hoping. I follow this course for two reasons. It makes a patient comfortable to believe that he will recover, and it makes it easier for me to take care of him. Once he knows definitely that he is on his death-bed, he usually breaks down completely and clings to his nurse in a despairing hope for a miracle. Mere existence at the absolute minimum of life—that is all he asks. It is not much—but it is more than he can have.

Dying people want their relatives at hand. They like to have them come and go and show concern. They do not like to have them always in the room, but they enjoy short visits. I suppose the reason is that while they know the world will go on smoothly without them, they want assurances that they have been important.

There is no real difference between the death of a rich man and that of a poor one. At the point of death, it is strictly true that all men are equal. There is, however, an interesting difference between the behavior of the relatives of the rich and those of the poor. The former put on a show, and act as though the sun were permanently veiled, whereas the latter are quieter. The probable reason for this is that poor people feel the death of a member of the family more keenly than do the rich; their concern is based on their material need and its unavoidable mutual sacrifices. They are really impressed with their loss; rich people try to impress themselves and others with their sensibility of it.

Children, particularly young ones, merely die. If they are very sick, they want to die. Normal women never expect to die in childbirth, for most of the mothers they know have survived; a woman who fears death in labor is a neurotic.

Lingering suicides never want to die. I am most familiar, among them, with women who have poisoned themselves because of unhappiness caused by men. They are usually between nineteen and twenty-five years old and I think they are mostly mental incompetents. They take a few pills in anger at some man, but they don't want to die; they can't believe that the pills will really kill them. They hope to be ill enough to make the man suffer and promise what they want, and then they want to get well. When they find that they are to die they are frantic. They always insist on their great love for the man in the case, because they refuse to admit that a man for whom they are dying is not worthy of the deepest kind of regard. They always wish they had not taken poison, but they always feel justified; they never think their course is silly or useless.

If a moribund person has been ill for a long time, he sometimes formulates and delivers what are popularly known as his last words. These take the form usually of an exhortation to take care of some member of the family. Wives frequently urge their husbands, regardless of the number and age of their children, not to remarry. The reason they most often give for this request is that they do not want their children to have a stepmother. Men seldom refer to or seem to think of a possible marital successor. Their last words almost always concern money matters.

The dying are seldom eager to say a great deal or to say it neatly and impressively. They show no sense of the need for haste in saying what they want to say. Their concerns are much the same as when they were well. No dying person has any of the detachment from worldly affairs that writers often attribute to them; they have no sense of the unreality of the world and they do not wonder at the concern of living people for worldly things. They themselves are just as much concerned with the things of life as the living.

A truly non-religious person dies with no apparent hope for or dread of the hereafter. He believes, and acts as if he believed, that when he is dead, he is dead all over. A truly religious person hates to die, but usually has faith that he will be with God, and eventually reunited with those he loves. The relatives of a non-religious person are usually buried in despair at his death. The relatives of a religious person, if they also have faith, hate to see him die, but they derive some consolation from the thought that they will all be together again. The balance seems to incline slightly toward religion.

A person whose lack of religion is tainted with belief is an ignoble spectacle at the point of death, as are also his relatives of a similar wobbly condition. They try to convince themselves that religion is of no consequence, and at the same time they resort to prayers and promises in the last desperate hope of a miracle. I have never had a Christian Scientist for a patient, but the mother of one of my patients who died was one. She seemed to feel much less grief than the usual mother and was perfectly willing to talk about her dead daughter, who, for her, had only passed on. Religious or non-religious, no dying person, at least in my experience, ever voices regrets for past errors or longs for a chance to retrieve past mistakes; all he longs for are more breaths and heart-beats.

Nurses and doctors appear callous to death, because their training leads them to express their concern for dying people in common-sense fashion, making them comfortable and easing their departure. This matter-of-fact but essential and kindly service looks unfeeling to the relatives of the dying person, because they cannot accept the fact of imminent death: they expect a miracle, and are outraged by the implicit declaration that it is impossible. They see the nurse at the high point of their sorrow, when she is, relatively, unaffected. But she is usually much more grieved by death than any casual nonprofessional observer would be, though she cannot mourn with the relatives of every one of her patients.

The death of a patient hurts a doctor. He has done all that he can to prevent it, and he can do no more; he feels defeated, and he wants to avoid all reminders of his defeat. It is necessary for him to avoid them if he is to remain confident and effective.

The patient whose death I most resented, and still resent, was a fat little girl, a year and a half old, the most appealing baby I have ever seen. She died of pneumonia. What hurts me most was that she already showed a big capacity for living and enjoying life, and yet she had no chance to live. Life, to be sure, is not an adventure in fairyland, but once she was born so well-equipped to live, it seemed grossly unfair that she should die before beginning.

In general, the deaths of children affect me much more sorely than do those of adults. They are helpless, they are tortured, they are uncomprehending, and they expect protection that it is impossible to give them. Before no matter how great a power, it is bitter to fail them.

I think about my own death as little as possible, but I have made myself believe that I should like to be ill for two or three days, knowing that death was near me, so that I could bring myself to a state of conscious willingness to die. I hate to think that I shall die unwillingly, but everyone else is unwilling to die, so I suppose that I too shall probably fight to remain and hate to accept the end.

THE COLLAPSE OF DEMOCRACY

BY ROWLAND A. EGGER

In the very hour of the triumph of the doctrine of democratic control as an axiom of governmental structure, democracy has collapsed as a philosophy. "The old ardent faith," writes Edward Sait, "is subsiding into mere conformity. Disillusionment marks a stage of experience in which democratic performance is contrasted with democratic promise, and assumptions that once passed without question are subjected to cool scrutiny and careful analysis."

The decline of democracy may be attributed to numerous causative factors. Probably among the more important must be placed the development of administration—of *Verwaltung*—at the expense of *Politik*. This, in turn, has doubtless been a result of the progressive proletarianization of the vast majority of the American population. Whether we like it or not, the bourgeois class is disappearing in the contemporary cosmos. In industry and commerce, the development of the corporate form of business enterprise has tended to eliminate the independent *entrepreneur*, and to increase markedly the ratio of employés to employers. In agriculture, the extent to which control of lands has passed to relatively large holders, and the consequent evolution of a landless serfdom of tenant farmers, has tended toward approximately the same results that are exhibited in industry.

Furthermore, the growth of the agricultural coöperative movement—which presages a corporate agrarian economy—indicates that the full implications of proletarianism have but barely begun to be realized in the very stronghold of individualism and independence. We are developing an agricultural proletariat of essentially the same economic power of the Russian peasant—but with probably less political capability. By and large, the independent landowner, merchant, or industrial artisan is disappearing as a quantitative factor in our socio-economic structure. This transition from bourgeois to proletarian conceptions has had as its concomitant an inevitable alteration in the accent of governmental activities. As Timascheff has said, in his "Grundzuge des Sovietrussischen Staatsrechts," "Legislation is the temple of the bourgeois state, and law is its idol; the temple of proletarianism . . . is administration, and labor its religion."

George Bernard Shaw once remarked that a government run by the people is as impossible as a theatre managed by the audience. This is but a pleasant way of saying that democracy is in inverse proportion to the importance of administration, and that as administration comes to be of primary consequence the machinery of popular government and control tend toward anachronism. As Clarence Heer has written, "With the steady progress of economic specialization, the individual loses more and more of his economic independence and is increasingly dependent for his livelihood on the functioning of a complex economic mechanism over which he can individually exercise little control. To insure the smooth working of this mechanism and to guard it against sabotage it is claimed that the activity of the state must be invoked to a greater and greater extent."

All this has involved the extension of state activity to include functions previously considered purely private. The performance of these functions involves no discovery of profound philosophical or social verities, nor the delineation of any new and broad principles of political policy. Even the original question of whether or not the new activity is to be undertaken is primarily a matter of economy and industrial efficiency, rather than of ethics, politics, or morals. Thus it is that by far the major portion of the activities of the state is now concerned with problems unrelated to the principles of democracy or republicanism, and completely outside the comprehension of representative assemblies. Of course, our representative assemblies, being primarily instruments of the Almighty and subject to divine guidance, have never realized this fact. There is never a time in the United States when

> . . . the House of Peers withholds
> Its legislative hand
> And noble statesmen do not itch
> To interfere with matters which
> They cannot understand.

But the essential stupidity of legislative interference is not ameliorated by such paranoiacism.

II

Among the important factors in the decline of the democratic dogma must be placed also the abandonment of the doctrine of the rationality of the *corpus politicum*. This democratic dogma is a direct inheritance from the rationalism of the Eighteenth Century. It may be derived from Utilitarianism or from the self-interest cosmology of Macaulay with equal facility.

Without incurring the necessity of defining democracy, one may say that the democratic dogma means simply that the people should rule. But why should the people rule? Not because they wield the physical forces of society which impart ultimate sanction to government; in this machine-gun and poison-gas era they rarely control any such persuasive factors. It is, we are told, because they know their own highest good. They act upon this knowledge of their own good, and are thus acquainted with the highest general good, which, because they necessarily follow the dictates of their intelligence, they will labor to effectuate. The doctrine involves a number of precarious assumptions—for example, that a knowledge of the highest general good follows from acting upon knowledge of the highest individual good—but we may restrict ourselves to a consideration of its fundamental assumption, the rationality of the political animal.

Now, the social product—or as Dr. Corwin insists, the algebraic sum—of this knowledge of the general good may be called the general will; we are already acquainted with it as public opinion. The dogma patently rests upon two premisses. The major premiss is that human thought is uniform. The minor premiss is that the correct principles of political reasoning have a universal compulsion upon that thought. The conclusion is inevitable: the application of the human intellect to political problems will give a result which is acceptable to, or rather is the *real* very own thought of, every reasoning being.

There is a pleasantness in the mathematical symmetry of this doctrine. No doubt it fell most delightfully upon the ears of those who were attempting to formulate a rational apology for what was essentially only a negation—a revolt against particular malfeasances of certain aristocrats. *Vox populi, vox Dei* may incline Dr. Munro to atheism, but it has induced a political mysticism that is more potent than logic and more compelling than experience. Too, it gives the Almighty a finger in the pie—always a brilliant *coup* in a wavering cause. And of course, the hyper-rational political animal never realized that the doctrine and the primary plank in its platform were in irreconcilable conflict.

Nor has the doctrine been without its able defenders. "If we are right in our interpretation of the state as the organ of the community," writes Dr. MacIver, "we must regard all states in which the general will is not active as imperfect forms." Again, "democracy," declaims Paul Kester, "like Christianity, of which it is only another form, [*salve Cannonismus, immaculatum ad hoc saeculo*] is a perfect and complete philosophy of life even more than it is a theory of government. . . . It is the best of the heart interpreted by the best of the head." Finally, "A group makes up its mind," wrote the late Dr. Cooley, "in much the same way that an individual makes up his. The latter must give time and attention to the question, search his consciousness for pertinent ideas and sentiments, and work them together into a whole before he knows what his thought is about a particular subject. In the case of a nation, the same thing must take place, only on a larger scale." Shades of Tom Hobbes! But let the Leviathan slumber.

It must not be understood, however, that the doctrine of the rationality of man, either individually or generically, has ever found complete acceptance. Behaviorism and Bergson belie the former; experience condemns the latter. "Forty millions, mostly fools," snarled the dyspeptic Carlyle. Lippmann, Wyndham Lewis, and H. G. Wells offer substantial confirmation. "The supply of fools on this planet," writes Dr. Will Durant, "is being replenished at the rate of two hundred every minute." The learned philosopher, having dedicated his life to the production of tomes for their consumption, should be heard with considerable authority on the subject.

"The thesis of the essential irrationality of the political animal," writes Dr. Corwin, in an urbaner tone, "has been, I will not say supported, it has been rendered inevitable, by the Darwinian biology. This is so for several reasons. The Darwinian doctrine of evolution by the slow accumulation of slight differences is necessarily hostile to any suggestion of sudden or brilliant change due to the intervention of mind. 'You cannot add one cubit to your stature by taking thought' is its motto, and this is just what Eighteenth Century political thought asserted could be done. There was, from the first, an irrepressible conflict between the two. Again, the Darwinian biology has stimulated the study of institutional origins. It is the mother of the modern science of anthropology, and the confirmation which anthropology lends to the assumption of man's rationality is, to say the least, not impressive. The study of taboo, totemism, primitive marriage customs and the like, does show, it is true, a sort of innate tendency [*sic*, remarks Dr. Watson] of the mind toward rationalization—but such rationalization! Fear, superstition, unalloyed silliness are its ingredients!"

Le Bon, in his "Psychologie politique," summarizes the democratic process as a struggle of phantoms and political leadership as mastery of the marionettes. Sombart, in his "Moderne Kapitalismus," expresses the same idea. But the anti-intellectualist position probably has been most accurately summarized by Edmund Burke. "Politics," he wrote, "ought to be adjusted not to human reasoning, but to human nature; of which reason is a part, but by no means the greatest part." There is a descriptiveness and objectivity in these points of view which even a scientific fundamentalist, such as Geiger in "Die Masse und Ihre Aktion," is unable effectively to assail.

Where then, are the universality of intellect and the compelling principles of correct thinking which the democratic dogma premisses? If we accept the seemingly inescapable fact that the *genus homo* does not always act upon reason, it follows that public opinion lacks the essentials of reality. In his delightful book, "The Phantom Public," Mr. Lippmann makes the point that the article being currently passed off as public opinion is actually a predigested array of stereotypes handed down by political manipulators. One need only reflect upon the technique of the average political campaign to be assured of the terrible accuracy of Mr. Lippmann's estimate.

Furthermore, even granting Demos the

power and inclination to rationalize about the stereotypes it receives, it is subject to the limitations of the categorical and impaled upon the picket of the undivided middle. It can say only yes or no, when as a matter of fact what it actually wants is neither or both. In the final analysis, all of which the generic man is capable is revolt when the oppression of his rulers becomes physically unbearable—as far as indigenous political activity is concerned. Is that what we mean by public opinion?

III

Another of the important results of the Power Age, for the purposes of the democratic cosmology, has been the regimentation and standardization of human activity which it has necessitated. "Of necessity," writes Henry Ford, "the work of an individual workman most be repetitive—not otherwise could he gain the effortless speed which makes low prices and earns high wages. Some of our tasks are exceedingly monotonous, but then, also, many minds are monotonous. Many want to earn a living without thinking, and for these men a task which requires no brains is a boon."

At the same time, what about the people with brains who are filling repetitive jobs? The psychological concomitant of the process in which they are engaged has established a mind-set which makes democracy, even though they were inclined toward rationalization, as remote as the stars. Frederick Taylor once remarked that: "The ideal of efficiency in industry is to simplify the work to such a degree that it can be done by a trained gorilla." And it is perfectly obvious that the trained gorilla *motif*, once established, is very difficult of variation. Furthermore, the Power Age has tended to absorb, by virtue of the necessity of escaping its monotony, all other interests which, under a simpler economic environment, even the most ordinary person might develop. "When mechanized industry takes decisive effect," writes Vebner, ". . . the community lives from hand to mouth in such a way that its livelihood depends upon the effectual working of the industrial order from day to day."

This precariousness of existence has not gone without its effect upon the life and attitude of the worker. He is dissociated from the commodity which he produces. He has become a cog in a machine—nothing more. He is at the mercy of economic forces which he cannot control—which he cannot even understand. Is such an environment and state of mind conducive to the development of a sense of social responsibility—an essential characteristic of an active public opinion? Is it any wonder that all the worker's time off is spent in hunting thrills which release him from the monotony and dull fatigue of his job? Is there any reason why he should feel compelled to sit quietly and cogitate upon the state of the Union?

The fact seems to be that democracy and politics offer none of the kick which is necessary in establishing the psychic balance against the fatigue of monotony. Gin does, jazz does, and speed does. Well, why not? For the purposes of the worker, one can well agree that an actress giving her interpretation of a Negro prostitute working up an assignation is more interesting than the problems of the flexible tariff. I have found it so even among university students, who are not engaged in monotonous occupations, and who rarely work under any circumstances.

Between the endless quest for release from monotony and the impossibility of developing a sense of solidarity or social responsibility, the probability of a public opinion is irretrievably lost. The factory has so conditioned the worker, and the office the stenographer, that they have lost the capacity for speculation or, in fact, for anything not comprehensible in terms of sensory stimulation. There is no time left—and more importantly, no inclination left—for politics, or the imponderables of the social order.

IV

The facetiousness of the doctrine of political equality among all men has been the subject of considerable comment. Harrington, in his "Oceana," noted the necessity of the identification of economic and political power in any system of *Staatslehre* making pretensions to reality. "Political folly does not matter much," says the American industrialist to Norman Angell. "We must give the people their circuses, the illusion of rule; let them have the ritual of the vote, but it does not have any effect really. It is the organization of business and industry which has made this nation the most economically and socially comfortable and secure in the world. The politicians have had no part in it except to occasionally hamper the work."

In the early history of the Republic, Harrington's doctrine received at least tacit recognition, despite the bland phrases of the Grand Seigneur of Monticello. Those who had and those who ruled were admittedly identical; I am not aware that subsequent development substantively has altered that condition. The changes have been primarily procedural. At the same time, the development of historical institutions in their original patterns—patterns which in their inception were not only not vicious but doubtless essentially equitable—has resulted in the creation of a superstructure of representative machinery which bears not the remotest relation to the real sources of political power. The invisible government—the liaison organizations which establish contact and responsibility between economic and political activity—has only today come to light because only yesterday were economic and political power formally dissociated. The lobby is not the instrument of a new conception of the relations of economics and politics so much as it is a new machinery for the performance of a task as old as the political order.

Nor have the full implications of this readjusted relationship been completely realized. "When the common man left his cottage and his shop for the factory," writes Stuart Chase, "he lost his economic independence. He gave up his own tools and operated tools owned by somebody else. He ceased to control his own time and his own job." Having ceased to control these factors, he ceased to control the instrumentalities by which his right to continued existence is secured, and thereby ceased his existence as a free agent. In the final analysis, man boils down to his body, his mind, his job, and his shirt, with his job as the matter of primary consequence. In none of these is there equality, and only in mind is there any possibility of freedom in the absence of economic liberty. Therefore, for the man who has not there is but one alternative. He may die, but he cannot escape serfdom if the atoms which compose his carcass retain their present unique relationships. Of course, liberty in this sense is only relative; strictly speaking, all people are slaves, even those who rule. Their power depends upon the relationship which they are able to sustain to the machinery of production.

In a very stimulating essay written over two decades ago, Hilaire Belloc called attention to the development of what he termed the servile state. In it he envisioned ultimately the evolution of the present unstable, inefficient, and insecure capitalistic régime to an objective entirely dissimilar to the collectivist solutions which were currently proposed, but equally at variance with the democratic cosmos. He contemplated the outright unification of the forces of the state with the economic forces of capitalism to secure "the establishment of compulsory labor among an unfree majority of non-owners for the benefit of a free minority of owners."

Without agreeing unreservedly with Mr. Belloc, it is not too much to say that the development which he prophesied has assumed an aspect of essential reality. "The very legislation that is designed to improve the lot of the masses," writes Sait, in summarizing the arguments of Belloc, "—employers liability laws, insurance against sickness and unemployment, old-age pensions, the minimum wage—carries with it an implication of servitude. The state guarantees to the proletarian, as the master did to his slave, sufficiency and security; and the next step—already foreshadowed in the attitude of the state toward its own employés—will lead it to impose the obligation to work."

The contemporary problem, in fact, is not one of reviving popular interest or of securing a vital public opinion. We have asked too much of the *corpus politicum*, and we may as well relegate our illusions of grandeur about it to the limbo of political adolescence. Besides, as Dr. Corwin has noted, "*similia similibus curantur* never did mean—until the excellent Hahnemann happened to run across this tag-end of Latin somewhere—that an ailment was to be cured by taking more of it, but only that when a substantially similar disease to the one just cured is met with, like remedies should be employed." He admits, however, that the doctrine in its popular interpretation "has received justification in certain instances, *e.g.*, Italy and Spain, where, applied as a vaccine, the democratic virus has at last produced an apparently complete immunity."

Let "R. U. R." throw off its fantastic unreality; as far as the generic man is concerned, the robot *has* revolted. The problem is, as Stuart Chase insists, to keep the roboteers from destroying themselves and everybody else with the power which lies under the control of a relatively few hands. "I see before us," writes Mr. Chase,

> three alternatives. We can drift with the tide as at present. We can officially adopt some simple formula like "government by business" or "state socialism," and thus attempt to run a dreadnaught with a donkey engine. Or we can face the full implications of the machine. . . . The fruits of a wise dictatorship must somehow be achieved. What that dictatorship will be I have no clear idea. Perhaps a super-trust, coordinating all big business in corporate form, and undertaking the task for a flat 8% on its own new issues, in which all other corporation stocks and bonds of vital value will be funded. . . . Perhaps a group of embattled technicians will come to the fore organized along the lines of Mr. Wells' open conspiracy. . . . Perhaps a very strong, theoretically constitutional President, with a compact congressional majority back of him—something on the order of Mr. Woodrow Wilson during the war. . . . If we do not like these terms—and most of us do not—well and good. The machine continues to revolve in its own race-track, breeding and expanding according to laws which we do not even understand; unbroken and untamed. While we continue as best we may to dodge the wheels of its orbit . . . until sometime within the next generation a lesion so unbelievably drastic impends that we may be forced to accept these terms, however reluctantly; until, indeed, a practical dictatorship is thrust upon us.

V

With this horrible spectacle before us, let us take pause. I confess that I have no nostrum for the solution of the difficulty in which I have enmeshed myself. Like our generic man, I find the fatigue of monotony pressing heavily upon me. I hope Mr. Chase is correct. The cataclysm which he predicts will be a soirée worth attending. I shall hope to be invited. This, of course, is only personal.

At the same time, it is evident that something is happening to democracy. I make no pretensions to understanding exactly what or how. This much is patent. There is adequate reason for doubting the capacity of contemporary democratic institutions to cope with the problems which doubtless will confront them in the full fruition of the Power Age. We are creating an environment in which many private individuals are accumulating more power than it is well for any man to have. The tragedy of a breakdown in the machinery of contemporary existence is too horrible to be contemplated. We have become creatures of a mechanized environment to a degree which few realize. We have created an entirely new scheme of economic, social, and moral values, which is contingent upon the revolution of the wheels of industry and commerce. On the whole, the decline of popular interest in politics has been to the advantage of *Verwaltung* to approximately the same degree in which it has enervated and devitalized *Politik*. At the same time, there is little reason to believe that an uncontrolled bureaucracy will be better able to meet the demands of the Power Age than a muddling and helpless democracy.

Furthermore, it is evident that business and government must be articulated with much more intimacy than the present extra-legal and entirely informal system permits. I cannot even suggest how this might be accomplished. Functional representation of the sort now in practice is little better than a regulated lobby, and the task of coordinating the interests of oil, steel, coal, and cotton is not attempted. As Mr. Chase insists, this is essentially the problem in coping with the demands of the Power Age.

The adjustment of these relationships doubtless may involve the modification or relinquishment of many of our ideas of liberty and democracy. I do not press the point. With Bacon, "I like better that entry of truth which comes peaceably with chalk to mark up those minds which are capable to lodge and harbor it, than that which cometh with pugnacity and contention." This much is evident; we have created within the government forces more powerful than the government itself. The hour will come when these forces will conflict, and if, at that time, constitutional niceties and outworn creeds are recited the result may well be catastrophe for ourselves and our machine civilization. We have no king to call in a Mussolini, and thus to stop the march on Rome. I make no predictions except that adjustment will have to be made. It may be attenuated or it may be in crisis. I hope for the former; I fear the latter.

And if, finally, we are compelled to capitulate, the event doubtless will not be an unmitigated tragedy. There are, in fact, many good things to be said for the decline of democracy. It marks the end of the facetious doctrine of "a government of laws." Again, it permits the development of a distinct social stratification which will ease the agony of social intercourse and enhance the evolution of a healthy and vigorous economic and political aristocracy. Thus, we may eventually procure government of the people and for the people of a far superior quality to the contemporary government "by the people." *La carrière ouverte aux talents!*

The most compelling virtue of this exodus of the democratic dogma, however, is the ease with which it has been inaugurated, and, if cleverly manipulated, may be brought to conclusion. We may retain our Constitution, we may keep our prejudices, we may harbor our illusions, and we may continue to be amused and exalted by the shadow boxing and the dumb show of democratic institutions. The Bloodless Revolution was a gory *mêlée* in comparison with the finesse with which aristocracy is being formally reestablished in the United States. From Gary to Gastonia, the hardships incident to the metamorphosis have been uniformly negligible; less than four score years ago the Republic literally reeked in blood over developments not half so revolutionary.

André Siegfried, in criticizing the American constitutional system, was impelled to remark upon the governmental genius of the American people, attributing to it the success of a system otherwise utterly unworkable. In fact, the real genius of the *corpus politicum* which glorifies and exalts the Republic lies in its capacity to allow the very fundamentals of its governmental system to be adapted to the necessities of a changing economy without so much as ruffling the surface of its institutional facet—indeed, without even becoming aware that such changes are going on.

THE AMERICAN DWELLING-HOUSE

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

When a man builds a house for himself, says a contemporary French critic, he is not content with a building: he seeks to create a poem. The dwelling-house is the last romantic place of refuge, the last portion of the environment wherein a man can express himself, and fulfill his personality, and live after the manner of his dreams.

But what poetry! what dreams! Putting to one side the majority of the population, condemned to live in the ramshackle flats of Boston, the mean tenements of New York, the orderly rabbit-hutches of Philadelphia, the slum-bungalows of the Middle West, to say nothing of niggardly farmhouses all over the country—what remains is still unsatisfactory. The poems are hackneyed, labored, above all lacking in sincerity; not one house in a thousand has been thought out in all its relationships. Perhaps it would clear the atmosphere a little if we dropped the notion that a house should express personality, and began to consider it in terms of its essential functions. A fresh-water bath of rational criticism would clean off the barnacles that sloppy feeling and misdirected interest have allowed to accumulate on the bottom of the subject.

It will be easiest to define the modern point of departure if we think back a generation to the old-fashioned house—that vast, roomy, formidable building which either made one of a row of deep buildings in New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, or stood alone in spacious ugliness in such Middle Western cities as Cleveland.

That old-fashioned house was exceedingly rudimentary in its functions and very complicated in its ornamental detail. In Winter it was heated by hot air; at least a part of the house got some of the heat. The kitchen contained a self-sufficient coal range. The bathtub had only recently become a necessity, and the toilet had but a generation before entered the interior of the house. The paving in front, and the various street connections, were all simple and elementary, even in the city; in the country the cesspool was still an innovation. With these elementary facilities for service, such a house should have been an easy one to live in; but the exact opposite was true, for it existed, not to shelter the inhabitants, but to mark the status of the owner in society, and all the economies of its crude working elements were destroyed by the débris of decoration under which every nook and corner groaned.

The floors were covered by carpets, laid over wadded paper; the fifteen-foot ceilings terminated in elaborate cornices of plaster; the mantel-shelf was covered with bric-a-brac, and the hearth contained a dusty bouquet which might have been burned with profit had the flues been capable of working. In proportion as the wealth and prestige of the owner grew, more and more of the space was taken up by elegant dust-collectors, regarded as objects of art and beauty. Writhing in curley-cues, bitten with random indentations, the furniture retained dust in a hundred crevices, and added thereto the luxury of superfluous ugliness, while the washing of the crystal chandelier, the sweeping of the carpets, the periodic cleaning of the china closet and curio cabinet, were all Sisyphean operations which broke the backs and the hearts of a whole generation of decent menials. This house had, from the standpoint of today, only one virtue: in spite of its clutter and litter it was still spacious. There was space to breathe in, if not room to move around in. But owing to fantastic notions as to what constituted hominess, comfort, and beauty, such houses were little better than kitchen middens, and the amount of useless labor they entailed upon generations of housewives and servants makes one gasp and sweat to think about.

The old-fashioned house was undermined by three different factors. The first of these was the gradual development of taste. Strange as it may seem, this cause was the first to operate, for it came into existence during the eighties, partly through the influence of a few distinguished architects like Richardson and his pupil, Stanford White, and partly because of the impression made by craftsmen like William Morris, and popularizers of Ruskinian ideas like Oscar Wilde, who made a tour of America and spoke audaciously on the subject. A little later Gustav Stickley, the founder of the *Craftsman* magazine, brought to the design of houses and furniture a certain sobering sense of reality which, if it rarely achieved beauty, still served as a thrust against the aimless debauchery of house-design since the forties.

Taste was, and still is, largely a negative influence with us; but it had the happy effect of inexorably ruling out, one by one, the sentimental dew-jigs, the auction room bric-a-brac, the multiplicity of bad reproductions and fatuous engravings that were once the authentic symbols of domesticity. Charles Richards, our foremost authority on industrial art, is in the habit of illustrating this change by two pictures, one of a Smith girl's dormitory in the eighties, filled with flags, mottoes, samplers, and sheer junk, and the other of such a room today, with little in it but the necessary chairs, lamps, brightly colored walls, and perhaps an occasional print or two.

The second limitation that helped ruin the old-fashioned house was the difficulty of obtaining menial service. Our perverse conception of the dwelling as something between an auction room and a museum was carried on the backs of servants; without them, the elegance and the ugliness would have been alike impossible. Like modern soldiers, these wretches were brought up to the battlefront of domesticity with little training, if any; kept dusting and scouring and oiling and scrubbing and climbing until they were exhausted, or, in vain rebellion, looked for lighter work in homes of their own, and when they were unfit for service their ranks were filled by fresh levies of gullible recruits from Ireland, Germany, or Sweden. Occasionally, growing daughters, in the more modest homes of America, were used as substitutes for the menial; certainly, the heroic task of keeping the old-fashioned home moderately fit to live in was nothing for anyone to achieve single-handed.

The rebellion of growing daughters and what has been called for two generations the servant problem came at about the same time; in addition, as the American family became smaller, the overhead of domestic service became disproportionate; and it needed only the restriction of immigration through the war and later legislation, from 1914 onwards, to raise menial service into the ranks of a luxury. People who always kept a cook and a maid were forced to reduce their establishment to a single domestic; and those who managed before with one now relied only on sporadic help.

The old-fashioned house could not survive this constriction: when the maid went, a good part of the furnishing perforce went with her. What taste was achieving in slow stages, economics forced upon the home with a peremptory gesture. The question became, not How much can we show? but How much can we put in the attic or the junk-heap and still keep our status and station intact in the eyes of the neighbors? If sentiment acted as a brake, necessity was an accelerator.

Finally, a third element, perhaps more

exacting and relentless than either of the other two, corrupted the old-fashioned home; this was the steady development of technical devices for enabling the various branches of housework to be done more expeditiously or efficiently. Along with this, went a general industrialization of household equipment: heating, cooling, refrigeration, cooking, washing, lighting, sanitation, and, with the introduction of the telephone and the radio, communication with the outside world, broke down the rough-and-ready domesticity of the past. On the one hand, a new array of soaps and chemicals to remove dirt; on the other, mechanical devices for keeping rooms at even temperature or disposing of waste. In the traditional house good design required, for instance, that windows should be reduced in size to the minimum needed for light and ventilation, since hot-air-heating was incapable of coping with the leakage through large window surfaces in cold weather. Such considerations may not be altogether ignored in an economic design today; but they are no longer imperative. So, too, the old-fashioned icebox was usually separated from the kitchen; today, with the invention of more effective insulating materials, and with the domestic manufacture of ice through electricity or gas, the refrigerator becomes an inevitable part of the kitchen.

II

Since such utilities were introduced and absorbed, one by one, into the modern house, over a considerable period of years, their influence upon construction and design was never properly analyzed or appraised. So far as I know, the first person who attempted it was Henry Wright, who five years ago, in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, published a series of graphs and diagrams which showed that the amount spent on mechanical utilities had risen from almost zero in 1800 to from 10% to 25% of the total cost of housing—and was still rising. None of the other costs has gone down; on the contrary, they have all gone up in about the same proportion as other commodities: so it is obvious that this extra 25% must be "found" somewhere, all the more because such inside utilities as electric lights and bathrooms need expensive outside connections with lighting mains and sewers; and though the owner may be unaware of it, these costs enter into both the original price and the upkeep.

Mr. Wright suggested that the change had been met in two ways. One was by a process of consolidation: that is, by putting a number of households under one roof, in the multi-family or the apartment house, and so decreasing the cost of pipes and connections and cellar and roof per unit. In brief, our mechanical improvements tended to improve the free-standing single-family house, known to song and story, out of existence, even in little towns and suburbs where there was no shortage of cheap land. The other was by a shrinkage in the cubic contents of a house: the fifteen-foot ceiling gave way to the eight-foot ceiling, and families that had once luxuriated in nine or ten rooms somehow contrived to coop themselves up into five or six, with a corresponding diminution of space all along the line. Space disappeared. Instead of elbow room, the new house had labor-saving devices, slick mechanical contraptions. If one corrects for income and the value of the dollar, the total rise in the cost of housing during the last fifty years has not been as portentous as the radical re-distribution of these costs. The mechanical house, within a generation, had worked havoc with the sentimental house; the budget schedule had cruelly defaced the poem.

The mechanical utilities which now characterize the modern house have not yet been rigorously appraised for their several contributions to life-efficiency. Let us examine the positive gains that have been made. First, these devices have partly transferred the burdens of housekeeping from the back of a human being to the indifferent shoulders of a machine; in fact, the constriction of domestic service would have created a really serious situation if such mechanical auxiliaries had not taken up the task at the point where the vanishing menial put it down. Some of these aids have succeeded more than others. The automatic oil or gas furnace is far more effective in relieving labor than, say, the vacuum cleaner, although the latter promotes efficiency and hygiene when applied to the old-fashioned house. Again, the indirect result of mechanical improvements, namely, that they have decreased the amount of space in a house, is not altogether a matter for weeping and regret, for every reduction in the area of floors to be swept or polished, or to be traversed in answering the door or the telephone, or in cooking dinner, is a reduction of labor. The constriction becomes annoying only when one endeavors to maintain the habits, tastes, standards, forms of life which went with the old-fashioned house.

Both the house and the apartment today, it is pretty plain, are merely transitional types. The changes that have been effected in them have been forced from the outside, without sufficient imaginative effort to meet and mold them. It is this final stage in the relation of need and desire that we must now enter. The modern houses which we grudgingly accept and attempt to soften and prettify must be transformed into something superb and creative in their own right—not a half-baked machine, still less a flimsy piece of imitation Spanish or Tudor, nor yet a pallid compromise between fading memories and new opportunities.

III

What is the modern house? The only way to define it is to ask ourselves what any house is in terms of its essential functions.

Primarily, a dwelling-house is a biological institution. At one time or another, to be sure, it has been made, by accident, to serve many other purposes: the nobleman's house has been fortified for warfare, the city tradesman's house has contained his shop and office, and the opulent financier's house has been a means of exhibiting his financial solvency or proud winnings. But when one strips away these excrescences, and asks how the house differs from the factory or the office, one sees that it is primarily a building equipped to serve the normal functions of nutrition and repair, reproduction, and the elemental care of the young. It is, to expand the definition, a place where food can be readily prepared and served, where the hygiene of the body can be attended to, where sleep may be secured with a minimum of friction and disturbance, and where—let us speak with medical rigor—the sexual act may be performed in privacy.

Sociability, entertainment, hospitality, complete the notion of the home; but they do not by themselves make the house. Various special institutions may, of course, take over one or another of these biological functions. The restaurant may specialize in food or the hospital in the care of the sick; but the place where these things are made commonly available for the mass of mankind is the dwelling-house. Anyone who doubts that we are dealing with a permanent institution has only to investigate the economics of housekeeping: no specialized institution that must reckon with physical overhead and wages, to say nothing of profits, can compete with the domestic communism of the house.

Once we accept the notion that biological functions create the norm of the house, problems of design that were once based upon taste or caprice must be treated within well-defined limits. The first question of all is orientation for sunlight and ventilation, and in every urban community this is a matter which rests, not so much with the individual builders as with the city plan. Above the tropical belt, good house design requires that a maximum amount of sunlight be permitted to enter the rooms, particularly those that are most constantly lived in—the kitchen, the living-room, and the children's nursery or play-room.

This is a point where almost all our present architecture, in one fashion or another, falls down. The city apartment is, alas! usually surrounded by other high buildings which cut off the free circulation of air and block a good part of the sunlight, and even the suburban apartment wantonly wastes its opportunities because the builder continues to overcrowd the land—without the shadow of a serious economic excuse. Genuine sun-porches are still mythical; yet ten minutes' exposure naked to sunlight is probably worth a whole day's exposure with clothes on; and the architect who does not incorporate a private sun-porch in his plan need not pride himself upon his cleverness in the kitchen. It may be that the problem will remain architecturally insoluble in our congested centers until we drop our false modesty and face nakedness itself as cheerfully as we have faced the rapid approach to it in women's dresses; at all events, whether the solution be in the realm of building or etiquette, we must include it in the programme of the modern house.

Exposure to the sun is a vital matter, particularly to children, and above all in the Winter; but in our torrid Summers, clear up to Maine, the capital problem is a different one, namely, how to temper the heat and secure an adequate circulation of air. Artificial refrigeration, such as is now provided in many moving-picture houses, is a very doubtful domestic expedient; when one leaves the cooled quarters to return to the superheated air of an August day, the result is not merely disgusting but dangerous. Summer ventilation depends upon two things: the provision of gentle drafts, partly by exposure to the prevailing winds, supplemented on still days by fans or blowers, and the provision of shade trees and foliage which absorb the heat without re-radiating it to the extent that stone and asphalt do. The problem here is to reduce the amount of paving about the house to the lowest possible point. Fortunately, good community planning demands exactly the same thing, since domestic streets should be wide enough only for service and access, not for through traffic.

Trees and gardens thus become an essential part of the environment of the modern house. In addition to their beauty and the pleasure of their cultivation, they perform a mechanical function with an exquisite automatism that no manufactured device can begin to compete with, and in the matter of costs, they win hands down. A house deprived of trees and gardens is no more a modern house than a house deprived of sunlight: the notion of introducing concrete shrubbery and green tiles, which certain French and American architects have dallied with, falls down, not for æsthetic reasons, but for more fundamental mechanical and physiological ones. The leader of the European modernists, Le Corbusier, is, I am happy to say, in agreement with this position.

With these criteria in mind, it is plain that much of our modern urban housing is obsolete before it is finished: obsolete and inefficient. No modernist façade can conceal these vital deficiencies.

IV

If the biological house is first of all a sun-house, it is at the same time a playhouse. Without facilities for play, without floors that can be danced upon, without a room for children's games and constructions, without an external playground for ball and gymnastics, the house would be as incomplete as a furnace without a flue. Curiously, most Americans are under the delusion that they have provided sufficiently for play if they clutter up the once spacious back-yard or back-garden with a garage containing a car which will take the family on a weekly picnic, or permit the older members a little freedom of movement at night. That there should be space for spontaneous games and exercises, and that each house should have such space immediately about it, is scarcely remembered any more. The playground is an after-thought, and when it comes, it arrives by way of the school, rather than the house itself, and only by good fortune will it escape a dose of organized priggishness.

But plainly, the need for play affects both the inner design and the exterior relationships. Considered from within, the modern house, no matter how small, must not be chopped up into a number of small compartments, not one of which is large enough to permit more than the original family to gather in and move about in and dance. Nor, while Prohibition remains in force, may the modern house relinquish the cellar, although there is now current more than one clever expedient--the Flagg house, for example, and the house on a pedestal proposed by the Brothers Rasch in Germany and Buckminster Fuller in Chicago—to do away with the need for this expensive excavation. The great domestic industry of brewing and wine-making needs an apartment of its own for manufacture and storage; and the cellar, no longer entirely subterranean, is the obvious place for it.

Beside, the cellar has one further advantage: mid the order, compactness, neatness of the modern house at least one room should be sacred to the spirit of anarchy and insurrection; one place should remain where litter, disorder, the desire to accumulate useless mementos, will carry neither stigma nor burden. Where the economic means are sufficient, there is no reason why this should not be a separate room; indeed, if memory serves me, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright has at least once provided such a repository for Grandmother's walnut furniture, dear Uncle Alfred's toupee, and the champagne corks that were popped on the night that the last century died; but at least, for the present, the cellar must be preserved. It is not without point that it should be the last refuge of freedom.

The old-fashioned house, the show house, insisted upon the inviolacy of each room. The parlor remained a parlor for "best occasions"; each other room kept itself to itself. The play-house demands space; and in demanding it, is more willing to have one large room serve three purposes than to perform three separate functions quite inadequately in three separate rooms. Outdoors, space again is the chief requirement for play; and except for a narrow group of rich people, it cannot be obtained even in a small place like "Middletown" without combining individual portions of land and creating common areas under certain provisions for common care and upkeep. The modern house, in other words, cannot solve its major problems by itself. This applies not alone to sunlight and play areas; it applies equally to such essential matters as quiet sleep; and in such functions as have been taken over by the community, education for example, it is only by community planning that the daily walk to school can be saved from the nightmare of automobile accidents.

No longer is the modern house four walls and roof on a patch of ground: it has become the nucleus of communal and domestic services with connections and filaments throughout the rest of the community. Its isolation cannot be preserved; its self-sufficiency is a myth. To achieve the results of individualism it cannot escape the duties of coöperation. Today no one can build an adequate house who does not also take pains to create an adequate community. The failure to emphasize this fact is one of the little jokers in the Own-Your-Own-Home Movement. (There are others.)

V

Let us now consider the interior. How shall we decorate the modern house? Pardon: there is one question that comes before this; namely, how shall we keep it clean?

Where shall we find an answer to this question? The best answer I know is to be found in the modern hospital, where the question is of major importance. Examine that solution. First of all, the floor must be made of a compact, resilient material that can either be washed or waxed: this allows a wide latitude, ranging from the well-laid hardwood floor of ancient usage through cork strips, linoleum, and in warmer climates brick or tile. What place has a rug on the floor of a modern house? The rug performs a function in only two places; one is the living-room, where as a sort of picture on the floor it provides a spot on which to focus one's gaze, either when alone or when one does not wish to look directly into the faces of one's companions; the other place is in the bedroom, where, before one finds one's slippers, the rug breaks the chill of leaving a warm bed.

The next characteristic of the hospital solution is in the baseboard, no longer a succession of moldings, but a strip of hard material, tile or cement composition, meeting the floor in a rounded corner. Since the molded baseboard is merely a relic of classical Georgian ornament, we may cheerfully bid it good-bye. Its sole decorative value now is as a band of color, and in a concrete house it would disappear altogether. The same criticism applies to the door. The flat-surfaced hospital door, of variously laminated woods, or at its simplest, with painted surface, has decorative possibilities quite as great as the old-fashioned panelled door. In lightening the labor of cleaning and dusting we are not committed to utilitarian anesthesia: we are rather opening the path for fine and intelligent design.

We now approach the walls, and we do this with trepidation. At whatever extra cost, it is preferable that these walls should be soundproof and fireproof, if there are neighbors on the other side of them. If they are of well-laid brick and if their color is effective, one may leave them in this state; but if the brick or stone or tile or composition must be backed with lath and plaster, then we must walk very carefully indeed. The plasterer and the architect, with exquisite ingenuity, have lately invented or resurrected a whole host of smears and scratches and blobs to be executed in stucco or plastic paint; and, dust and dirt and the fine fabrics of women's clothes being what they are, we must use them with great discrimination. A close-textured surface and a dull finish are the desiderata of a good wall: reflection without high lights. Certain woods serve admirably for this purpose; but since panelling lies outside the purse of most of the population, we must be ready to accept a solution in plaster and paint, or in certain limited cases, in washable wall paper. Naturally, there are no panels or cornices; the ceiling, too, is unbroken unless the wood or the concrete can be integrated in the pattern of the room.

As far as the constitution of the room is concerned, we have now solved the problem of cleanliness: the daily dusting of six such chambers need take but half an hour at the utmost. But this solution may well be upset as soon as furniture is introduced; and our houses would not only look better but keep better if each time one wished to add a chair, a table, a stool, a smoking-stand, one asked oneself, How many minutes will this add to the burden of cleaning? The answer does not merely depend upon the number of pieces: it depends also upon the individual design. I am sure that our furniture would suffer nothing, but on the contrary would gain, by the general establishment of a rigorous standard of labor and hygiene. Automatically a good part of "period" furniture, designed before the status of servants had improved, would disappear; and our manufacturers would have to rely upon fine materials and intelligent adaptation, instead of upon tricks and weird stratagems and fake stylicisms.

Obviously, I am not suggesting the establishment of hygienic rules as the sole standard of taste. Proportion, fitness, accurate workmanship, color, total form, will count for as much as ever: the point is that the requirements of labor and hygiene would establish a minimum standard. Finishes that scratch or flake easily, metal that must be polished frequently, laminations or inlays that crack perilously at the first desiccation of steam-heating—all these things must be excluded from modern decoration. The minimum standard has already been applied in the bathroom and the kitchen; and the results are admirable.

Remembering all the expensive mechanical utilities we have introduced into our cramped quarters, we must find a way of expanding our rooms without raising the total cost of the house. The only way of achieving this, except by practicing magic, is to make every available room perform more than one function. Instead of two small rooms, each of which remains idle 50% of the day, let us have one large room that works both day and night; and in order to take advantage of this combination, let every fixture in the room be as flexible as possible. There are limitations to this programme, for certain rooms must remain specialized; but we can go a long way without reaching them.

To make a room perform more than one set of functions, one must consider both construction and decoration together. In England it is the practice to build houses for workmen and middle-class people without any built-in fittings; hence the bedroom discloses itself as such, no matter what the character of the bed, by reason of the fact that it will contain a wardrobe: similarly, the dining-room will contain a china closet. Once the character of a room is so established, there is no possibility of turning it to more than one function without obviously resorting to makeshift. The real solution of the problem has gradually been approached by the American architect; and by a curious chance, he has reached it in quarters where neither crowding nor economy were necessary. Instead of permitting a dresser, let us say, to bulk out in a dressing-room, he arranges a set of drawers in a closet: not merely does he get it out of the way, but he makes it more dustproof than before. This principle is capable of being pushed much further. With the aid of sliding doors, a whole wall may be turned into a closet, neatly embracing a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and a clothes-rack; or, on a well-hung door, a dressing-table and stool may be brought out temporarily into the room and restored to the wall when needed.

By sacrificing thirty inches in the depth of a room, all the necessary utilities can be contained in a dust-proof closet, much easier to clean and keep in order than if they projected into the room. Our ingenuity has scarcely begun to work here. While our Puritan ancestors devised chairs that served as writing-desks and tables that became settles, almost the only contribution modern America has made is the bed that folds into a closet. In a highly cramped bedroom, this solution may occasionally be useful; but of all possible objects to stow away, a bed is the poorest candidate. For a well-constructed daybed is capable of performing twenty-four hour service; and to hide it in a closet two-thirds of the day is the height of uneconomic furnishing.

By the expedient just described we have done something more than robbed the room of its specialized character and made it available as a general workroom or gathering place during the day—permitting the bedroom to be also a living-room or the living-room to be a dining-room: we have increased the amount of apparent space. The effect of spaciousness in a room is created by decreasing the number of objects in it and reducing their size. In this department, too, hygiene and utility have the backing of æsthetics. One of the anomalies of present-day manufacture is that our furniture makers continue to be sublimely unaware that the actual living space of a modern urban family is highly embarrassed by their ostentatious products. The scale and general design of furniture must take into account this fact: a certain lightness and delicacy must be achieved, without of course sacrificing comfort or durability. At a recent exhibition, Kem Weber showed some dining-room chairs which had this quality; and one wishes it were achieved more often.

VI

So much for the programme of the modern house. I have been talking about sunlight, cleanliness, efficiency, space, hygiene, play; and I have dealt with these things as if I were ignorant of the fact that a home must be lovable and attractive as well as neat and efficient. Is there to be no decoration? Is life just to be a stale utilitarian formula? Is there no space then for personality, taste, for precious human intangibles? In short, shall there be no more cakes and ale? By no means: it is because all the biological requirements of the house must be met as preliminary to the robust development of the personality that I have been treating them first. They were forgotten in the old-fashioned show house, as completely as sexual intercourse and childbirth were forgotten in the Victorian novel; and in order to restore them to their true order of importance it has been necessary to overemphasize them a little.

Now, however, in the modern house, the eye may come into its own. If the house be well-set and the surrounding land well-gardened, the wide windows meant primarily for the sun will open each day on a new picture. Against the bare walls, the flowers drawn from the garden will gleam more vividly; or, if not flowers, then pictures, which will no longer be mistreated as spots on the wall, nor smothered in a clutter of irrelevant decorations; and if the owner has taste and means, both the flowers and the pictures will be changed frequently.

With the background stripped clean of every piece of meaningless ornament, the foreground will become more prominent: the body, the face, the dress of each inhabitant of the room will not be absorbed by the furnishings, but will stand out in fine relief. The chief forms of decoration in the modern house will be living things: flowers, pictures, people. Here is a style of interior decoration that perpetually renews itself and that never goes out of fashion, because it is inexhaustible, the stable patterns and colors of the furnishings sounding antiphonally against the dynamic patterns and colors of the occupants. For the modern house is not built for show but for living; and the beauty it seeks to create is inseparable from the personalities that it harbors. Modern decoration does not hide the personality behind a pretentious front of decoration: rather, it remains incomplete, until it is enriched by the presence of a human being. The old house was essentially institutional, for all its aimless freedom; the new house, despite its standardization, despite its rigorous design, has a greater respect for the uniqueness of personalities.

HAND-PRESS JOURNALIST

BY H. L. DAVIS

The editor of the cow-town weekly was a middle-aged man with a narrow black mustache that would have been saturnine if it hadn't looked run to seed, and a presence that carried with it an immense dignity and a flavor of printer's ink, benzine, paper-dust, and I. W. Harper Fine Old Sour Mash Whiskey. He wore a black sombrero and a stand-up collar, like a professional candidate for Congress, and, though he was below the average in height and limped from a touch of gout in one foot, he carried these things as if they were ornaments of his calling, which not everybody could have done. One would have expected him to be soured and tired of editing, which he had followed all his life without getting anything to show for it. But he not only believed in it, but, entirely by the simplicity of his conviction, he made all the townspeople believe in it too. None of them read the paper to find out whether it was worth editing or not.

I was the only living soul in the cow-town who had ever seen him drunk. That was because I worked for him. Every week, as soon as the paper was printed and in the mail, he adjourned to the backroom where we dumped the file-racks when they got full. It was a sad hole, with one dirty window and no furniture of any kind; but the dirt on the window kept people from looking through at him, and the cords of old newspapers were all the furniture he needed. When I came down to work Saturday morning, I would hear him breathing regularly, and look in.

He had built the old papers into a mattress and pillow on which he lay asleep. His black sombrero, string tie, stand-up collar and elastic-sided shoes were all set in a neat row along the window-sill within easy reach, and, also within easy reach, the hair of the dog in the form of a pint flask of Fine Old Sour Mash with three good drinks left in it. That in itself was enough to set him apart from everybody else. In the cow-town it was almost a matter of etiquette for a man on a drunk to blow in all his money, booze up all his credit, and then trapse timidly over the ground he had carpeted with dollars, bumming pick-me-up drinks in the name of charity.

It was also the usual thing for a man on a jag to want witnesses. The drunker, the sociabler,—that was a rule of conduct which the men of the town bowed to and obeyed principally because they didn't know how else to act. But the editor did know. One of his responsibilities was to act like an editor, and so, when he got drunk, he hid from everybody and slept it off quietly on stacks of newspapers, all written, edited and printed by himself.

Not all the files were of the same paper. He had carried about the country all the files of all the newspapers he had ever run, and some of the elements of his couch carried the names of towns that had ceased to exist even as water-holes. It would have been impossible to find out what kind of towns they had been; but, upon what they had intended to become, the files themselves testified in big letters, in the names of the newspapers. A mining-settlement had been served up with the *Weekly Prospector*. The center of some caved-in hydraulic project had nurtured the *Inland Irrigator*. The *Buzz-Saw* had obviously kept the record of some lumbering community, and one could surmise that some crossroads post-office had been pulling for a railroad-junction with the *Weekly Headlight*.

But there was an apparent inconsistency in the name he had picked for the cow-town paper. It was neither the *Round-Up* nor the *Weekly Slick-Ear*, nor anything that had anything to do with the stock business in any of its phases. The consistency, however, was really there. He named his papers, not from the industry the communities lived on, but from the one he hoped they would change to. The cow-town paper on which he pillowed his head was the *Coloniſt*. He laid his cheek against it, breathing firmly and regularly as if caressing it, in the manner of one who had picked it from among all the others, his monuments of exploded hopes and wasted work, as the one that he could still fondle and trust. There wasn't much dignity about him, seen so, and still less when one remembered what a slim prospect the *Coloniſt* actually was; but there was wistfulness, and the difference between him and the townspeople was as great as ever.

It was only at such times that he showed any such thing. When he got his collar and shoes on, his sombrero perched, all his buttons notched up, the door to the file-room locked and the files dismissed from his mind, his state was beyond softness of any kind. Perhaps it was because his front was so regal that he had to let down with a lonely brannigan once a week to be able to stand up under it.

On the street, he was rigid, sonorous and preoccupied. He had his stand-up collar and a pot belly, both of which, in such a town at that date—1906—were almost curiosities. He wore a coat at all seasons, with a wad of copy-paper in a side-pocket to note people's names on. He remembered names badly, or pretended to for dignity. He called everybody Mr. Uhwhah, whether it was a bartender whom he saw every day of his life or a strange teamster so green from the High Desert that he thought the Washington hand-press was a rig for turning out rolled barley for horse-feed. A lifelong bachelor, he was so mortally shy of women that he would print anything they brought in, even enormously long obituary poems, rather than go through the embarrassment of arguing with them, whereas all the other single men in the country let their heads run on the conquest and bedevilment of women when they ought to have been attending to their chores and preparing for the Hereafter.

II

There was nothing inconsistent about this mixture; but it was hardly to be expected that any of the townspeople would understand it. They didn't even try to. The editor's work was not ordinary work; the language he spoke and wrote had nothing to do with their everyday sociable news-swapping; he dressed and carried himself like a man of whom formality in clothing and carriage was a duty; he got drunk by himself instead of making it an occasion to hunt up a crowd and show off. He was set apart. Even his pot belly and the printer's ink on his vest would have been enough to invest him with strangeness.

Not that this strangeness bothered him. On the contrary, he liked it, claiming it made people pay more attention to what a man wrote. That was what he told me one morning when he halted on his way out to advise me about a career for myself. My future was something of a stock subject with him. He discussed it with indulgent concern, which was as close to friendly intercourse as he seemed able to get. I mustn't be misled, he cautioned, by people's apparent indifference to journalism. They didn't show interest, but it wasn't because they lacked it. They were simply too ignorant. They imagined a newspaper bloomed of itself, like a larkspur, without requiring any work. But it wasn't that way everywhere. There were countries, and plenty of them, too, where editors were esteemed. Editors in places like that could amount to something. They could become men like Horace Greeley and——

He named others whom I had never heard of. Some of them I have found out about since. One was Ed Howe. It seems very early for Howe to have been pointed as an example, but I am absolutely certain that he was on the list. So was Bill Nye.

"You might be like one of them," he said. "Not here, of course, the way this country is now. It's too new. But maybe, by the time you're big enough to be an editor, it will have changed. . . . If you don't grow too fast, that is."

He took a look at the printing-office layout, thinking, no doubt, less of my career than of his own. There was reason enough to feel ironical about it, considering how much too fast he had grown. Yet irony was not one of his habits. That morning he was fresh from sleeping on the stacked files of his busted newspapers, and the pick-me-up hadn't started to work. Ordinarily he felt brighter, and talked of the cow-country as a place whose destiny as a wonderland might be expected almost any week.

He talked that way when the harness-maker, who was also town marshal, stopped in to announce that he was rolling his blanket to leave. The editor sat him down and told him he was running away from his own future. He had stood all the discomforts of the new country, and made himself a place on the ground floor, so to speak. And now he purposed moving away and leaving it for somebody else.

"How do you know it'll take a long time coming?" the editor demanded. "You mark my prophecy, Mr. Uhwhah, you'll repent this move of yours! This country is going to open up before you know it!"

The harness-maker said that was what he was a little bit afraid of. It had been showing signs of opening up enough to bury him already. He liked the country all right, but he wasn't a fool about it. When it came to making threats against a man's life——

The editor whacked his desk and mixed up the layout which he had spread out for a game of solitaire.

"That's the kind of thing that's keeping this country back!" he said. "A gang of drunken hoodlums, that go around bullying and disgusting all the decent citizens into leaving! They ought to be jailed!"

The harness-maker said he wasn't disgusted, but merely impressed. Some freighters had picked up a dead sheep-herder and brought him in from the John Day range that morning. Not shot, but just the same as. They had tied his hands and pulled a gunnysack over his head, and then turned him loose to starve. And, since it was a crew in that neighborhood that had expressed animosity against the harness-maker——

"They ought to be hung!" the editor said. "I've a notion to print a piece in the paper about it! . . . I could demand a coroner's jury, anyhow."

"They've already had one," the harness-maker said. "Starvation and exposure, they said it was. You can print a piece about how I've left town, if you want to."

When he left, the editor bunched the solitaire layout and wrote two pieces for me to set. Both were short. One was that the harness-maker would be missed by his circle of business acquaintances and friends, and the other mentioned that the body of an unknown sheep-herder had been found on the upper John Day range and brought to town for burial. The cause of death was starvation and exposure. Then he went back to his game of solitaire. He always put copy before me without any explanation. It might disagree with something he had just got through saying, but it was not my business to notice that.

Only once did he ever hint that a typesetter, even one in knee-pants, might be expected to read the stuff he put into type. He had written a little editorial notice of the old Socialist *Appeal to Reason*, which used to be sent to all the printing-offices free. His notice was hot and forceful, but there were things in it that weren't so. Being new to the job, I read the copy all through to see what it said, and I probably looked shocked. He called the *Appeal* a scurrilous and filthy thing which polluted the air it touched. Not a single copy should ever again be allowed to corrupt the office. There were three of them kicking around the place in plain sight. I had been reading one myself.

The editor waited until I had read his piece through.

"You'll have to remember," he said, "printing things in a newspaper is responsible business. All the people watch you. They expect you to tell 'em what they can depend on. You have to learn to express things different. And then you'll be an editor."

How different, he didn't say. Indeed, he never mentioned the discrepancy between his talk and his writing again, nor let on that there was one. Often enough there was. The stockmen's war was tapering off to a finish in 1906, and the gunnysacked sheep-herder on the John Day was only one casualty among a hundred, of one kind or another, between then and 1908, when it was settled by treaty.

The editor treated all of them with the same determined indifference. The stock country was not a place where men took shots at each other and went in cahoots to commit felonious assault upon their neighbors. Instead, it was a homeseeker's paradise, a land where no crops failed, no bulls gored, no hens stole out their nests, and no children talked back to their parents. He may have believed it himself, for he had never been outside the city limits to see whether it came up to his account of it or not.

III

The fact was that, in spite of his notions about being watched in every move by his subscribers, he didn't write his paper for them at all. The pieces he wrote were intended, not to keep his subscribers posted on the news, but to entice people into the sagebrush from somewhere else. Where didn't matter particularly, and how they were to get hold of the newspaper which spread out the bait for them was something that I doubt if he ever stopped to figure out.

It may have been only a kind of groundwork to justify the exercise of his fancy. The country he wrote about had no existence, but it may have been a pleasure to him to imagine it had, as it is for some poets to imagine for themselves a country full of goose-girls, shepherds, cavaliers and scenery with onyx pillars. Both could most likely be traced to the effects of a kind of spiritual homesickness. The editor's was for central Illinois, where he had grown up and learned the printing trade, and all his writing sounded as if some such country had accompanied him into the sagebrush.

The cow-town was then (it still is, according to present-day measurements) tough. Families of horse-Indians used to settle their domestic tiffs in the heart of the business district, heaving jagged boulders and sections of crosswalk at each other until one side or the other was laid out cold in the middle of the street. Squaws laid their papooses to sleep under the board sidewalk, which, being built high off the ground, was a refuge which sheep-herders used to crawl into when they got too drunk to navigate. One had to be prepared, in the course of a stroll along the avenue, for a bleary, bewhiskered head to pop out between one's feet, or for a choir of moon-faced, bull-voiced Siwash brats to start bawling under one's heels, jarring the earth with tidings of distress.

The freight-lines kept things stirred up, too. Three hundred freight-wagons stood in the street at dinner-time, and the eight-horse teams filled all the feed-yards, ate grain off the sidewalk, and bit off sections of each other's harness because they felt good, or else fought until they were pulled apart, squealing. The girls from the big red-windowed house at the edge of town came out for an airing in a sumptuous three-seated surrey, trilling coquettish how-d'ye-do's and *comment-ça-va's* (in those days the members of that guild were recruited from France) at any gentleman on the street whom they recognized. Mostly, the gentlemen didn't like being bawled out in public, so that the appearance of the three-seated surry always started a frantic stampede to get indoors, in which men were jostled, gouged, knocked down and stepped on. When the gentleman was one they hadn't liked much, their salute would be, not mellifluous cordiality, but a string of stout, spitty Marseilles cusswords, usually yelled through the cloud of dust the gentleman kicked up hitting for cover.

They were lusty, unaffected creatures, those girls, and most of their horse-play was probably a misplaced case of community spirit. Merely to help the gate-receipts, they used to turn out for all the town dances regularly, and be as regularly identified and put out, giggling and swearing with a fluency and finish that made the best American terms of imprecation sound awkward and feeble in comparison. We youngsters used to pick up their best phrases and practice them by the hour. It was not until some years later that I found out what they meant, and then I stopped.

The editor never allowed either himself or his paper to take any notice of the girls' existence. They were always up to something that kept them in the public eye, but they might as well have behaved themselves, so far as newspaper publicity was concerned. Even when one of them committed a murder, the *Colonist* left her name out of the printed account of it.

Holding a blacklist against them was difficult enough, because of their unquenchable liveliness; but that was a cinch compared to the job of ignoring their establishment. Once the proprietress, in a splurge of benevolence, macadamized the half-mile of road in front of the place. As an illustration of how the town was keeping step with progress, the improvement almost *had* to be written up. Yet the thing couldn't be done without telling where it was, and that would not only break the rule against mentioning the place, but would amount to setting it up to a free advertisement.

The editor considered for days. One could imagine a poet saddled with the obligation of putting a swain named Robin in a pair of sheep-dip-smeared overalls. Finally he conceded the matter a three-line local, naming no names, and blushed whenever he looked at the paper that carried it.

An even harder one came up when the owner of the stage-line got killed by being smashed against the girls' house when his team ran away. He was a pure man and a steady advertiser, and all his relatives called at the printing-office in a body to notify the editor that they expected a good job of writing. They intended to have an impression of it printed off on white silk to be made into a pillow-top for the parlor. They wanted the whole yarn, they warned. No skimping or leaving things out. The deceased man's widow did most of the talking for the crowd, but there were women relatives who helped out when she ran down, so that the editor promised everything. Then he sat down to work out a euphemism for the red-blinded house that would be at once descriptive and elegant.

He worked hard, because he didn't want them to come back, and he finally produced a name that, though it scarcely did justice to the time it had taken him to think of it, seemed to fill the bill. He called the red-blinded house a "well-known local residence on the outskirts." When the delegation of relatives struck it on their white-silk memorial, they came waving it all the way up the street, demanding a revision. They wanted it plainly expressed that, if the red-light house hadn't been where it was, there wouldn't have been any accident. They stood over the editor, all talking at once, while he unlocked the forms, lifted out the tactfully-worded passage, and printed off another piece of white silk, amended with a name that suited them. He distributed the type in that line himself, so that I never knew how far into straightforwardness he had to go to get rid of them. From the way they talked while he was fixing it, I imagine he made it pretty strong, and I always regretted that they didn't insist upon having the whole paper changed to the same precise terminology.

It would have been interesting to watch the tussle if they had. The editor would agree to anything a woman asked of him to get rid of her, but that was more than any of them had ever demanded, and I doubt if he would have given in without a fight. More likely he would simply have run, and stayed hid until they left.

IV

There was a piece which he kept standing under the paper's flag which illustrated his art of poetizing on awkward realities when he really pitched himself into it. "The City With a Future," it read. "The Gateway to the Inland Empire Invites You! Pure Air, Clear Water, Clean Surroundings! Two Hotels, Two Department-Stores, Four Feed-Yards, Three Livery-Stables, Saddler, Druggist, Meat-Market, Schools, Churches, and Other Public Enterprises Too Numerous to Mention!"

Closely inspected, his inclusions were about as truthful as his omissions. "Department-Stores" loaded the tongue nicely, but stood merely for places where they sold general merchandise. There was only one church, and its last window had been broken longer than anybody could remember. There was only one school; and the other public enterprises were left unspecified, not because they were too numerous, but because they were too awful.

That was a picture of the kind of town that pleased his imagination. No less than that would do, but, curiously, neither would any more. Other excellent establishments opened from time to time, but not one did he ever add to the list, worthy and conventional though they might be. It wasn't laziness, either, for there was scarcely a week when he didn't fuss with it and reword something about it. The feed-yards got renamed oftenest, probably because they sounded outlandish. But the wording was all he ever altered. The ingredients remained as they were, and he showed something of the artist in sticking to them so stubbornly, just as, in his confident belief that everybody read everything he wrote, he showed something of the poet.

Not that it was all so impractical as that, of course. If he could succeed in convincing settlers that the sagebrush was a nice quiet place to live in, he might start a stampede into it. If enough of them came, they might make it a quiet place indeed, and stay. And, if they stayed long enough, he would get rich. Comparatively, at least. To him, riches meant money enough to buy a paper in central Illinois. A rush of settlers could, if they stayed long enough to make final proof on their homestead claims, bring him enough money to buy a big one.

If they came, and if they stayed long enough. It wasn't as readers that he wanted them, but as advertisers. The General Land Office required homestead entrymen, when they had lived the legal five years on a claim, to give notice of final proof by advertising in six consecutive issues of the nearest newspaper. That was compulsory. So was the amount the paper was entitled to charge them—$10 a clip, if I remember right. Anyhow, for the space they used, it was plenty. The cow-town was planted squarely in the center of the open range, eligible for entry from the city limits onward. If they ever hit and stuck, it would mean a killing. In some sections where they had, editors cleaned up $15,000 in a little over a year.

Some of the cow-country exchanges cleaned up that much, too, when the rush came that lasted the legal time out. But my editor missed out with the *Coloniſt*, as he had with the *Headlight*, the *Prospector*, and the *Irrigator*.

Not that he starved out. As far as I know, he never missed a meal. Some of them may have come farther apart than they should, but it wasn't because they weren't there for him, but because, when he was moistening his whistle, he didn't show up to eat them. There were four eating-houses in town, including a lunch-counter run by a Chinaman, and the dignity of the press was convertible into victuals at all of them. He squared his feed-bills, not in cash, of which he never had enough to keep even with running expenses (he owed me for a month's work when I quit) but with advertising. Each of the four chop-houses fed him in turn, and he gave each of them, in payment, the same kind of display-advertisement, in exactly the same amount of space, which wasn't altogether fair, for the quality of their cooking varied all the way from tolerable to poisonous. The Chinaman, who was the best cook of the four, never got it through his head that advertising was any return for his chuck at all. He didn't know what an advertisement was, and thought the editor was somebody whom the immigration authorities had sent out to hijack him.

Advertising was the currency with which the editor paid for everything he bought, except whiskey. It wasn't that the saloons thought less of publicity than the other business-houses did, but that they, like the French girls, were on the blacklist. Saloon advertising looked bad. If one got in, all would want to get in, and there were seventeen of them! It was something of a pull to be stern with them, for the editor liked all the men who ran them, and believed faithfully that they were losing money by not being allowed to advertise in the paper. But the risk of scaring homeseekers away from a town spotted with gin-mills was too great to run. Hurt feelings or not, the saloons stayed out.

Actually, none of them minded. Being on his blacklist lost them nothing. Nobody would know whether they advertised or not, because nobody read the paper. I discovered that some months before I quit, having decided that an editor was one of the things I didn't want to be. I had set up a piece announcing the date of the annual wool-sale for central Oregon. It was the biggest event in the sheep business, and one of the most important of the year for the whole country. Not only did it center the year's work for herders, shearers, packers, markers, and all the mutton-wrangling walks of life, but it also reached down into the concerns of hotelmen, feed-yards, saloons, freighters, warehouse-buckers and handlers, merchants and gamblers. The men who bid on the wool came from the Atlantic coast, and from England and France and Belgium. And I got the date in the announcement two months wrong. It should have been June, and I made it, through some devilish wandering-mindedness, August. It went through that way, and I only discovered it when the whole edition was printed and in the mails.

I couldn't tell the editor then, because the day after press-day was the day when he always got drunk; and I put off telling him the next day, because he was always in a bad humor when he was sobering up. It seemed inevitable that I should have to tell him some time. I could imagine sheep-men putting out for market with their wool two months late, and then coming back to wreck the joint for revenge. But it was never necessary to confess, because nobody ever came, and nothing happened. The wool went through as usual, the buyers bid it in and shipped it away, the saloons and feed-yards were stocked up for the rush of hauling, and the gamblers were on deck following up the loose money, exactly as if the paper had got the date right instead of wrong. Nobody had read it.

If the editor had known that, he might have stuck his time out and been there when the country finally did open up. He would have had a considerable spell to wait—it was in 1908 that he left, and the country didn't get homesteaded effectually until 1917—so perhaps he didn't miss much by leaving. Still, he had counted on it and worked for it, and it was right that he should have had it. If he had realized that his subscribers paid no more attention to his paper than it did to them, he could have.

V

The trouble started, casually enough, with a travelling evangelist who sang hymns to a mandolin and preached earthly retribution for earthly cussedness, pointing to the San Francisco earthquake—it was still news then—as a sample of what the cow-town would get if it didn't run the French girls out of the country and buy new windows for the church.

He held his services in a dwelling-house, and a delegation of ladies called on the editor to urge him not to miss them. The editor promised, stuttering and sweating on his collar, that he wouldn't, and they explained that the revival was not only going to be a big thing for the town's improvement, but that there would also be news in it. He promised again, and, when they threatened archly to come after him if he failed to show up, he swallowed several times and asked what hour the services would start. That meant that he had given up all hope of running out on them, and was resigned to an evening of anguish.

The evangelist opened the meeting by telling how many vicious resorts he had run out of other places, and the system which, he had found, worked best. The thing to do was to attack them for selling liquor without a license, which all such places did. All one needed to swear out a warrant on was a half-pint flask as evidence. With that, the authorities were where they couldn't get away. They couldn't refuse to issue the warrant, and the sheriff couldn't refuse to serve it. His own opinions about such institutions might be as loose as an old sock, but they wouldn't matter. The warrant strictly required him to move down on the French girls and cart the whole bevy to the calaboose. So much being understood, who would go get the evidence?

The women present were, of course, ineligible. Their standing in the community would have been jeopardized by such an errand, and the French girls wouldn't have let them in, anyway. Besides them, there were a couple of married men who clerked in the store, a bleary stage-driver who had come because hymn-singing made him cry, the editor, and the evangelist.

The stage-driver was the first to come forward as a volunteer. He confessed, unnecessarily, that it was the first time he had known that there was such a place in town. The congregation chipped in a fund of ten dollars to buy the evidence, and he went—and didn't come back.

When he had been gone three hours, and they had sung all the hymns they could carry the tunes of, the evangelist got restless. It was up to somebody, he announced, to go down and investigate. The stage-driver might have been slugged. This time he would do what he should have done to start with, and go himself.

The meeting chipped in on another fund, and waited until it was evident that he wasn't going to come back, either. The two clerks from the store both offered to go find him, but their wives voted them down, all the housewives concurring, and agreed that the man to send was the editor. How helpless he was with women can be judged from the fact that he went without a word, although, when he was in his right mind, he wouldn't even walk past the place in broad daylight. But, with the last hopes of the meeting bet on him, and a final collection for expenses in his pocket, he went. And he didn't come back, either.

What kind of night the three emissaries made of it when they met, or whether they did meet, none of the housewives ever found out. The stage-driver went out with his mountain coach in the morning, and the evangelist followed closely after him, riding concealed under the tarpaulin of a freight-wagon. His mandolin was left unclaimed.

The editor stayed on until press-day. He was getting the paper out all by himself at that time, and, when the week's issue was printed and in the mail, he left too.

It took the townspeople almost a week to discover that he had gone, and a good month to find out why. The housewives maintained that it was because he felt sneaking about betraying their trust. But they were wrong. It was because the closing number of the paper had a piece in which he gave the town hell, and he was afraid somebody would shoot him on account of it.

The piece read as if it had been knocked off red-hot. It was journalistic bellowing of the old-fashioned cut, and it rolled off like the minutes of a big moment in a session of the Arkansas Legislature. The cow-town, it appeared, was not a city with a future, but a skylight of Hell. Its air, instead of being pure, was soggy with sin and discolored with pulverized fragments of the Ten Commandments. Compared to it, Gomorrah was the nursing-ward of a foundling-asylum. Merely to write its name on a letter ought to be indictable under the law prohibiting public obscenity.

This grandiose name-calling filled two solid columns—such epithets as "a stench in the nostrils of Civilization"; "a festering blemish upon the fair face of Nature"—but of evidence to back it up there was not a sign.

Two of the restaurant-men found it, going through the paper to see if it said whether he had been called away or where he had gone to, and it made them, not indignant, as he had anticipated it would, but curious. Most of the names he called the town were things they had never heard of before. Not that there was anything particularly unjust about them. It was a pretty offhand place to live, everybody knew that. Indeed, everybody knew it so well that it had got to be almost too obvious to be worth mentioning.

Why then had the editor used up all that space mentioning it? What had happened to make him mad? And, mad or not, what had become of him? His valedictory was no help, for it contained no citations of fact at all; nothing but denunciation. He had made his living by writing all his life, but he didn't know enough about the business to know that, in administering a bawling-out, one must recite the evidence before returning the verdict.

He knew nothing about the people he wrote for, either. The piece didn't make them mad. If he had wanted to, he could have written one like it every week, and read it aloud in the middle of the street, without raising a single challenge. For months the townspeople carried clippings of it around in their pockets to show to strangers.

Nor did he know anything about news. The restaurant-men searched his paper clear through without finding what they were looking for. He had totally forgotten to print in it that he was leaving town, or that the *Colonist* had suspended publication.

That, however, may have been because he left in a hurry, and knocked things off carelessly without noticing how they looked. The make-up of the editorial under the flag showed haste. It was headed, in big headline blacks, "A Stink In Nature's Nostrils!"

Above it, the wistful, almost gallant poet's fancy still stood, proclaiming, over all, the bitterness and degradation and anger of old age cornered and mocked: "The City With A Future! . . . Pure Air, Clear Water, Clean Surroundings . . . and Other Public Enterprises Too Numerous to Mention!"

INSANITY & THE LAW

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

The Greeks, the Egyptians, and the other purblind infidels of Ancient Society recognized lunacy as an illness of the mind, and attempted to cure it with music, pleasant natural surroundings, and similar sympathetic influences. Then came the Middle Ages, during which, we are told, the gentler virtues of Christianity were in effect. Throughout these dark centuries the explanation of insanity was through the learned lore of demonology. The prevailing method of dealing with the insane made use of such devices as exorcism, torture, and the stake. A demented person was held personally responsible for his condition; the devilish possession was deemed unmistakable evidence of wickedness. So it was thought to be the duty of both magistrate and populace to combat the internal reign of Satan by chastisement from without. That this notion continued until modern times will appear from the records of the witch trials of England and our own colonial days.

Out of the medieval darkness finally came light; but the illumination was far from dazzling. Neither was its power sufficient to penetrate certain penumbral convolutions of the legal intellect, wherein are lodged the formulæ regulating criminal responsibility. It is true that the humanities of Beccaria have been largely adopted in the treatment of criminals. But it is still a lamentable fact that the law continues to lag so far behind that the natural consequences of many forms of insanity are still punished as offenses against the social order.

"The legislators of most civilized countries," says Enrico Ferri, "represent, on the average, the backward scientific convictions of one or two previous generations." That the eminent criminologist understates the facts will be suggested by certain recent performances in Tennessee and other States; and it will appear also from a brief review of what is ironically known as Medical Jurisprudence.

It was not until the Eighteenth Century that legal ingenuity, seeking a way out of medieval barbarity, succeeded in evolving what is known as Lord Hale's Test of the Child of Fourteen Years, based upon the Common Law presumption that a child under fourteen was incapable of committing a felony. Later came the so-called Wild Beast Test of 1723, wherein it was held, with exceptional judicial sagacity, that a human being who has no more understanding or memory than a wild beast cannot be held responsible for acts ordinarily chargeable to intelligent beings. Some further steps were made in the Hadfield case, defended by Mr. Erskine in 1800, and the laborious evolution of the legal intellect finally begat what is known as the Right and Wrong Test, which was first announced in the celebrated McNaughten case in England in 1848. This last criterion of mental soundness, with some very slight modification, still remains the legal measure of criminal responsibility in England and in all the American States.

The prevailing modern rule has been well stated in the 1929 edition of Smoot's "Law of Insanity," page 374, as follows:

> It requires that a defendant, in order to escape the consequences of his criminal act, [shall] establish that he did not have sufficient

> intelligence at the time of the commission of the act in question to distinguish between right and wrong with reference to that particular act.

This general rule is sometimes modified by an exception, known as the doctrine of Irresistible Impulse, which has prevailed in a few States. But the recent tendency has been toward the abrogation of that doctrine.

It is understood that the required inability to distinguish between right and wrong must be the result of "mental disease"; and that mere moral or emotional inferiority or nervous deficiency will not be sufficient. The mental disease must be such that the defendant cannot understand or appreciate the consequences of his act. From cases and decisions taken at random it appears that the legal test of insanity now in effect in all the States is largely an arbitrary moral formula, borrowed from the scholastic doctors, that takes small notice of the progress of modern medical science. Disregarding the many forms of dementia recognized by physicians, the law persists in taking notice only of such insanity as meets the legal test mentioned:

> Whatever the form of insanity from which the defendant may be suffering, the mere fact of such affliction will not excuse him, and the usual tests will be applied in determining his criminal responsibility.[1]

From this it will be seen that the most positive cases of monomania or even paranoia will not necessarily fall within the rule. The fact that the prisoner may be quite irrational and suffering from insane delusions will not of itself be deemed sufficient.

In The People vs. Willard (California, 1907) the defendant had shot and killed the sheriff of Mendocino county in the judge's chambers immediately following an insanity hearing in which he had been adjudged insane, "homicidal and dangerous."

The testimony at the insanity hearing showed the defendant to be subject to an insane delusion that he was "appointed by President Roosevelt and Governor Pardee to arrest people or evildoers." Willard had been twice previously committed to the Mendocino State Hospital for the Insane, and thereafter discharged as cured. In sustaining the conviction the Supreme Court of California said:

> Although he may be laboring under partial insanity, for instance, suffering from some insane delusion or hallucination, still if he understands the nature and character of his action and its consequences, if he has knowledge that it is wrong and criminal, and that if he does the act he will do wrong, such partial insanity or the existence of such delusion or hallucination is not sufficient to relieve him from responsibility for his criminal acts.

It is hard to conceive of a more amazing case. The defendant, at the very time of the offense, was a ward of the State. The judge had, just a few minutes before, declared him insane, and had accordingly committed him to a hospital for mental diseases. Nonetheless he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Despite all these facts, the Willard case is frequently cited as a ruling authority, and may be taken to express the general law of the land. In the parlance of the profession it is a leading case. And it is to be remembered that the special virtue of a so-called leading case is that when it is brought to the attention of a judge in another State, his faculty of original thought is immediately paralyzed, and he proceeds to decide the issue before him upon the precedents and principles announced in the leading case, where the facts were necessarily different from those in the case before him.

It is also sound law in the majority of the States that a delusion on a particular subject, however irrational, will not serve to lessen criminal responsibility, if it have no direct connection with the reasoning involved in carrying out the act in question. The criminal act must not only be a product of the delusion; it must spring directly from it, and be logically justified by it, if the imagined facts be taken as true.

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[1] 14 Ruling Case Law, p. 602.

In the case of State vs. Alexander (Texas, 1928) the defendant, who was probably in the earlier stages of paranoia persecutoria, had the insane delusion that his children were dead, that his wife was trying to poison him, and that his wife's people had put a hoodoo on him. But when he was tried for the murder of his wife, he was found sufficiently sane under the Right and Wrong Test, and accordingly convicted. In sustaining the judgment the Texas Supreme Court said:

> If he believed that his wife was trying to kill him, and had administered "dope" for that purpose, and was deranged upon that subject alone, he was not, under the facts presented, justified in taking her life.
>
> One who commits a crime while acting under an insane delusion, is to be judged, so far as his criminal responsibility is concerned, precisely as if the facts which in his delusion he believes to be true, were actually true.

This amounts to nothing less than insisting that the unfortunate *demens* at bar must have *logical* insane delusions. It is somewhat encouraging to note that a few States are content to apply the Right and Wrong Test without insisting on *rational* hallucinations.

II

Neither does the legal yardstick cover the many forms of temporary or intermittent insanity. It is sound law in every State that a person who is a raving maniac at certain times may, nevertheless, be held fully accountable for an act perpetrated during a lucid interval, or "during a temporary rift in the clouds of madness," as one of the text-book writers is pleased poetically to express it.

One of the earliest American cases in which this doctrine of the lucid interval was passed upon was the famous case of Guiteau, the assassin of President James A. Garfield. There was evidence in the record that the defendant suffered from the delusion that "the Deity" had commanded him to commit the murder. But the court instructed the jury:

> The question for you to determine is, what the condition of the prisoner's mind was at the time when this tragedy was enacted. If he was sufficiently sane *then* to be responsible, it matters not what may have been his condition before or after.

The rule has been frequently applied since by the courts of nearly every State. In the case of The State vs. Quattlebaum (Georgia, 1904) the defendant had, from his earliest infancy, been afflicted with epilepsy. In the course of an altercation a companion with whom he had been playing baseball used language which greatly incensed him, and he thereupon drew a pistol and instantly killed the other man. He was convicted of the crime, the jury believing that at the time of the commission of the act, he was capable of understanding that he was doing wrong. What his previous condition had been made no difference under the law. The Supreme Court of Georgia, in affirming the conviction, cited the Penal Code of the State (Section 35), which says:

> One adjudged insane is responsible for a crime committed during a lucid interval.

The humanity of the law in cases of this sort is indeed overwhelming. The prisoner is never brought to trial except during another lucid interval. If he is then found guilty, sentence is never pronounced except during yet another temporary visitation of reason; and neither does the hangman undertake to do his work except during a more or less sane interlude.

But according to the language of the decisions, the question of humanity seems to have very little to do with this occasional judicial squeamishness. It is inspired rather by the belief that retributive justice would be defeated if the prisoner were not rational enough to understand that he was being punished. The judges might also add the important Christian consideration that the offender should be in fit mental condition to meet his Maker for further retribution. If the sentence be imprisonment some very interesting dilemmas result, for legal exactitude would require that the prisoner spend his demented periods in a sanitarium and his sane moments in a penitentiary. He cannot be gracefully confined in a medical ward for the criminal insane, for the reason that it might be tantamount to an admission that the crime was possibly committed by a demented person.

A recent case of this nature is The State vs. Gilberg (California, 1925), wherein the defendant was charged with a statutory offense. The evidence showed that he was a veteran of the World War, and had been under fire. It also appeared that he had been a patient in hospitals in America and overseas under treatment for shell shock. Nonetheless, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to prison.

When he was called up for sentence, some twelve days after his conviction, the question of his insanity was again raised, and he was declared insane by a jury impanelled to try the issue. The sentence was accordingly suspended, and the defendant was detained at the hospital for about thirty days. During this period, he manifested various symptoms, including psychoneurosis, hysterical attacks, "a stuporous state" and "blinking his eyes." But having later "recovered," he was returned to the court for sentence, and when an appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court the judgment was affirmed. The court said:

> Where the insanity of the defendant, as discovered at the State hospital two weeks after his trial, was not permanent or habitual, no presumption could be indulged that it had an existence two weeks prior to the defendant's commitment to the hospital.

In the same decision the judges explain why mere shell shock fails to meet the legal test of insanity:

> Shell shock is not a distinct type of nervous disorder, but is a condition produced on certain organisms by sudden fear, or by highly exciting causes; it is a form of neurosis; it is not settled general insanity, but a functional nervous disease, and not due to organic changes.

Hence we are to conceive of fear and neurosis as coexisting with intellectual calm and equanimity of soul. But distinctions of this sort are very common in the decisions of our highest courts, even though they may be totally absent from the medical text-books, and somewhat at variance with the general view of human behavior.

III

On the question of drunkenness and criminal responsibility there arise some equally amusing absurdities. It is true that the law will sometimes recognize certain well-defined forms of alcoholic insanity, arising from the habitual and long-continued use of intoxicants. Delirium tremens, or mania a potu, may procure an acquittal if its intensity be sufficient to meet the legal test mentioned, and if its effects be of a permanent nature. Recent, voluntary intoxication, on the contrary, even if it be so complete as to produce coma or fury, will not serve to excuse any criminal act perpetrated under its influence.

Although juries in homicide cases are sometimes permitted to consider the fact of intoxication in determining the degree of intent and premeditation; and in their discretion may reduce first degree murder to second degree; yet drunkenness, however extreme, will not generally be sufficient mitigation to bring the offense within the definition of manslaughter. In the case of The State vs. Wilson (New Jersey, 1897), for instance, the court held that "what constitutes murder in the second degree by a sober man is equally murder in the second degree by a drunken man."

In the case of The State vs. Haab (Louisiana, 1901) the defendant had been in a drunken debauch that had lasted for two weeks before the homicide. His condition was urged by his attorneys as a defense to the act. The court in its decision conceded that while "Haab's mental condition may have been unsound at the time of the homicide, [it] was the immediate result of his undue indulgence in spirituous liquors, and not the result of any previous sprees or drunkenness." It continued:

> If a man voluntarily drinks to excess, temporarily destroying his mental soundness to such an extent as not to know the difference between right and wrong, and while in this condition commits an unlawful homicide, his act is inexcusable, whether you designate his mental condition as "simple drunk," "drunk to stupefaction," "crazy drunk," or "insane dementia" or "delirium tremens." The temporary character of his affection makes him responsible. A state of disease brought about by a person's own act, as delirium tremens caused by excessive drinking, is no excuse for committing a crime, unless the disease so produced is permanent.

Another case of a similar nature (The State vs. Randolph, 1926) comes from my own State of Nevada, and happens to be within my personal knowledge. The defendant was an adult of cretinoid type, whose mental age was probably that of a child of eight years. Upon the most trivial excuse he had killed his aged mother, by striking her brutally and repeatedly with his fist.

The very atrocity of the crime should have argued it to be the act of a maniac. But the defendant was brought to trial upon a charge of first degree murder. The defense, presented by counsel of unusual skill, was based upon toximania, or insanity due to the excessive and continued use of alcohol and drugs. It was shown that the defendant was not only congenitally subnormal, but that his condition had been aggravated by addiction to opium and its derivatives for about twenty-five years. It was further proved that he was a heavy drinker of cheap bootleg whiskey, and that he was very drunk at the time of the crime. Despite his forty-five years, the evidence showed that he had been dependent on his mother for many years. The defendant was in court, a huge bulk of insensible flesh, a typical dipsomaniac and drug addict, only vaguely aware of what was taking place about him. He had no previous criminal record, but had been twice confined in the State Asylum for Mental Diseases as a morphine addict.

It was not difficult, however, for the prosecution to prove that, despite his condition, he was still possessed of sufficient intelligence, at the time of his act, to know that it was "wrong." It is probable, indeed, that even a child of five years has sufficient discretion to know that it is wrong to kill its mother. It was also easy to prove that there had been no reasonable provocation.

The jury was instructed by the court, according to sound law, that the mere use of alcohol and narcotics is not of itself sufficient to excuse or mitigate crime, if the ability to distinguish right from wrong is not impaired. After due deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and recommended the death penalty.

When this verdict was announced the prisoner maintained the stupor that he had manifested throughout the trial, showing the same degree of equanimity and understanding that might be expected of a steer being taken to the slaughter-house. But the verdict was eminently legal, and it would have been equally legal in every State in the Union, for it is the law in every jurisdiction that imbecility or mental weakness does not excuse, unless it be sufficient to constitute the degree of frenzy or stupor demanded by the legal test. Witness the language of a Pennsylvania Tribonian in the case of Taylor vs. The Commonwealth (109 Pa. 262):

> While a slight departure from a well-balanced mind may be pronounced insanity in medical science, yet such a rule cannot be recognized in the administration of the law, when a person is charged with the commission of a high crime.

When the Nevada case that I have cited was later appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, the judgment of the lower court was affirmed, with a generous flow of ponderous phraseology concerning premeditation and intent; but the personality of the defendant was utterly forgotten. One of the justices, who seems to have had more regard for humanity than for legal precedent, filed a dissenting opinion, wherein he argued for mitigation of punishment on the ground of the morphinism and alcoholism of the defendant, and his consequent inability to premeditate crime. Nonetheless the majority decision prevailed, and the death sentence was ordered to be carried out.

But in this case, fortunately, the district attorney happened to have a conscience, despite the fact that the duty of his office, bolstered by public opinion, enjoined him to make every effort to obtain convictions. The maximum penalty appeared to be too severe to him, under the circumstances of the case. "The thought of sending an ox to the slaughter was disturbing my sleep," he said. The presiding judge was suffering from a similar case of insomnia, although the defendant had been given a fair trial, and the law had been sincerely applied to the evidence. Through the efforts of both the judge and the prosecuting attorney the sentence was finally commuted to life imprisonment.

Similar examples could be produced from many other jurisdictions. In this, as in many other areas of the law, there prevails a surprising uniformity, which is to be explained, of course, by bearing in mind the well-known judicial habit of never straying from the beaten cow-path of precedent and authority. Under the old Common Law, drunkenness was considered a cause for the *aggravation* of punishment, the intoxicated man being deemed more guilty than a sober one. This ancient attitude has been modified to a very small degree in the United States. It is still the prevailing logic that since drunkenness is well known to beget crime, the law cannot permit anyone to place himself in a position where he is likely to offend the social order. Most decisions are careful to use the phrase "voluntary intoxication," even if it be rather difficult to conceive of any other kind. But by the same reasoning, and by postulating the existence of free will, it would also follow that even delirium tremens must be considered the result of repeated voluntary acts of intoxication. The same logic should compel us to regard as a self-induced condition the type of mental disease known as general paralysis of the insane. For this is a specific form of lunacy, usually recognized as such even by the law, which is likewise the result of a voluntary act of the patient, in exposing himself to the risk of the syphilitic infection that produces it.

It is also interesting to note that under the Civil Code, drunkenness, habitual or otherwise, will generally serve to invalidate a contract; and that an intoxicated person is deemed incapable of executing a will. But it must be remembered that insanity in the civil sense differs from insanity under the Penal Code, to the same degree that the latter is dissimilar to medical insanity. The measure of mental soundness in civil matters is mostly a question of intellectual ability; and if a person becomes so irrational that he cannot intelligently deal with his property the law will not hesitate to appoint a guardian for both the worldly goods and their owner. Neither is such rigidity as the Right and Wrong Test ever resorted to when, in the absence of a criminal offense, a court commits any demented person to a State hospital for mental diseases.

IV

Thus an immense gulf continues to exist between insanity as a medical fact and legal insanity as a casuistic formula. On a recent occasion I was professionally concerned in a case wherein the question of insanity had arisen. The prisoner had been examined by two physicians. "Is the man insane?" I asked one of the alienists after the investigation. The reply was: "Medically, I am prepared to state, in all sincerity, that he is; but from my experience in the courts I do not believe he is 'legally insane.'"

The legal requirement that the inability to distinguish right from wrong must be the result of mental disease has the logical effect of excluding from the rule many emotional and nervous disorders well known to medical science. The psychiatrist will generally inform us, for instance, that insanity of the most serious and incurable sort, including many positive cases of dementia præcox, is not often accompanied by any specific cerebral lesions. Such forms of mental disfunction, therefore, are purely disorders of the emotional and nervous system. Yet the learned jurist refuses to recognize what he calls emotional insanity, or *mania transitoria*, howsoever extreme, as an excuse for any criminal act. With a logic that contains more antiquated theology than modern science, he argues that such disorders find their seat in the emotions, rather than in a diseased mentality.

As it has been shown in the Nevada case, no amount of moral, mental or educational deficiency will ever serve to excuse crime, or mitigate punishment, unless the legal test is satisfactorily met. Thus the cases of so-called moral mania, as it is soberly affirmed by many learned decisions, are due to nothing else but a "wicked and malignant heart." They are caused by perversions of the moral feelings, for which the prisoner must be held accountable, in the absence of an indispensable perversion of the intellect. It is useless to protest that the intellect might have some vague connection with the moral feelings; and it is equally futile to suggest that whenever physicians have been simple enough to engage in *poſt mortem* explorations for "an evil and malignant heart," they invariably returned with the legal verdict of *non eſt inventus*. The courts still continue to employ Blackstonian phraseology in instructing juries; and the "wicked and malignant heart" admonition is very seldom omitted in felony cases.

It is also a matter of general knowledge that there exist many mental and emotional disorders whose comparative mildness does not even meet the requirement for admission to the State sanitariums. Yet no one who is himself in possession of his sober senses, except possibly a magistrate duly sworn to enforce law and order, will deny that such diseases are often factors in criminality. Among such minor afflictions are the conditions medically known as satyriasis and nymphomania, which are almost never deemed sufficient to constitute legal insanity. The law continues to deal out its punitive doses to these unfortunates, regardless of the medical opinion that they are at least partially irresponsible, and that they should be confined for the protection of themselves and the social order. Abnormal behavior, sometimes amounting to criminality, may also be due to innumerable nervous disorders known to physicians, including hysteria and neurasthenia; yet there is no record that the peculiar symptoms, the manias, phobias and obsessions that accompany these diseases, have ever been improved by confinement in a penal institution. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of solitary confinement as an efficient method in curing claustrophobia, which is itself a morbid, insane fear of confinement.

In short, there are no degrees of insanity under the criminal law. Every person is presumed to be either absolutely sane or absolutely insane: guilty or not guilty. Since each individual is owner of a conscience and a free will, it follows that there can be no relative or comparative possession of these faculties. Partial mental alienation in any form cannot be pleaded in mitigation of punishment. The prisoner with psychopathic tendencies is brought to trial, and it sometimes happens that a jury of his peers acquits him in spite of the legal test. If so, he is permitted to roam at large and to continue to entertain the social order with his abnormal caprioles. If he is convicted, the prison authorities will restore him to all civil rights immediately upon the expiration of his sentence, without troubling to inquire medically into his condition. Their sole concern is to administer the purely quantitative punitive dose prescribed by the legal pharmacy.

That he is likely to repeat the offense is obvious. There is no reason to expect that the mental defects which were contributory causes of the first crime have disappeared in the course of confinement. Prison guards are notoriously bad doctors. On the contrary, it is reasonable to expect that the mental deficiences of the prisoner have been greatly aggravated by his imprisonment, and that he will not hesitate to manifest toward society just as much gratitude as he has learned to feel toward his keepers. Thus the habitual criminal is born. But the law will take no notice of him until there is undeniable evidence of criminal recidivism.

V

By means of the system of pardons and paroles, most States have attempted to suspend a sword of Damocles over the heads of such erstwhile wards. But the results of this form of discipline and intimidation have been so discouraging that certain irate Legislatures have resorted to other drastic measures. They have declared a second offense, however trivial, sufficient cause for longer recommitment; while a third or fourth crime by the same offender is punished with imprisonment for life. The underlying motive of such legislation, of course, is still the ancient *lex talionis*.

Punishment, in short, is the only specific that the magistrate, as a social physician, is able to administer, whether he be dealing with a mentally deficient offender whose condition does not satisfy the legal formula, or with the highly rational embezzler of a Sunday-school collection box. If insanity is no longer a sin, it is still true that comparative mental deficiency that fails to meet an arbitrary legal test becomes a punishable offense, as soon as it is evidenced by an infraction of the Penal Code. If the first dose of punishment fails to bring results, it is positive proof of original depravity. There is no suspicion that the judicial doctor might have taken the medicine from the wrong satchel. Since the potion is incontestably infallible, then it must follow that the ailment lingers purely because of an insufficiency of grains. To sustain this excellent syllogism, there is the proof, of course, that a deadly dose, in the form of hanging, electrocution, or lethal gas, never fails to bring about a permanent cure.

No less entertaining than the theoretical elements of the legal test is the manner in which, in the course of trial, the machinery of procedure seeks to apply it. The expert testimony of physicians is, of course, always admitted in insanity cases, but the ultimate decision of the medical fact of insanity is invariably left to a jury of laymen, to determine according to the formula given them by the court. Out of an impervious fog of technical legal flim-flammery, intermingled with an equally thick cloud of Latin medical terminology, the twelve citizens are seriously expected to detect and bring out the truth.

Medical testimony, furthermore, is always given under the most adverse conditions. No opportunity to study the patient by prolonged observation is ever permitted. The various alienists are often present in court throughout the entire period of the trial. But even if it were possible for any one of them to form a true medical diagnosis on the evidence heard, the legal procedure is such that he would not be permitted to present his findings. The expert testimony, according to the established practice, is invariably elicited by means of hypothetical questions, propounded in turn by the defense and the prosecution. The questions never embody all of the evidence, and never contain any considerable part of the medical or behavioristic facts in the case. To make matters worse, they are often propounded by attorneys more learned in court-room smart-aleckery than wise in modern medical knowledge.

Hence the sum-total of questions and answers is a muddled conglomeration of half truths, garbled medicine, and distorted law, more likely to perplex all parties concerned than be of much help to ward any honest searching into the social problem before the court. The gladiatorial show is finally brought to a close after the various advocates have made a due display of their forensic and histrionic talents for the entertainment of *profanum vulgus*.

The result is the successful confusion of both judge and jury. It is not seldom that the twelve peers, most of whom may be realtors or farmers, resolve to ignore the whole farce, and undertake to decide the question upon what is known as common sense. That these efforts are usually honest enough is not to be denied; but if we bear in mind that to the average layman insanity must be manifested by nothing less than a Napoleonic delusion, or a pronounced amnesia, it may be imagined that if the verdict happens to hit the merits of the case, it is largely due to pure accident. It is not altogether improbable that the ends of abstract justice might be much better served if the Verdict of Bridlegoose were made legally permissible; and the jury could retire for deliberation with a pair of dice duly inspected and approved by the bailiff of the court. Certain it is that under the present practice, the malingerer will often pass for the true *furiosus*; and the simulated methodical madness of the superior crooks will successfully masquerade as genuine dementia; while the actual psychopathic case will suffer the full penalty of the law. It is well known that every State and Federal prison of any importance has a so-called Crazy Alley, tenanted by persons more or less demented.

But if all this appears absurd to the layman, it must seem nothing less than preposterous to the medical practitioner, whose attitude toward the psychopathic offender is naturally in direct contrast to the viewpoint of the magistrate. To the physician each defective offender is a patient whose peculiar ailment is to be personally studied, for the purpose of cure, or at least segregation. As a doctor he is habitually seeking for causes and effects that may explain anti-social behavior. Employing the attitude of the scientist, he either ignores or altogether rejects the metaphysical question of a free will. The magistrate, on the contrary, must assume that each individual is a free agent, and master of his emotional, physical and mental reactions. Only through such bold assumptions can he portion out varying doses of punishment, the panacea for all social ills. Hence, while the physician has been historically a consistent humanist, the magistrate has always personified the social vendetta. It is natural, therefore, that nearly all progress toward a humane treatment of the insane is due to agitation outside the legal profession. Beccaria was a publicist and man of letters; Lombroso was an anthropologist; Philippe Pinel, who bravely severed the chains that enslaved the insane inmates of the Sanitarium at Salpetriere, two years before the storming of the Bastille, was a physician.

But it must be admitted, nevertheless, that during recent years the archaic mustiness of the criminal law has produced some impression upon even the obtuse olfactory apparatus of legislators. Several States, including New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California, have already introduced some form of mental examination preliminary to trial, conducted by physicians impartially appointed by the court. It is probable that these are steps in the right direction; but it is hard to perceive what great benefits can be gathered even from such innovations if the law of the land persists in regarding insanity as a question of moral candle power.

That some day criminal law and procedure will begin to regard each specific offense against the social order from an attitude of scientific determinism seems to require a rather optimistic stretch of the imagination. But in the meantime there is no question that much could be accomplished by the introduction of a mental test more consistent with modern knowledge; a test that views insanity as a medical fact rather than as a moralistic formula.

THE LAST OF THE BOARDING HOUSES

BY CHLOË ARNOLD

The fire engines clanged with grand ceremony through Seventeenth street and we ran into Irving place. The neighborhood was hazy with smoke that poured from some low brown-stone houses. But as we came nearer we saw it was not Number 53, and were ridiculously elated. No one belonging to us lives there now; we did not even know the young lodgers who stood with us watching the drama of putting out the fire. But at that moment a kind of intimacy sprang up. They might have brought out the grass mats and sat there on the stoop with us of Summer evenings, shared our good times and the dark hours of our youth when we thought nothing ever was going to happen again.

As they vanished into restaurants and cafeterias to dine, we realized that they and we were actually widely separated. Few now live in boarding houses, not even the young and poor. We had lived for many years at 53 Irving place, and all those young people would have been surprised at the place that old house will ever have in our hearts.

"But they have no real comfort and no home," Phil spoke suddenly without provocation. We walked up the steps and looked into the hall for the first time since we left years ago. For an instant our eyes searched for the old mahogany table whose onyx top was always cluttered with mail. We'd both received many thrilling communications there: "Where is that Adventure Club story you promised?", William Johnston was telegraphing from his office at the New York *World*, back in 1912. I remember yet how excited I was. So were the others. It didn't take a great deal to excite us in those days. We used to take great pride in where we lived, too. "Fifty-three Irving place, one of the most famous addresses in the world!" We shivered at our own luck.

I have now come to doubt the fame of the address, as I've seen people who have never heard of it although they lived right in New York. Many hundreds, not yet middle-aged, some in far frontiers of the world, will not need to be told. But for the rest, Irving place is a little street which lies between Third and Fourth avenues in New York City. At one end it has Fourteenth street and at the other Gramercy Park.

As Phil and I stood there looking in that night it was of Miss Denning we thought. We half expected her to come through the door at the left. I did think I heard a faint jingle of keys and the sharp bark of her white dog, Tippie. There was always a swishing when she came out. She wore soft shoes and you could hear the raucous call of parrots, and a high note from some golden songster she kept in her room. Of Summers, when the windows were open, those passing in Irving place were often assailed by profanity in all languages of the copyright, and it used to be very funny to see them flush up and look around to demand satisfaction. When they saw the parrots they hurried on.

Miss Emma Denning kept the boarding house. That one in Irving place for fifteen years; another in Gramercy Square for twenty-five. She was one of the first artists in her line, and as such had no precepts, apologies or formulæ. But had she been so successfully engaged in any other work, her methods would have been sought out. How, for instance, could one make a house in which lived so many distinct individuals, a home?

Miss Denning was a little woman, rather stout and in her late forties when she took the house in Irving place. She always wore a black sateen apron and a black or pongee silk blouse. She had a cast in one of her topaz eyes, and her thin, straight, light brown hair was done in a knot at the back of her head. As she walked from her room on the first floor front back to the pantries, she was generally accompanied by a number of dogs of all sizes and breeds. Every person staying there could have a pet, and he generally left it with Miss Denning when he departed. She had at one time fifteen parrots, twenty-five canaries, several parrakeets, and as many as half a dozen dogs. No living creature ever suffered or went hungry if Miss Denning knew, and yet she was never sentimental. She went about all her work very quietly. Nothing was ever rushed, and I never recall being in so late at night that she had gone to bed.

Some of her dogs were sad curs, but most of them had histories. Sport, a fox terrier, belonged to the Italian shoemaker in Seventeenth street east of us. The man came to this country years before, worked hard and earned much money. He then went to Italy to fetch back his sweetheart, but she said he was old and ugly and she wouldn't marry him. He committed suicide and left his dog to Miss Denning.

II

The lovely old hall was empty of all that night, but there was an apartment advertised, and we decided to go in. We even tried the door, an old trick, for we would leave it unlatched for one another. This time it was locked against us, and a Yale lock. Our signal used to be three rings, and then B, our favorite servant, knew we were inhabitants and would come quickly. Others had to wait much longer.

A stranger invited us in. The hall contained no piece of furniture but was elegantly carpeted. The beautiful old foyer, once dim with pink-knobbed shades over the gas jets, was brilliant with electricity. But it was as if we had hardly gone away. The griffin-headed newel post looked just as fierce; the dark, beamed ceilings, the cushioned bench all along the staircase. . . .

Once one of Phil's friends, a gay young man, had called to see him and was told he had gone away for a two-weeks' vacation. "I'll wait here for him," said Ben, seating himself comfortably upon this bench. And there Theodore Spiering sat, swiftly editing in pencil one of my great treasures, the G minor sonata of Tartini. They used to say that this foyer was remodelled by Stanford White. It is still very beautiful in spite of a protuberance, a newly built bath-room, in the circular room just back of it. The double doors were closed, but we did not need to see the blue and gold chamber. That was in our day one of the dining-rooms. The tables and chairs were of fine mahogany, which would now arouse the lust of a collector; and there hung the large, quiet painting of a flock of sheep by Matilda Browne, who was a friend of Miss Denning and had lived in her house. The oblong dining-room opening into this chamber had a gold-leaf ceiling, and tiles for the fireplace had been brought over from Holland. Back of that were the pantries where Miss Denning always served. It is an apartment now.

Through a door to the left of the main staircase is a narrow hall, and many times we had slid down the steep stairway to an eleven o'clock breakfast. We sighed to ourselves as we thought of the well-run places now, where the doors are closed promptly at nine, or earlier. Miss Denning had an assortment of colored people in the basement, if you needed anything done. Coffee was always near the fire; hot rolls in the oven were never wanting. Bacon and eggs were at hand; you ate what you liked. She didn't know how to serve anyone with a thin piece of butter, two rolls and coffee and call that breakfast.

The custodian would have been surprised had she known how well we knew every inch of space in the house. Our feet now made no noise on the carpeted stair. That was strange, too. Everything was familiar and yet not quite itself. Just the house itself is more beautiful than any in that neighborhood. We were passing Beach Polk's old room on the third floor front. He'd lived at Miss Denning's house for twenty-five years. His bed-room, with the large dressing-room back, had more space than many two-room apartments nowadays. Blond, Southern, below the average height, always elegantly dressed, patent leather low shoes, a white carnation in his button hole, no overcoat even in Winter, Beach was a strong factor in that house. His room was a meeting place; many a poker game took place there and when employers were cold or the family refused longer to support one, Beach made up a party to celebrate the adversity. Sometimes we went to Mouquin's on Sixth avenue, but generally to Scheffel hall in our near neighborhood. Rigo, the Gypsy fiddler, played; beer flowed and the sorrowing one would see that his situation could be mended. Beach always paid the check.

Head of the loan department of the Bankers Trust Company, he was a man of mild temper and generous impulses. Only once did we ever see him mad. He'd had to get up early Sunday morning and go down to Wall street to open the vault, and a new watchman had challenged him. He might have been Miss Denning's elder son, and I've often seen them conferring over a bill that had to be paid, even after he left the house.

He was a man of family but thought very little of it and would have preferred gay pictures instead of the gloomy portraits of relatives which occupied his wall. He loved New York and never left although he always had dazzling invitations. He rode on the local subway train between Fourteenth and Wall streets; went to St. George's Church, liked good whiskey and was one of the best of listeners. Long before we knew him, a woman he was barely acquainted with fell in love with him. He didn't like her and she went into a convent. The whole thing annoyed him after the manner of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell. We always thought of Beach as old, but he wasn't, for when he died in June, 1923, he was only forty-seven. You'd say of Beach that he had character. In fact, he was so good that I used him as the main character in an article I wrote daily for the New York *Morning Telegraph* for five years. Everything we did appeared in there and he didn't care the smallest thing; it amused him immensely. Things changed in his life; he took an apartment on our street at Nineteenth, but he was never well and never happy. He died at Battle Creek, Michigan, where he'd gone for a two-weeks' rest.

In those dusky halls that night all sorts of images presented themselves. There was Miss Josephine French and her nephew, Howard Babcock, who occupied a suite in the back. Miss French's specialty had been reading authors' difficult handwriting for the Century Company. No one, she said, had typing done in her day. She must have been pretty old then and couldn't remember much, but she said that General Grant wrote some articles for the magazine and that his handwriting looked like that of an illiterate person. Her nephew had a wide acquaintance among actors and always gave one a card to the Players' Club on Shakespeare's birthday.

F. Soulé Campbell occupied the skylight room in that house for many years. She was from California and had known Ambrose Bierce and Joaquin Miller personally. She made pencil sketches of the great; you often see the one she made of Bierce. And a delicious one of Mark Twain reposes in Hampstead on John Galsworthy's desk, or so he promised me. As Miss Denning hadn't left the house for years, Miss Campbell was sort of an ambassador to the shops for her, especially at Christmas. You would find both of them sitting on the old bench by the stair, considering all sorts of presents for Miss Denning's poor little friends.

As there were but sixteen bed-rooms one knew everybody. A few came and went, of course, when a room would be released by marriage, death, or great commercial firms sending our folks to China, India, Burma, Tibet, Turkey. Not everyone cared for the place. Nor did Miss Denning like everyone. Her mildness often invited sharp words from new folks and they, finding immediate firmness, went to live elsewhere. The rest of us she regarded as individuals, perhaps too much so. We didn't have to ask permission for anything. "This is your home," was the most she would ever say. And eventually we all had just the articles of furniture we most desired. We all had Oriental rugs in rich, dull colors. Before antiques became a craze, Miss Denning had bought from a dealer, now famous and on Madison avenue, many fine pieces of mahogany. There was hardly a stick of modern furniture to be found in the house. We all had mahogany chests of drawers, desks, mirrors, chairs.

To be sure, we were not always warm. The furnace had a way of going out for three days at a time in the bitterest weather because coal hadn't been ordered. But all the rooms had either fireplaces or gas stoves we had bought for ourselves. Sometimes, too, the linen would not be delivered and there would be no hot water. And in the last years we took care of our rooms often when it was impossible to get servants. But that's what made it home. Around in our part of the house was a bath tub. The waste pipe was never repaired, and thus allowed the water to run right out. By putting a glass over the screen two of us conspirators had almost a private bath. And once another bath-room door came off. They had to stand a chair against it and yell if anyone was coming. It was off over a week.

Off the main hall on the top floor back, a door closed upon elegance. Instead of going through a broad hall into large rooms and suites as downstairs, you entered a narrow hall which ran back toward Fourth avenue. Off it, opening to the south, were six little rooms, servants' quarters in the days when the Stuyvesant Fish family dwelt there. We now called this The Alley. Walls in Sixteenth street arose grim and gloomy in the distance. But we looked out upon the Peter Irving House where Washington Irving stayed often and worked; we could see Theodore Thomas's old house in Seventeenth street. We could also see the stable belonging to Fifty-three. Percy MacKaye lived there, also Berton Braley.

Algernon S. Crapsey lived in the second one of these little rooms. He'd invite us in when his father, the late Dr. Crapsey, visited him. Dr. Crapsey was an heretic, but he often read favorite bits of Scripture in a very beautiful voice; things that were interesting. And he heard our troubles, and told us his own, over which he could be very gay. He'd written a novel and sent it to a publisher, one of his acquaintances.

"A novel may be long," that gentleman had written back, "but it should not seem long. This novel seems long."

If anyone whined about not getting on faster in his work or art, Dr. Crapsey's son, Algy, quickly disillusioned one by showing a picture of the family home in Rochester, N. Y. In his early days in architecture (he is now a member of the firm of Gamble Rogers) his parents had let him have a free rein; he pointed to the doorway always with shame, as being too monumental for a residence.

Madeleine Wallack, a grand-niece of Lester Wallack, very tall, dark and beautiful, lived next to Algy. Clara Tarbell, niece of Ida Tarbell, also lived in The Alley; and so did Otway Chalkeley of Virginia, and Maude James. My own room was last, square and very tiny with a window that looked east. If the key were left inside the door, and it blew to, it always locked and put one to all sorts of picturesque discomfort. One picked the key out with a hairpin, if one could find one, and coaxed it under the door, an act requiring great patience and fortitude if one were thinly clad, as was generally the case.

III

Shabby as the place often was there was an air of gentle living I've seen nowhere else. It reminded one of some house in Virginia, neglected now. Miss Denning was from Virginia but she had come to New York at twenty-one, and gone into keeping boarders as a business. She devoted her life to it. When she first came to town a large department store told her that when she needed anything to come there and pay when convenient. They never failed her, and in her own house the fat fried the lean. If a poor, young person out of a job didn't have to pay for a long time, the prosperous often advanced checks when there was a bill that had to be paid. Bills were not dangerous until they reached the point of having to be paid.

B, the servant, was as individual as anyone in the house. His real name was Braithwaite. He'd served an Englishman, whose name he bore, in his native West Indies. His accent was delightful and when there was time his messages were elaborate. He always answered the loud pay-station telephone in the dim hall and called a warning upstairs—"Gentlemen's voices," or "Ladies' voices"—so that one did not go quite unprepared. He was slight, elegant, and handsome, and his invitation to more "veggetabbles" encouraged the appetite. He married a beautiful West Indian named Violet, but was not living happily ever after by the last accounts.

Betsy, the cook, was a person of far greater authority than B. She ruled supreme downstairs. And all residents of the Gramercy neighborhood must remember her bright, smiling greasy face set off by large, plain, round gold earrings, and a gorgeous bandana tied about her wool. She was a little woman, rather stout. And a plate of her soup had more nourishment than a whole meal carefully caloried. Sometimes Miss Denning wouldn't pay her if other bills pressed. Then Betsy grew impudent. We always knew how things stood because Miss Denning would call down the dumb-waiter for some tardy viand: "Mrs. Williams, please send up the potatoes." Ordinarily she was just Betsy.

She cooked and ruled only. Preparing vegetables and washing dishes were unknown to her. But of warm days and in Summer, she liked to hang on the iron fence there by the areaway, seizing upon guests of the house, and the neighbors she knew, and gleaning as much as she could from all. You were simply obliged to give her something, if you had to walk where you were going, for she was an even better beggar than cook, fascinating enough to be really worth the money.

She'd tell us she was raising funds to go back to St. Kitts, her "country." She'd been with Miss Denning more than twenty-seven years and was always returning home next week. The look of her kitchen wouldn't have delighted a perfect housekeeper, but things tasted so delicious you didn't ask questions. Her roast beef was of such tender, juicy pinkness. It with soup and lettuce featured Miss Denning's table. You always had a half head of crisp, fresh lettuce cooled on ice. Cruets would be fetched, and paprika with a bowl. Some person mixed the dressing for each table. With us it was Mrs. Moïse, secretary of the Society of Friends on the Square. She had a son, Lionel, who acted in the first Provincetown plays; now he is a newspaper writer known all over this country. He was distinguished to us because he'd written a short story illustrated by George Bellows.

Strangers dined alone until they became acquainted, when they were invited to sit with some of us.

At dinner Miss Denning always carved in the pantry and vegetables were handed around as in a home. Often she served strawberries and tomatoes out of season, economizing on other things, she'd say. And there was always English marmalade for breakfast and strawberry jam for luncheon.

Old Mr. Goodrich who sat near us was always complaining if he was not served at once. He'd have a lot to say about the quality of the food and speak sharply to servants. Sometimes Miss Denning would come out and speak very gently to him. He replied so ungraciously that we were enraged. . . . When he died Miss Denning admitted reluctantly to Beach Polk that he'd been "a little behind." Seven years, Beach told us. Her excuse was that he'd lodged elsewhere, and that he made so little where he worked!

Among other characters of the place I'd name Dr. William Elford Gould. A member of the Latin Club, he spoke many languages and brought to the house foreigners of all sorts, some of them bogus, indeed. He had a great zest for life but somehow had got into its backwaters. He had a Ph.D. from the Johns Hopkins; he was trained as a teacher; but he only trafficked some in insurance and little investments, and taught languages to stray rich young folks. He wore a brown derby, was of heroic stature, and had a pink skin and a fierce white moustache. He always carried a stick, and had some classical quotation for all occasions. He always remembered the bouquet, or the present on birthdays, and for pure kind-heartedness and gallantry he had no equal.

Elia Edison, an advance agent for theatres, was often there with his parents. Even if we saw dramas which were flickering out on his free seats we did not look a gift horse in the mouth. Only two actors lived long in that house, William Williams and Felix Krembs. Williams left his dog, Cheekie, with Miss Denning. You'll find Krembs's name always in the New York theatres. He was the quietest of men, highly appreciative of the talents of others. He worked hard, had dinner early but breakfasted late, occasionally with a dazzling actress or actor guest. Miss Denning thought a great deal of him because he often clothed, fed, and educated some poor boy he'd hear about.

Fred and Nellie MacKenzie came to Miss Denning's as bride and bridegroom. They were from Madison, Wis. Mrs. MacKenzie had been secretary to Senator LaFollette; Fred was secretary to the Society of Labor Legislation, and had held most of the honors of his university. Victor, the Japanese servant, the most honest and inefficient of his race, took the MacKenzies for his special pets. He did various tasks around the house, none of them well, and if he liked you, you'd find a box of crisp, waffle-like Japanese cakes tied to your doorhandle. On Sundays he made a salad for the MacKenzies in his own bright bowl, "more better," he said, meaning prettier than theirs. Various men who had lived at Miss Denning's and took apartments tried to take Victor as valet; but it didn't do. He had no talents in that line. He was a poet, and said that in his country there was a kind of duck which, once mated, never separated. At Christmas he gave the MacKenzies a precious lacquered box with a pair of these ducks upon it. Fred MacKenzie died in May, 1928.

Victor had a room in the sub-basement even after he ceased to work for Miss Denning. He'd play his little wooden flute very mournfully there, and I saw him not long ago on Broadway just below Fourteenth street. He looked very old and dusty but was startled and eager as always, asking for the news. Once there was a fire in his room. He had many flimsy Japanese things, burning gas as we all did. The fire engines came; there was a lot of water and smoke but few damages. But Betsy, who was insured, wanted to recover for her losses. She had Nellie MacKenzie draw up a formal list, that when typed was formidable if one didn't know Betsy. She set down twenty-five bottles of perfume and sixteen pairs of corsets. She used to buy samples at the drugstore which stood where Tammany Hall is now.

Miss Denning's niece, Esther, a girl of sparkling humor, used to write Betsy's letters home. Betsy would make her way up to Esther's room at some odd time, sit down with a cigarette, purse out her naturally thick lips and regale the inhabitants of St. Kitts with the news from New York.

"This is a terrible place to live," she once dictated. "Murder and villany and rape going on in the streets all the time, and you can't get a drink of gin anywheres."

Before the house broke up, Betsy did return to St. Kitts. Marvelous was her luggage. She had her seven cats caged and taxied to the dock, and when the ship's company refused to accept them, she was in such a rage that she almost missed the boat.

Warner Bishop and Gilbert Troxell, classmates at Yale, were at our table, though lodging just up the street. Troxell is in the Yale library in New Haven now, and has a column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Warner Bishop has a bookshop in Rome, said by visiting literati to be a most interesting place.

IV

The people at Miss Denning's were generally quiet and had no ambition to impress anyone. But a lady from the West used to sweep in to dinner clothed in glittering sequins, quite a grand sight, and wanting to tell us how to be healthy, happy, rich. She was certainly handsome and things were always "perfectly wonderful" for her. She had strange consultations for hire; we often wanted to consult, for the way she engineered things for herself was remarkable, but we were not rich enough, and looked upon it as lost opportunity. She had a husband out on a big ranch and left him for long months at a time; the country bored her. While here she associated with the great; you'd see her with them. . . . Much later, after one of her annual visits to town, her husband wouldn't let her come back; he'd got a divorce. This rather shook our faith in her methods.

Even in these frank days it may not be etiquette to speak of it, but when Spring returned, there were always bedbugs. If you were a newcomer, Miss Denning was surprised and you apologized! The day after I came I was troubled . . . and inadvertently found Miss Denning and Joe Chipman burning off his bed. She laughed as much as we, but did not change her way.

When a man or maid was ill, Mary, a colored person who had lodgings on the park, came to help wait on table. She was bizarre in her jewelry and brilliant frocks; with her we were not pampered individuals, but took what she clumped down before us and were thankful. Marthie, a colored person of another sort, was a pensioner. She would often call and say harsh and ribald things to her benefactor, but Miss Denning never lost patience. She often helped old friends, former servants, and acquaintances of the neighborhood. I remember especially Miss Murphy who had let lodgings in Sixteenth street. Miss Denning took her and her dog, giving them shelter until they both died.

One thing you could always count upon when you became a regular resident. If you went out of town, your room would be occupied. It was always someone Miss Denning had known for years and years. The aim was for them to be there while you were away, but so easy-going was the household that often you returned to find your room tenanted. You'd light the gas, a strange and frightened person would sit up in bed, and you'd flee to stay in an hotel in the neighborhood.

Of Summer evenings, Miss Denning would sit with us on the stoop on the grass mats. But she never came to our rooms unless invited. Our lives were our own, and no one would have had any satisfaction questioning her. She didn't often give opinions and she hated compliments. Before and after the war a doctor lodged there. He had a high rank in the Army. And he had a weakness, though seldom indulged, which was devastating. Once he lay drunk for four days. Miss Denning got a physician she knew, and nurses. The Army was in ignorance of the terrible illness. The doctor recovered, performed his duties with honor, and is now highly successful in his profession.

Changes after the war were bewildering to Miss Denning. She did not bring her prices up high enough, nor could she give comforts one could get elsewhere for the same money. People of the sort she'd always known did not live in boarding houses any more. There seemed to be no time for gentle living. Many who came to her were dishonest, and at the last said they owed her nothing. Her relatives urged her to give up and come to live with them, but she would not. She liked her own home, to have people around her, and her birds and dogs.

When any of us came to town we called to see her and get the news; she always saw our friends who had lived there, and though her talk was spicy, she cared more for the idea than the personality. Her young friends who had married urged her to come and live with them, just as her own nieces and nephews did. But she would only smile. . . .

She died of pneumonia after an illness of three days in December, 1927. It had happened to be one of those times when there'd been no fire in the house for a few days, the like of which we all knew well. Finances, too, were in a tangle, but the beautiful old furniture quite offset that, though, of course, she went down as a failure to strangers.

But she could have chosen no career where she would have been known so intimately and loved so well by so many young folks. And she would have felt she had succeeded in her aims, too, if she knew that none of us will ever pass that old house without a lifting of the heart. She valued such things.

CONCLUSIONS

BY IGNACIO MANLAPAZ

WE SHOULD not accuse moralists of want of æsthetic feeling. They have more of it than we imagine. If they had nothing of the artist in them they would not be such noxious busybodies. For notwithstanding their assurances to the contrary, it is not their devotion to the welfare of their fellows that prompts them to frame their doctrines. Ethical systems, like poems and symphonies, grow out of the desire to create. Moralists are primarily artists. They are artists whose medium is mankind. What does it matter to them if men suffer as they "mold them nearer to their hearts' desire"? The medium interests the artist only as a reflector of his ego. And there is no artist but deems his works more important than mankind.

2

The fool seeks to reform the world; the wise man to understand it. Both are disappointed.

3

To understand the world is, in a sense, to be God's equal. Hence He has seen to it that we never shall.

4

Life has no excuse—not even its brevity. There is no attempt to justify it but flies in the face of facts. If it were a boon we would not philosophize on it. We would lose no time in enjoying it. As it is, however, one has to be the Creator not to find it an awful botch. I have my doubts if there are true optimists at all, unless we define an optimist as one who has made evil his good.

5

The real is oftentimes more ideal than the ideal of idealists.

6

The world is like woman, "a sphinx without a secret."

7

Time converts truths into lies and lies into poetry.

8

The fear of nothing is the beginning of wisdom.

9

La Rochefoucauld's definition of hypocrisy—the homage vice pays to virtue—has ceased to tally with facts. Very often hypocrisy is the homage virtue pays to vice. What people seek to conceal from the world nowadays is their righteousness, and it is their vices that they plume themselves on. They preach immorality and practise virtue within their walls. Nietzsche is chiefly responsible for this ethical topsy-turvydom. He tried to make men profoundly and sublimely immoral but only succeeded in making them hypocrites. He himself was the least Nietzschean of men. He was not called *il santo* for nothing. But we should not be too rash in judging Nietzsche and his followers. To preach immorality is easier than to practise it.

10

The aim of philosophy is not truth; truth is just one of its by-products.

11

Truth is fiction with a better reputation.

12

The notion of truth is the most useful fiction.

13

The philosopher is an artist whose medium is the universe. Truth with him is just an artistic effect.

14

Man needs philosophy more than truth. He may rave about truth, but he writes philosophy.

15

I cannot agree with Alfred Stevens' definition of art as nature seen through the prism of an emotion. I find neither nature nor emotion in the works of modern artists.

16

Man invented art because he was dissatisfied with nature. He invented naturalism because he was dissatisfied with art.

17

Arguments are desirable only when served hot. Nobody likes dispassionate arguments—they are too convincing.

18

Man created woman out of practically nothing. That connoisseur of love, René Boylesve, was sharply conscious of this when he declared that "woman is nothing but an illusion." Indeed, almost all that men say of her, whether flattering or grossly scandalous, should be taken with a handful of salt. Their opinions are bound to be physiological. Schopenhauer's conception of woman, Porto-Riche's confession that his first happy memory was that of a woman, and Dostoievski's dictum that there are no ugly women all bear the stamp of sexual illusion. But it is fortunate that man can deceive himself so easily about woman. He would never forgive her if he couldn't.

19

The women that have influenced our lives most are those we have never met.

20

We treat women as we do our gods; we are always doing something for them.

21

What makes marriage respectable is that it is uncomfortable.

22

Bad poets make extraordinarily good lovers.

23

To be beautiful is to be misunderstood.

24

Love is not blind; it only has bad taste.

25

It is foolish to die of love if you are not a poet.

26

Love is bad for man's health and good for woman's.

27

Woman is the world's most attractive being because she is the most widely advertised.

28

Why is love a tragedy? Nature brings us into the world primarily to reproduce our kind. She is no idealist and does not, like us, believe in the transcendent mission of man. To her man is simply a means, something with which to achieve her dark, meaningless and perhaps stupid end. When we love, however, it is obvious that we are indulging in something quite unnecessary and entirely against the economy of Nature. Emmanuel Berl has shown that the end of love is not the propagation of the species and that it is itself its own end. We are therefore cheating Nature when we allow our romantic sentiments to thrive at the expense of our passion. And nobody can cheat Nature without being ruthlessly punished.

29

Philosophy is, at most, a guess. The profoundest and most impressive systems of philosophy are merely profound and impressive guesses. It goes without saying that the philosopher who believes he holds the secret of the universe in the hollow of his hand is a fool or worse. Conviction is out of place in philosophy. Honest philosophizing consists in doubting one's ideas as soon as they are hatched. The sensible truth-seeker does not confine himself to one guess. Like Plato and Schelling, he begins casting about for another system as soon as he has concocted one. A philosopher, he knows, cannot make too many guesses.

30

The explanations of the world are even more inexplicable than the world itself.

MUSIC

THE PLIGHT OF THE PERFORMING MUSICIAN

By Winthrop Parkhurst

It is unlikely, as long as water continues to run downhill, that the trained seals of our musical circus will vanish. Feats of accuracy, agility, and endurance are always popular, and the spectacle of a human being balancing all three talents on the tip of his memory is one that can always command an audience. Gone are the days, to be sure, when technical prowess was confined to a half dozen freaks of the fret and keyboard; come are the days when virtuosity is nearly as common as mortality; but until the human race delights no longer in its members' antics—roughly, until water runs uphill with great velocity—recitals will undoubtedly continue to be more or less popular.

The plight of the performing musician is hence very different from the professional extremity which the reader may think that I think of. His plight, as a musician, is not his waning popularity as a performer; it is, rather, the transitory nature of his accomplishment. In fine, permanent records of the interpretative musician's art are gravely diminished in number because the public prefers seeing dexterity to hearing musicianship, and also because it pays more for the first-named privilege.

In an age when the phonograph is more popular than it even dreamed of being a couple of decades ago, dropping a tear for the interpretative musician may seem idle. The means of perpetuating his art, whilst certainly very far from perfect, at least have been invented and are improving. On the other hand, notwithstanding the marked advantage he here has over all his predecessors, the contemporary music maker emphatically suffers. Compared with what might be done by way of preserving his labors as an artist, actual accomplishments in that direction are purely nominal. It is too late, alas, to imprison the interpretative labors of musicians now in Heaven: the art of an Anton Rubinstein and a Hans von Bülow are lost for ever. But there is no doubt at all that a generation hence our descendants will gnash their teeth in just anger over our carelessness in scattering our present heritage, for that is exactly what we are doing. We have the mechanical means of preserving in reasonably adequate form all the labors of all our foremost interpreters, but we are acknowledging that æsthetic duty in a shabby manner. If our descendants do not gnash more than their molars, I hazard a guess that our personal absence from the scene will be the reason.

If one glances through the catalogues of the various phonograph companies, here and abroad, one's first impression is decidedly a cheerful one. The mere bulk of these catalogues is encouraging. Moreover, taking them all together, there is an impressive array of composers, to say nothing of the array of their creations. Bach, Händel, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin—all the classical and romantic composers are represented, many of them are generously represented, and there is additional representation of the moderns.

And as there is a welter of names, so is there a wealth of recorded material in particular domains. If we are given only four of the 104 symphonies by Haydn, Beethoven, for example, gives us all his nine symphonies whilst Brahms again gives us all his four. These facts are assuredly encouraging. Nevertheless, gloating over them is glossing over that particular evil that I moan for and belabor; for, if the truism will be pardoned, all Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies were permanently recorded already on music paper. Save for being glad that the works of the masters are thus made aurally available at the moment, I consequently feel no emotion whatever. It is the preservation of the fleeting works of the interpreters of our time, ensuring later comparison and study, that I consider of peculiar importance—not because I rank interpretative works above creative, but because the former normally die upon the instant, and hence demand especial consideration.

I say that the interpretative art of our day is shabbily treated. And I should feel justified in making such a statement, in view of the very modest expense in making records, even if much more were being done than is done. If Mengelberg, for instance, had made records of all Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies, I should call it shabby treatment of our descendants, supposing we failed to transmit the comparative readings of Stokowski and Toscanini. Similarly, if such an artist as Schnabel were to record all the Beethoven piano sonatas, pianists of the varied girth of Anton Rubinstein, Bachaus, Hofmann, Bauer, and Rachmaninoff should certainly pass down their individual readings. In short, anything less than two or three separate performances of all outstanding musical compositions would be a shabby patrimony to hand along to our children's children. For the expenditure would, as I have remarked, be very modest. The price of one or two private yachts, which so-called patrons of the arts somehow manage without missing a dinner, would easily suffice to float this æsthetic enterprise.

But if anything less than the foregoing would be shabby, I really do not know what to call our present conduct. Since I was speaking of Mengelberg, we may as well start with this Dutch master. What do we find? Do we find all the Beethoven symphonies, or even most of them? Do we find all the Brahms symphonies, or even one of them? Not at all. We do not find even his reading of Strauss's two finest tone-poems, "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." We find merely two overtures of Beethoven ("Coriolanus" and "Egmont"), the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Strauss's "Heldenleben," and Schelling's "Victory Ball"!

Or take Stokowski. Will our descendants be favored with the Philadelphia Orchestra's readings of a generous number of masterpieces of the first water? Alas, no, if current prospects are reliable. Brahms's First and Beethoven's Seventh begin and end Ludwig and Johannes. Or take Rachmaninoff and Bauer and Bachaus, if we turn desperately to the labors of the pianists. Rachmaninoff plays mostly his own compositions, Bauer only two sonatas of Beethoven, Bachaus one Beethoven sonata and the "Liebestraum" and the "Naila" waltzes! The astounding Paganini variations and the B-flat concerto of Brahms—both of which works Bachaus performs with verve probably unmatched in pianistic history—are unrecorded by him and by everyone. The same must be said of the same composer's even greater variations on a theme by Händel.

As for Paderewski's art, the list is so pitiful that I cannot bring myself to repeat it—a sorrier, but not much sorrier, representation of his unique gifts and ample repertory than that which our descendants will know as Kreisler; for Kreisler, apart from leaving behind his interpretation of Brahms's and Beethoven's violin concertos, leaves a long list of insufferable trifles—"The Rosary" and "Mighty Lak' a Rose" among them.

I am not blaming the phonograph companies. They are, after all, run by business men. Turn-over and sales are their natural diet. One is, in fact, encouraged by the excellence of the work done already, as one is cheered by the prospect of future labors. It is a good deal to have some of the greatest music in existence aurally available on phonograph records in every hamlet. Contemporary musical education is under a real debt to the manufacturers of these records of first-rate music, some of which have been produced and distributed, I daresay, at little or no profit to the producers.

But there is another and darker side to the picture. And it is that darker side which I am thinking of and pointing at. It is nothing less than shameful that a mechanical age, in which interpretative musicians of the first rank abound, should not avail itself of its mechanical and interpretative resources for passing along to future generations its unquestionably high talents in the field of music.

For some day before long illness will strike down our leading music makers, and death will seize them. A *longa pausa*, followed by a long rest, will be their epitaph. What they have said with their hands and batons will vanish. Are future generations to know of these music makers only through labors of a scattered, and for the most part ephemeral, nature? Is Mengelberg's reading of Brahms's Fourth to be obliterated? Is Toscanini's reading of the Eroica to evaporate? Or is some genuine patron of the arts going to rise up and declare that these and all other labors of similar merit are a heritage which should not, and hence shall not, perish?

SHEET MUSIC

SELECTIONS *From "Strike Up The Band." (Voice & Piano.)*
By George Gershwin. *Harms*
35 cents each 9 x 12 *New York*

Much that gives one pleasure in the music of the better musical comedies fails to appear in the sheets prepared for popular distribution. Lines of orchestral commentary, harmonic and contrapuntal touches, too often are left in the complete score. Of late, however, arrangers have begun to take a certain pride in their work, and, as a result, sheet music of the popular variety becomes more interesting. The latest of the Gershwin shows has a number of hits that play well in the sheet form. "Soon," for a slow melodic flow; "What's The Use of Hanging Around With You?" and "I Mean To Say," for rhythmic fillip; "Strike Up The Band," for harmonic zest—these are among the salient excerpts. The best work in "Strike Up The Band" is in the finale to the first act; the comedy, in both Ira's words and George's music, is such an improvement over the general ineptitudes of the genre that one looks forward with pleasure to the publication of the complete score. Much of it is too good to be lost after the piece has had its run; it is, likewise, too far off the beaten path for issue in sheet form.

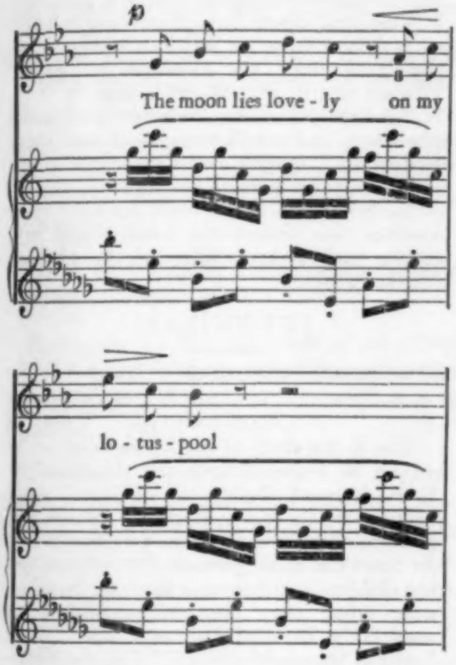
SELECTIONS *From "Simple Simon." (Voice & Piano.)*
By Richard Rodgers. *Harms*
35 cents each 9 x 12 *New York*

In such songs as "Sweetenheart," "He Was Too Good To Me," "Don't Tell Your Folks," and "I Still Believe in You," Rodgers—and his free-ranging "lyric" partner, Lorenz Hart—maintain the standard set in "A Connecticut Yankee." These two have developed a personal idiom in the lighter theatre of the day, and, incidentally, are among the few workers in the field who display a capacity for growth.

STUDIES IN BLACK & WHITE. *For Piano*
By Nicolas Slonimsky. *The New Music Company*
75 cents *San Francisco*

MY LITTLE POOL. *For Voice*
By Nicolas Slonimsky. *The White-Smith Music Company*
40 cents *Boston*

In these pieces for piano—they demand a flawless technique—and in this highly original song, Mr. Slonimsky, an expert theorist, conductor of the Boston Chamber Orchestra, and modernist composer in his own right, makes a very successful experiment in polytonality. In the right hand the diatonic scale (white keys) is consistently employed; in the left, the pentatonic, on the black keys. As is pointed out in a note to the piano pieces, "only consonant intervals—thirds, sixths and occasional fifths—are used." The "Studies in Black and White," then, for all the literary and humorous titles prefixed to them, are essentially examples of consonant counterpoint in two parts. In addition to the "Studies," which are tricked out with such fanciful titles as "Jazzelette," "Anatomy of Melancholy," "The Sax Dreaming of a Flute" (a fine bit of musical humor, by the way), "$\text{Sin}^2 X+\text{Cos}^2 X=1$" and "Typographical Errors" (another genuinely humorous exercise in which the linotypical clatter is musically mimicked), there are a "Prelude" and a "Fantasy," in which dissonances are discreetly admitted. Rhythmically, melodically, contrapuntally, the "Studies" provide an excellent, and it may be an important, addition to the American piano repertory. The composer has simplified the notation of the pieces by removing all accidentals from the signature of the upper staff, and using five flats, in a descending series, for the lower. The accompaniment to the song, which employs only sixths and thirds, is written in the same fashion, although the vocal part is at first in three flats. "My Little Pool" is a miniature masterpiece of atmospheric evocation, and may well take its place as one of the most original songs written in this country in recent years. The fusion of words and melody and accompaniment into a simple mood is well-nigh perfect. This gentleman should be watched. Here is an excerpt from "My Little Pool":



PIANO RECORDINGS

POLONAISE. *Op. 71, No. 2, B Flat.*

Played by Alexander Brailowsky

By Frédéric Chopin. *The American Piano Company*

$2 No. 70503 *New York*

This composition has just passed its hundredth birthday, but there is nothing rheumatic about the centenarian. Brailowsky plays it without an excess of poetic interpretation; indeed, with something like a deficiency of that desirable quality. The secret of the Chopin polonaise, as a form, lies in its honest blend of the masculine and the feminine. Since femininity, even among women, is for the nonce out of fashion, the curves in Chopin tend to be sharpened. What is too often passed off superciliously as the man's sentimentality is subordinated, with a certain correct dryness as a result.

"AUS DEM CARNIVAL." *Op. 19, No. 3.*

Played by Hans Barth

By Edvard Grieg. *The American Piano Company*

$1.50 No. 70523 *New York*

Well-bred carnival music, played with fine appreciation of its pleasant, if limited, possibilities by a sensitive artist. Grieg here seems to be the contemplator rather than the participant. A thoroughly enjoyable, dynamic reproduction.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

MADAM BUTTERFLY.

By Giacomo Puccini. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*

$28 14 double-faced 12-inch records *New York*

This popular opera is sung in the original Italian by a company under the direction of Vittore Veneziani, supported by the Milan Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Cav. L. Molajoli. The result is frequently thrilling. Puccini, outside of a stray act in "Tosca," may not have been a lofty genius, but he wrote eminently honest and effective music that may still be listened to with unapologetic pleasure. An astute gentleman of the theatre, he had his audience ever in mind, and did not allow them to linger too long without a sweet line or a dramatic outburst. This sense of the stage, so evident in everything that he penned, transmits itself by the sheer power of sound. The records, without the aid of the opera house's trappings, produce not only a tonal effect, but one of intense theatrical power. One almost sees these men and women in action. One comes away with the impression that Signor Molajoli knows his business.

QUARTETTE *in D Major.*

By César Franck. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*

$12 6 double-faced 12-inch records *New York*

Franck is linked sweetness long—sometimes too long—drawn out. In so many respects unlike Byron, he resembles him in this: whatever the form he essays, his face is to be seen peering from behind the pages. Listen to his symphony, to his beautiful sonata for violin and piano, and to this quartette, which is excellently performed at the hands of the London String Quartette. It is the same congenial and everlastingly rhapsodic Franck, spiralling upward to tonal apotheosis. It is not so much a deficiency, or a plethora, that is indicated, as a certain sameness of theme and treatment. One might suddenly interpolate strains from any of these compositions into the bars of the others and not feel too great a sense of intrusion. On the other hand, there is no denying the sincerity or the potency of the man. And the quartette of players is one of the best to be heard nowadays.

THE CRUCIFIXION. *Oratorio.*
By John Stainer. *The Victor Talking Machine Company Camden, N. J.*
$9 6 double-faced 12-inch records

Stainer (1840–1901) wrote this sweetish opus in 1887. The phonographic version enlists the coöperation of Lawrence Tibbett as baritone, Richard Crooks as tenor, Wilfred Glenn and Frank Croxton as basses, the Trinity Choir, and Mark Andrews at the organ. To religious souls the musical narrative will doubtless bring great pleasure and edification; for them, indeed, it was prepared. But considered as sheer music, Dr. Stainer's oratorio achieves a low, unvaried level of melodiousness. There is tragedy in the story of Christ, and impressive symbolism, but the composer has put little of these qualities into his work. Kapellmeister Musik. Christ in a dress suit. A most polite, a most Morris-Gest-like crucifixion, this. The organ solos register beautifully; the choral work is good; the solo voices, except for a few thin passages in Mr. Crooks' upper notes, come through effectively. Everything but a tonal transcription of the passion.

BOOKS

MENGELBERG & THE SYMPHONIC EPOCH.
By Edna Richolson Sollitt. *Ives Washburn*
$2 5¼ x 7½; 165 pp. *New York*

Excessive praise always overshoots its mark. The chief effect of such hyper-thyroid ecstasies as this is to render the subject slightly ridiculous. Mengelberg, says Mrs. Sollitt, illumines his rhythmic substance "to a rainbow resourcefulness by the glow of his own rhythmic vitality." His rhythm "is not merely rare; it is unique in the world." He absolutely requires playing upon the "tick of the beat—the exact fractional flash of time which is plainly to be seen and felt in watching his movements." Without him our modern symphonic epoch could not have been developed; "one is in despair of words" to chronicle his superlativity. The fact that conductors can call forth such fulsome tributes—recall a similar book on Toscanini, published a year ago—is in itself a criticism of the species. The more the pity, since Mengelberg is a fine musician and an artist.

THE SCIENCE OF VOICE.
By Douglas Stanley. *Carl Fischer*
$4.50 6 x 9¼; 327 pp. *New York*

GERMAN DICTION IN SINGING.
By Eva Wilcke. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 5½ x 8; 150 pp. *New York*

Both of these books are written from a predominantly scientific standpoint, and are therefore free of the mountebankery that seems to be one of the requirements of most vocal instruction. Mr. Stanley's opus is provided with a foreword by H. H. Sheldon: that amounts to a tabloid course in acoustics. It is detailed, up-to-date, chatty and belligerently debunkative. La Wilcke's little treatise, translated from the German by Arthur Edward Smith, revised and edited by Bainbridge Crist, is chiefly a treatise on German phonetics, and would be quite as useful to a student of language as to a student of the voice. Each book bears testimony to the end of the hit-or-miss era in vocal teaching. Each assumes that behind the voice should be a mind, with a knowledge of the physical factors involved.

JUVENILIA

THE HUMS OF POOH. (*Voice & Piano.*)
By A. A. Milne. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 12¼ x 9½; ix&67 pp. *New York*

This is the sixth of the Milne books to be set by H. Fraser-Simson and illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Beside the humorous introduction by the poet, there are concise programme notes to each of the seventeen songs. At times the music presents difficult intervals for children's voices; the settings, however, even when they are undistinguished are musicianly. Especially successful are "I Could Spend A Happy Morning," "Oh, the Butterflies Are Flying," and the excellent patter-song, "Here Lies A Tree."

THE MAGIC MUSIC SHOP. *Interpolations for Voice & Piano.*
By Mary Graham Bonner. *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 9 x 12 *New York*

A sort of Alice in Music Land, wherein the instruments come to life as the juvenile wanderer falls asleep. They tell their various tales and have a grand ball. Mr. Luxor Price's illustrations are imaginative. The music by Mr. Harry Meyer is almost too simple, and at times harmonically dubious. There is more shop than magic, but some of the kids may like it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Chloë Arnold *has worked on nearly every newspaper in New York City. When she lived in the celebrated boarding house described in her article in this issue she wrote for the* Sun, *and studied the violin with Theodore Spiering.*

W. N. Brigance *was born in Mississippi, but grew up among Indians in the Northwest. He was educated at the University of South Dakota and did graduate work in the Universities of Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin and Chicago. He is now a member of the faculty of Wabash College.*

H. L. Davis *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Rowland A. Egger *is one of the editors of the* National Municipal Review, *and is a member of the political science faculty of Princeton.*

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Ignacio Manlapaz *was born in the Philippines and educated at the University of Chicago. He is now living in Manila.*

Bernard Mayo *is professor of American history at National University, Washington.*

Lewis Mumford *is the author of numerous books, the latest of which is "Herman Melville."*

Winthrop Parkhurst *was born in New York City. His first book, "The Anatomy of Music," has just been published.*

Alfred E. Prowitt *was born in 1901 in Washington, Penna. He attended Washington and Jefferson College, and on graduation became a journalistic vagabond and worked on newspapers in most of the principal cities of the country until he joined the staff of the Chicago* Daily News, *where he is now.*

Roberto Piña *was born in Mexico, just over the American border, and has spent his twenty-three years skipping back and forth between the two countries. He went to school in Mexico City, California and New York. He is at present engaged in business at Nogales, Arizona.*

Warren S. Thompson, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. His latest book is "Danger Spots in World Population." His next will be a study of "The Ratio of Children to Women in the United States, 1920," to be published by the Census Bureau.*

Anthony M. Turano *was born at Cosenza, Italy, in 1894. He was brought to America in 1905, and was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915. He is now practising at Reno.*

Pascal Kidder Whelpton *was born in Western New York in 1893, was graduated from the New York State Agricultural College, Cornell University, in 1915, and did graduate work in agricultural economics at Cornell and at the University of Nebraska. He was professor of farm management at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College for four years. He is now with the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. He is the author of papers in the* Journal of Farm Economics, *the* Journal of the American Statistical Association, *and the* American Journal of Sociology.

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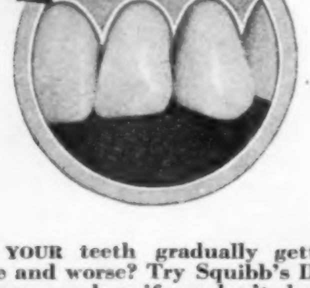

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Editorial NOTES

H. L. Davis

H. L. DAVIS, author of "Hand-Press Journalist," in this issue, was born in Yoncalla, Oregon, on October 18, 1894. He comes of a long line of pioneer farmers, ministers and teachers who emigrated from Tennessee to Oregon in the early 50's, and whose descendants still reside in the Umpqua valley. His maternal grandfather, Daniel Bridges, was a Hardshell Baptist minister, and his maternal great-grandfather, Robert Bridges, died in a Union military prison during the Civil War. His paternal grandfather, Alexander Davis, also served in the Confederate Army, and was killed in action.

Beginning at the age of eight as a printer's devil, Mr. Davis later worked as a crop hand, railroad gandy dancer, deputy sheriff, government surveyor, country newspaper editor, herder of cattle, sheep and hogs,

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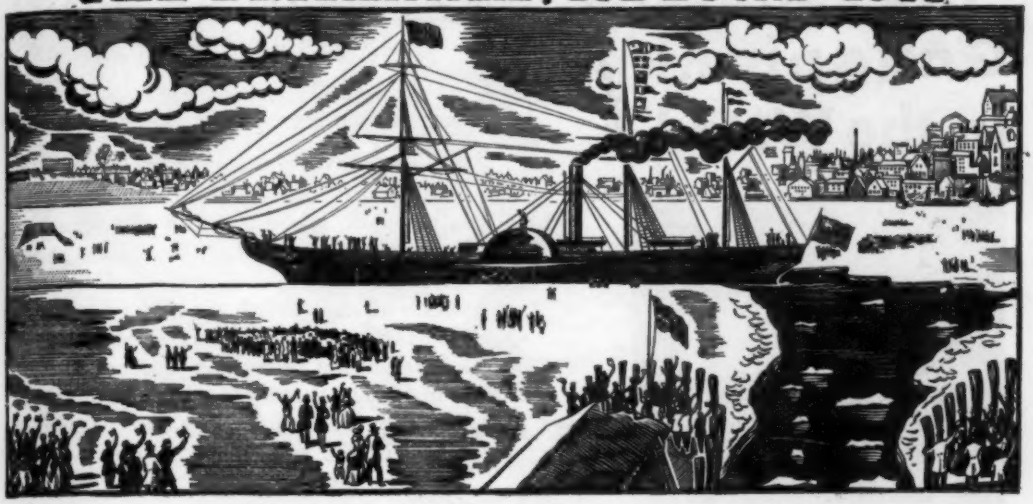
THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND-1844



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Editorial NOTES

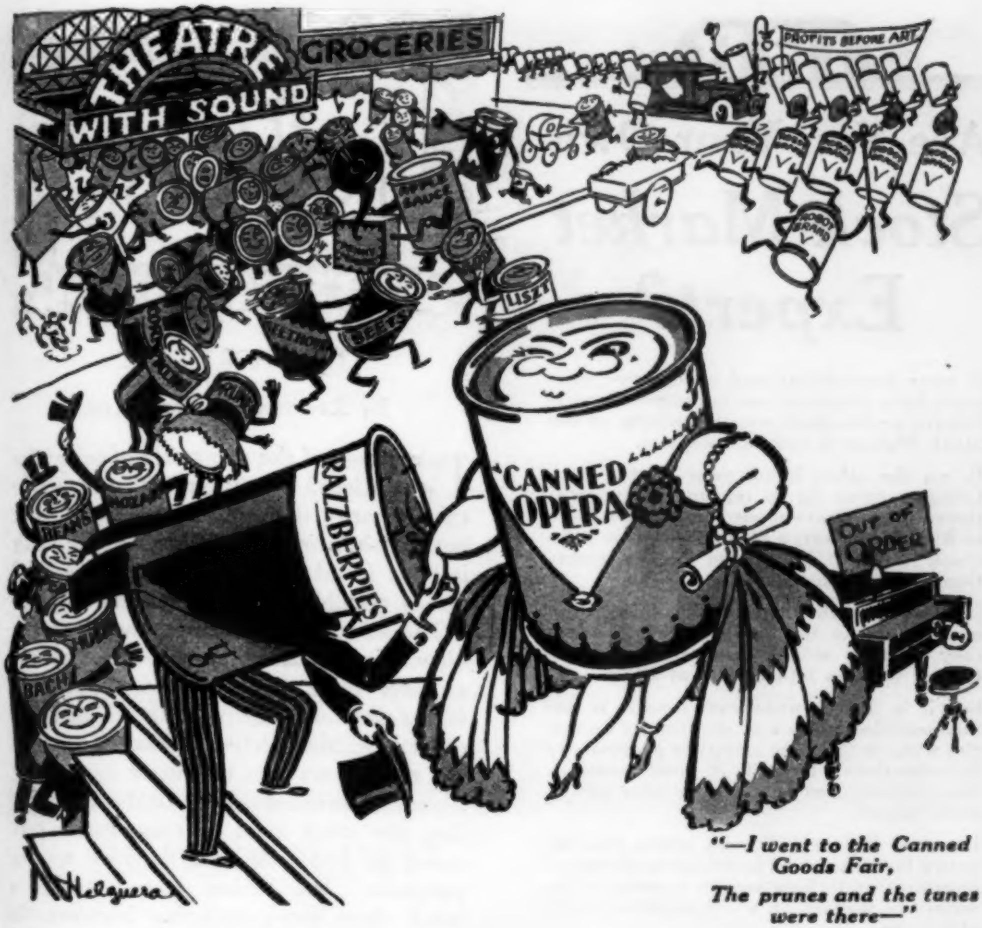
Continued from page xxvi

and assessor of Wasco county, Oregon. He obtained his formal education in the Yoncalla public schools and in the School of Engineering at Stanford. His course at the latter was cut short by the World War, in which he served with the rank of corporal. On May 25, 1928, he married Marion Lay, a Washington newspaper woman.

In 1919 he was awarded the Helen Haire Levinson Prize for "the best American poems of the year," a lyric group out of Southern Oregon published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* while he was still in the service. His poems have since appeared regularly in American anthologies. They were first published in Europe in 1927 in the "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Américaine." He has devoted the past two years to writing short stories and criticism. He is now settled in Arizona, preparing a book of his collected poems for publication this Fall. He believes that "the past century of settlement and conquest in the Oregon country was a greater historical epoch than the migrations of the Israelites from Egypt, and that it has for the most part been written up with the same sentimentality." His chief hobby is American folk music. He has made a remarkable collection of folk songs, many of them unpublished to date.

His previous contributions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Of the Dead of a Forsaken Country," November, 1926; "Crop Campers," January, 1929; "Old Man Isbell's Wife," February, 1929; "Back to the Land—Oregon 1927," March, 1929; "The Brown Stallion," September, 1929; "Cow-Town Widows," December, 1929; and "A Town in Eastern Oregon," January, 1930.

The Editorial and The Library are omitted this month because of Mr. Mencken's absence in Europe. They will be resumed next month.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The INVESTOR

THE SHORT SALE

By Rudolph L. Weissman

In defense of the short sale of securities it is alleged that the practice is merely the reverse of the purchase of stocks; that both prohibition of and interference with it have failed; and that it stabilizes and makes possible a continuous market.

The sale before purchase, made with a view of purchasing at a future time at a lower price, can be carried out only where each unit is deliverable against every other unit. Since delivery must be made in the regular way on the stock exchanges, *i.e.* at 2:15 in the afternoon of the following day, the stock must be temporarily procured by the seller for delivery to the purchaser. The broker who has sold a stock short for a customer borrows the number of shares sold from a fellow broker who has the stock to loan, pays him the market price, and delivers the stock to the purchaser. The sale of commodities for future delivery is more simple. Here the short seller makes his sale on a time contract. When the specified month arrives, he must cover his sale or make delivery.

During the period that the stock is being borrowed, the short seller must pay to the lender all dividends which are declared. The lender may at any time demand the return of the stock on returning the money which he has received as security. In turn, the short seller may purchase the stock and close the transaction by delivering the borrowed stock, whereupon he receives the money advanced. Ordinarily the lender pays interest on the funds which he has received at the average renewal rate for

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxx

call money. If the stock is in considerable demand for borrowing purposes, the lender will pay less than the prevailing interest rate, or nothing whatsoever. Should the short contingent be numerous and the amount of stock offered be relatively small, the lender will not only pay no interest, but will demand interest. The short seller has no interest to pay, as in the purchase of stocks on margin. The broker usually does not credit the seller with interest, receiving this as a fee for arranging the loan of the stock.

This brief explanation of the mechanics of the operation shows that in its nature it differs fundamentally from the purchase of securities, or "going long." The short seller, in theory, has no means of gauging the extent of possible loss involved in his commitment. The loss of the purchaser of 100 shares of Algerian Ore stock at $100 a share, unless the stock is assessable, is limited to $10,000; should he sell short 100 shares of Algerian Ore at $100 a share, he can limit the loss only by closing the transaction. As the stock rises, the broker may be required to furnish the lender of the stock additional cash which he may take out of the seller's account, or, in the event that the deposit is insufficient, call for margin. Significantly, a growing number of investment trusts are prohibited from selling short.

The short sale is compared with the sale of a house by a builder even before its foundation is laid, or with the sale of a crop by a farmer before it is planted. Texts illustrate the short sale by a comparison with the miller or textile manufacturer who hedges against the purchase of his raw materials. The analogies are weak. In these cases an economic process has taken place. The short sale is incidental to a primary transaction. The distinction is obvious and basic.

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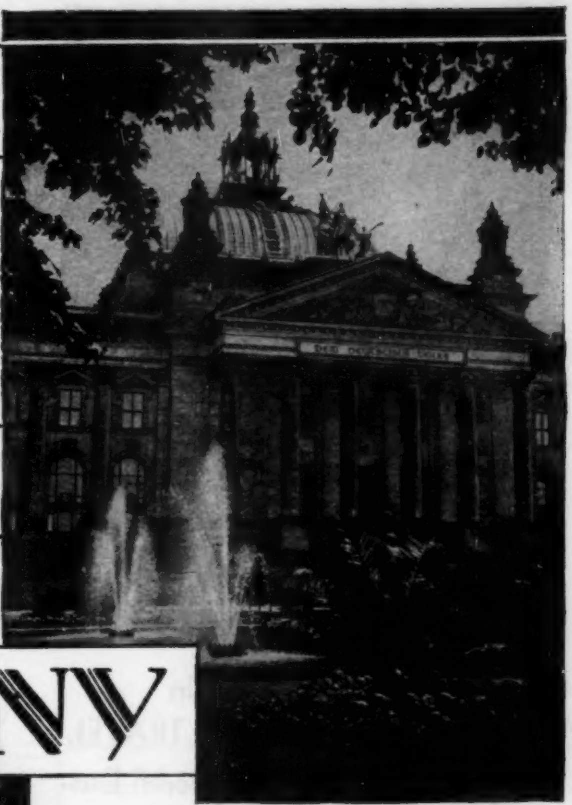

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxii

The English statute, repealed in 1860, to which reference is frequently made as evidence of the failure of limitation of short selling, applied only to public securities. It was enacted when the London Stock Exchange was in its infancy and was aimed principally at gambling. An English Act of 1867 provides, in the case of bank shares, for the identification of the stock offered for sale. The object is to prevent runs on banks as the result of rapidly falling prices. It is the German Bourse Law of 1896, however, which is invoked most often as the final proof of the disastrous effects of stock exchange regulation. Enacted through the influence of the land owners who felt that trading in grain futures depressed prices, its scope was broad. A register was established to be signed by all traders for future delivery. Trading for the "account" in the shares of industrial companies was forbidden. The Bourse declined in importance, and it seems that the smaller banks and brokerage houses were placed at a disadvantage in competing with their more powerful contemporaries. The law was repealed in 1908, but in the meantime much capital had been transferred to other markets. Berlin did not recover her position in the international money market.

Mr. J. Edward Meeker, economist for the New York Stock Exchange, is of the belief that Germany's economic collapse during the war was in a measure attributable to the legislation discussed. The committee appointed by Governor Hughes to report on speculation in New York found that the registry failed wholly to deter the small speculators from gambling. From the available evidence I do not believe that it is possible to assign the unsatisfactory German experience wholly to the restrictions on short sales, since the other features of the act may have contributed

Continued on page xxxvi

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxiv

the main, or even the sole, reason for its failure.

I suggest that short selling is not vital to the existence of a securities market. In November, 1917, the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange called upon members for a statement of the amounts and characters of all stocks sold and bought in on the previous day, both for their own account and for the account of customers, stating their names. Previously, brokers were required to report the names of short sellers only through the medium of stocks borrowed for them. This did not apply to traders who sold short and covered their commitments before the close of business on the same day. It was feared that weakness in the market would retard war financing. Commenting on the measure, the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* stated: "Short selling in the ordinary way, with the risks it involves, is one thing. Throwing stocks over by the ream with the sole view of breaking the market, and then covering on the break, is a totally different thing. Those who argue that short selling is legitimate and really constitutes an element of safety in the situation, too frequently fail to bear this distinction in mind. One class of operations is unobjectionable and may really serve a good purpose. The other class must be unqualifiedly condemned. If such acts are wicked in normal times, they are positively criminal when the country is engaged in a great war." Again, during last year's panic, the authorities of the New York Stock Exchange inferentially discouraged short selling. These were radical measures, adopted in emergencies, but they were apparently successful, and did not destroy or hamper the financial world.

Finally, the contention that short selling stabilizes the market remains to be considered. Once a short sale takes place, the

Continued on page xxxviii

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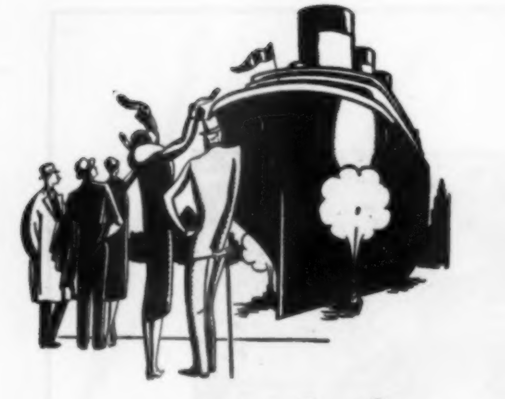

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The INVESTOR

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seller is a compulsory potential buyer. Therefore, it is argued, during periods of weakness in the market the "covering" by those who have previously sold short will support prices. Conceding the truth of this statement, it is a sufficient answer that the initial weakness may have originated from short selling. Instead of stabilizing prices, short selling often intensifies both the fall and the rise. I have examined the records during the last break and find no support for the theory that price swings were broader in stocks which did not harbor large short interests. The changes in successive dealings in more inactive stocks, less likely to be sold short, are often more than an eighth or a quarter away from the preceding sale, but to investors the differences are not decisive. Trading in the stocks of financial institutions is not hampered by the absence of short selling.

The knowledge that short selling will take place often proves to be an aid to manipulation, for it is to the benefit of pool operators to foster a short interest. Numerous examples exist of pools who lent stock to short sellers, waiting for a propitious moment to demand return of the borrowed stock. If it were not for extensive short selling, the spectacle of dealings in more than one half of a company's capital stock in a single day would not be held up against all speculation. Executives of leading corporations have been incensed at the drives against their securities, much as bankers would be if they felt that declines in bank shares occurred because of selling by those who neither had control over nor owned the shares sold. The whole subject deserves reconsideration, free from those who wish that some governmental authority would issue a ukase dictating a bull market in perpetuity, and from those who oppose every change that might curtail the volume of dealings.

Continued on page xl

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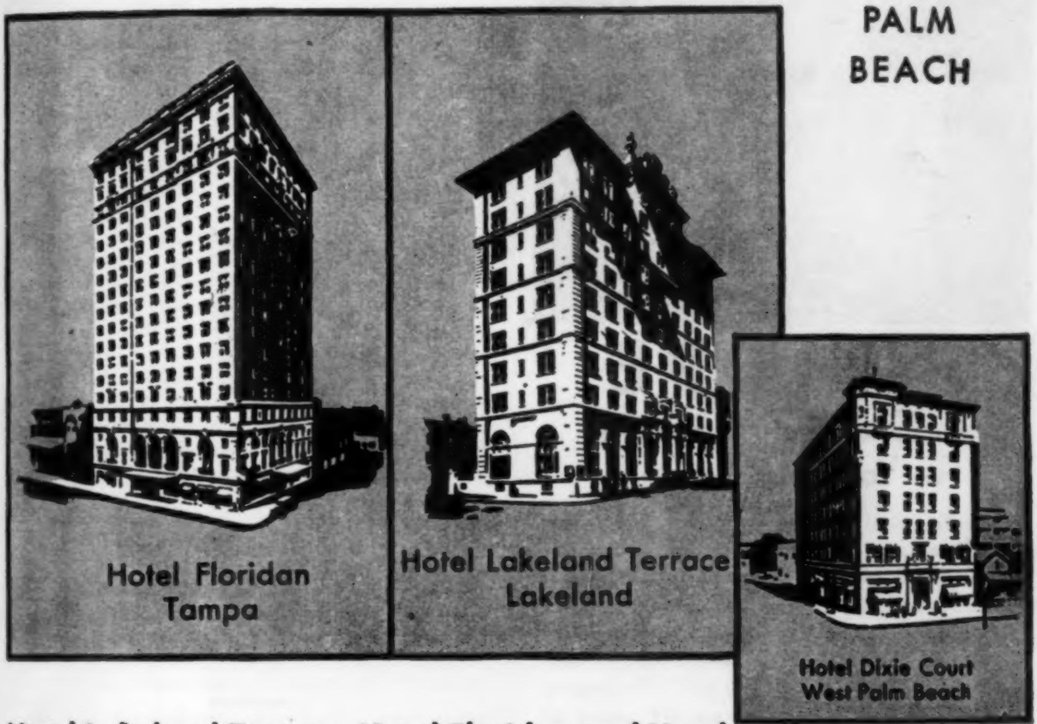
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The INVESTOR

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New Financial Books

INVESTMENT TRUST ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT.

By Leland Rex Robinson. *The Ronald Press Company*
$7.50 8¾ x 6¼; 608 pp. *New York*

Dr. Robinson is recognized as the leading American authority on investment trusts. His present work is a thorough study of the different classes of trusts, their capital structures, investment policies and problems, accounting methods, regulation and development in the United States. On many of these topics comparison is made with European experience. As American financial trade commissioner in London, the author gained first hand knowledge of the operation of English companies. He is impressed by the importance of the underwriting services of the English trusts to the financial market, to which their freedom from connections with investment bankers contributes materially. On the whole, the contingent fund established abroad through considering market profits as capital gains is commended; although it obscures an important profit and loss element, Dr. Robinson concludes that we should not lose sight of the fact that the American system of disclosing earnings from all sources might lend itself to manipulations or misinterpretation on the part of ambitious promotors, enthusiastic salesmen, or indiscriminating investors. There is a bibliography, and an excellent index.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF EUROPEAN INVESTMENTS.

By S. Stern. *The Bankers Publishing Company*
$5 9¼ x 6½; 279 pp. *New York*

The principal part of this book answers the following question: Assuming an investment early in 1914 of $25,000, divided equally between a selected list of bonds and stocks, how would it have fared in 1928 in each of thirteen European countries examined in comparison with the United States and Canada? If the funds had been placed entirely in Europe, a net loss of about 13% would have resulted against a possible gain of 97% for securities of this country; the investment in central European countries would have shrunk 56%. The complete losses on deposits in banks because of currency depreciation would have been avoided in the neutral countries, but severe losses, ranging from 72 to 85%, would have occurred in France, Belgium and Italy. The author believes that depreciation and repudiation are not likely to be repeated, and urges strongly the advantages of international investment to debtor and creditor nation alike. There are comprehensive statistical summaries and a list of the securities mentioned in the study.

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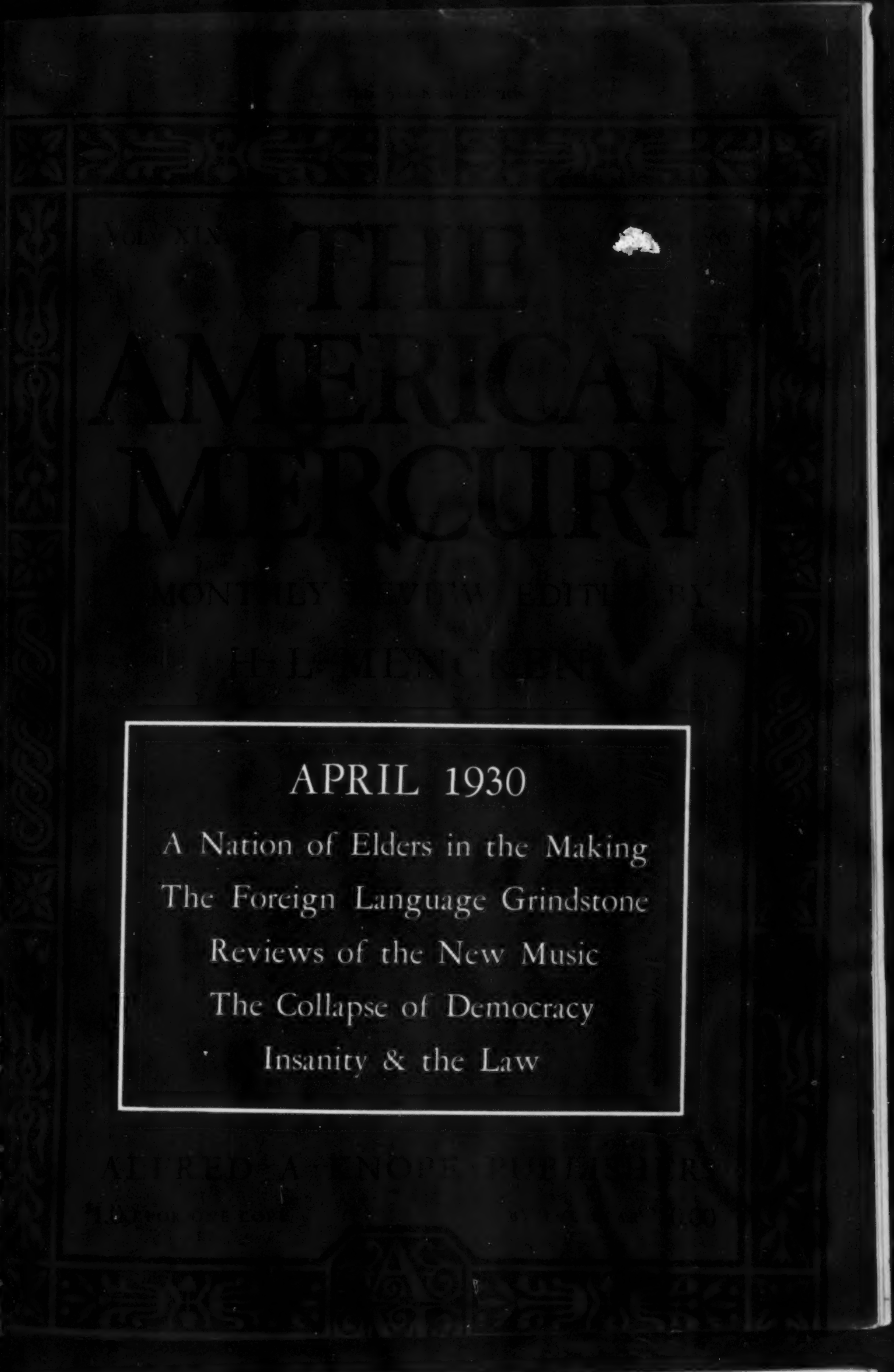

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APRIL 1930

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